

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH



1928

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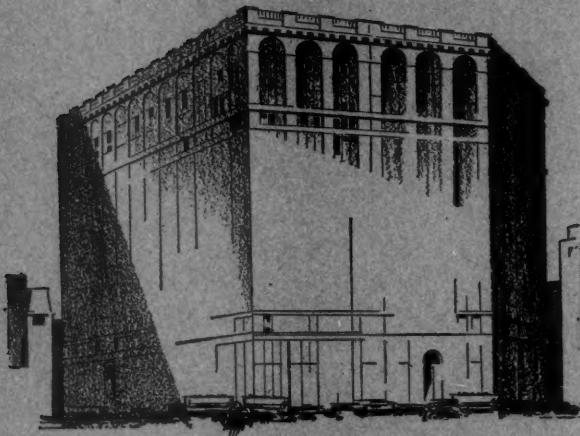
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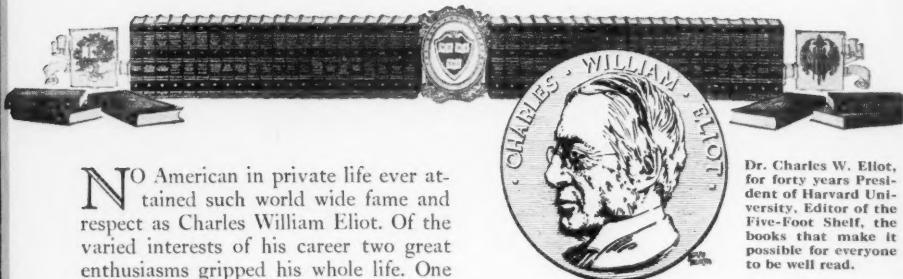
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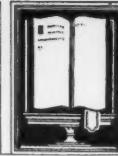
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# THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

*A Blessed Companion Is a Book*



**The Ugly Duchess**, by Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. 12mo. viii+332 pp. \$2.50.

THE first thing that nine out of ten people will want to know about *The Ugly Duchess* is how it compares with *Power*. In his earlier book, Dr. Feuchtwanger employed an elaborate and effective method, quite his own, to depict the rise and fall of Josef Süss Oppenheimer, Court Jew to an eighteenth-century German Duke. Although the atmosphere of the period was brilliantly conveyed, it was incidental to the main theme — Süss's own character and the Nemesis that pursues any son of Israel who attempts to promise with the Gentiles.

*The Ugly Duchess* achieves no such unity. The story, which is laid in the fourteenth century, centres upon Margarete Maultasch (Sack-Mouth), the hideous but efficient Duchess of the Tyrol whose career culminated in the Habsburgs acquiring her rich little mountain country. At the age of twelve she married the son of King John of Bohemia, but the union was unhappy and fruitless in every sense of the word. Twelve years later, Ludwig of Brandenburg, the Holy Roman Emperor, declared that since Margarete and her husband were cousins, and since their marriage had never been consummated, it was therefore dissolved, his idea being to have her marry his own son. No sooner was his plan carried out than the Pope put all the Tyrol under his ban, which was not lifted for seventeen years. During this time Margarete bore three children, two of whom died during the great plague that was popularly attributed to her evil genius and to the Jews whom she had introduced into the country's administration. She was also aided by a repulsive albino with whom she felt a strange affinity of ugliness, but in spite of all her intelligent efforts the people insisted on disliking her and in worshiping her beautiful licentious rival, Agnes von Flavon. Later, Margarete gradually succumbs to the materialistic philosophy of her albino; she intrigues with Austria, has her husband poisoned, her son dies, and she retires in favor of the Habsburgs, while Agnes scores a final triumph in the hour of her death.

This bare outline of an intricate plot does not indicate two other motifs that the author introduces. The first of these is the character and tragedy of a repulsive woman who tries to release her thwarted ambitions in higher spheres only to succumb in the end to the coarsest fleshly pleasures. The other theme is the social and economic change from feudalism to commer-

cialism in which Margarete assisted, though she possessed no understanding of it. And these three strands — plot, character, and atmosphere — Dr. Feuchtwanger has blended into a book considerably shorter than his less elaborate *Power*. It is no detraction from the author's ability to say that another hand might have turned the trick in the space he uses — which, by the way, is nearly half again as much as that occupied by the average novel. The point is that his method demands ample scope — his painstaking choice of adjectives, his crowded canvases, and his active mind inevitably fatten every book he writes without making the reader wish for less. In the case of *The Ugly Duchess*, the reader wishes for more, for the complete satisfaction of *Power* is absent, though many of its other distinguished qualities, on which it is idle to enlarge here, remain. *The Ugly Duchess* is decidedly one of the books of the year to read, and, if it is not quite up to its predecessor, we can only be thankful to its author for having, even once, given us such substantial pleasure. Willa and Edwin Muir have as usual provided an admirable translation.

QUINCY HOWE

**The Making of a State: Memories and Observations, 1914-1918**, by Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, with an Introduction by Henry Wickham Steed. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1927. 8vo. xx+518 pp. \$6.00.

**The Catastrophe: Kerensky's Own Story of the Russian Revolution**, by Alexander F. Kerensky. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1927. xi+377 pp. \$3.00.

EACH of these books tells the story of a revolution; each deals with a short but critical period in the history of an oppressed Slavic nation; each is written by the principal character in the scenes it describes; but there the resemblance, either in theme or in treatment, ceases. President Masaryk gives a personal, but scholarly, statesman-like, and dispassionate account of the steps by which he and his helpers won independence for Czechoslovakia. Former Premier Kerensky presents a less coherent but far more emotional and dramatic picture of eight epic months of the most thrilling experience a great nation has passed through in modern times. In the one, man shapes destiny; in the other, destiny plays with man.

Not that President Masaryk poses in a fate-compelling rôle. Quite the reverse. The simplicity with which he records his meditations during the leisure of the sea voyage home from America, after the war was over and the harvest of the seed he had sown in exile was about to be

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## THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

reaped in his own country, is as engagingly ingenuous as the matter of those meditations was profound. 'One thing was clear—despite science and philosophy, reason and wisdom, prudence and foresight, the lives of men and of peoples run, in large measure, otherwise than they will and wish. Still there is in them a logic which they perceive retrospectively. The efforts and plans of the most gifted political leaders, of the men who make history, reveal themselves as *raticinatio ex eventu*.'

The substance of the book is an account of the campaign of education that the author and the corps of fellow countrymen who gathered around him conducted in the Allied countries and America, first, to teach the leaders of those countries who the Czechs were, what their history had been, and why they should be free; and, second, to convince those leaders that, quite apart from the often disregarded dictates of abstract justice, it was for their own interest to incorporate the special claims of this old-young nation in their war aims. It is not wonderful that a teacher—a really great teacher—should have been chosen by destiny for this task; but it is almost a miracle that a man should have been found who combined so successfully the statesman and the diplomat with the pedagogue. No short review, and indeed no review that did not go outside this single volume, could do justice to the latter phase of President Masaryk's service to his country.

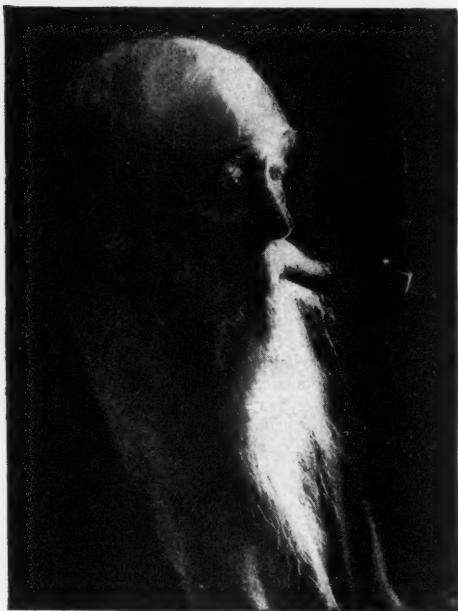
Interspersed with this narrative, however, and preceding and concluding it, are many pages where the philosopher takes the pen from the hand of the memoirist and politician. These pages give the book a quality shared by no other work upon the war. From them may be deduced a philosophy of European history. Above all they justify democracy. The author's searching intellect leaves few corners of the life of the countries he visited unransacked. Witness this passing remark upon our popular literary decadents in America: 'There are more poetry and romanticism in the Old and New Testaments, which the Puritans never tire of reading, than in their ultra-realistic opponents.' The same aversion for decadence expresses itself in this judgment upon German post-bellum pessimism: 'I do not believe in a general and final degeneration and decadence of our civilization. . . . We need calm and frank analysis and criticism of our civilization and its elements, and must make up our minds to reform concentrically every sphere of thought and action.' We discover in the book that the Little Entente was already in gestation before the Peace Conference. A few sentences throw unfamiliar light upon Professor Herron's relations with President Wilson and Mr. Balfour. American readers will be especially interested in this statement: 'When the question was raised in official circles and in the press whether President Wilson in person should take part in the peace negotiations in Europe, I advised him not to do so, or, at least, not to remain in Europe after the opening of the Peace Conference. Knowing

Wilson's character and his enthusiasm for the League of Nations as the chief point in a peace settlement, and knowing also the personal qualities of the European peace negotiators, I feared that each side would be disappointed with the other.'

Kerensky's book, even in an English that, though not obscure or inadequate, at times verges upon quaintness, has a facility and fervor of style that make one wonder what it might be in his mother tongue. It makes no pretense to being a complete history of the events it describes, cleverly escapes the air of an apologia, refrains from political polemics or social theorizing, and shows much generosity of judgment in appraising men and movements. Quite apart from its thrilling theme, it has the special human interest that comes from the author's self-revelation. It therefore gives two keys to Russia's recent history, a first-hand version of the salient incidents that filled the short interval of premature democracy between Tsarist chaos and Bolshevik chaos, and a naïvely unreticent character exposé of the man most prominently identified with those incidents.

For many readers the latter will be the major service of the book, for it contains few facts not already known, nor does it present those facts in a new light. It is, however, a vivid portrayal of certain aspects of the revolution than we have hitherto possessed. No one has described the confusion of those mid-March days, the political and economic demoralization that preceded them, or the progressive disintegration that followed, more picturesquely and effectively than the author. Moreover he has not indulged in the special pleading and jury dressing of his acts that a trial lawyer might be expected to employ in presenting his case to contemporaries and posterity. He admits his mistakes—not all of them, or the fundamental error of being what he was, but probably as far as self-examination has disclosed them to him. Upon the whole, the histrionic Kerensky of the newspaper dispatches of ten years ago keeps skillfully in the background.

Yet the theme gives abundant opportunity for an actor to stage scenes to his liking. How well Kerensky resists the temptation is shown in his account of his first interview with the Tsar, at that time his prisoner at Tsarskoe Selo. 'I was trying to pull myself together as we passed through an interminable succession of apartments, preceded by a flunkie.' Imagine Mussolini making a similar effort preparatory to his first interview with King Emmanuel after the March on Rome! On the other hand, Kerensky's description of this interview would have made his reputation as a journalist, and the character analysis that accompanies it is almost classic: 'He was an extremely reserved man, who distrusted and utterly despised mankind. He was not well educated, but he had some knowledge of human nature. He did not care for anything or anyone except his son, and perhaps his daughters. This terrible indifference to all external things made him seem like some unnatural automaton.'



**H**E is the raw material of empire. About him romance runs amuck. Nature, red in tooth and law, unveils before his startled eyes the secrets of the jungle. At dawn he leaps the watch-walls of the dead, and hears the low rumpettings of the rogue elephants, the growling of the gorillas. George Borrow himself is milk and water to this trafficker in ebony, and the imagination of Rider Haggard thrice out-topped before the day is done. Around his canoe, like bobbins of bright silk, the kingfishers thread to and fro. Cannibals welcome him as blood-brother, and tribal chieftains attend him with plaudors.

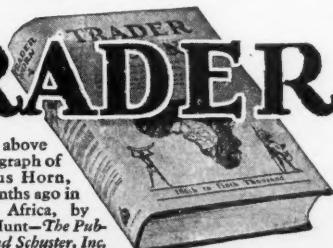
The most beautiful white woman in Africa, tressesque, half-naked, sweet sixteen, fixes him with the piercing eyes of a Goddess.

Past river pirates, past savages in primal battle, past marauding tigers and hungry leopards, the sacred temple of the Virgin Queen lures him on. With a young playmate of wild Inca blood, he captures the gazelle-eyed beauty of the Josh House as the harps waft along the dripping of the cataracts, clear down from the mountain.

Looking as Columbus might have looked, his head full of the spaces of land and sea, he offers the world a gridiron, and gets fame as a price: his friends of seventy-three years know him yet as Alfred Aloysius, his spear-bearers and trail-blazers in wildest Africa know him yet as "Zambesi Jack," but today literally hundreds of thousands of readers who love adventure and prize the truth, hail him as

# TRADER HORN

We reproduce above the latest photograph of Alfred Aloysius Horn, taken a few months ago in Durbar, South Africa, by Jocelyn Leigh Hunt—*The Publishers, Simon and Schuster, Inc.*



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## THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

As I studied his face I seemed to see behind his smile and his charming eyes a stiff, frozen mask of utter loneliness and desolation.<sup>1</sup> In these respects the dethroned monarch was the antithesis of his expansive and sympathetic interlocutor. Other character studies — of which there are many in the book, since the writer's chief interest is in men — are equally illuminating within their limits of interest.

VICTOR S. CLARK

**The Mad Carews**, by Martha Ostenso. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1927. 12mo. vi+346 pp. \$2.50.

THE development of Martha Ostenso from a literary craftsman of rare ability to the maturity of her latest novel is a unique reversal of the usual process. First novels, as a rule, are halting affairs at best: even when merit and promise can be recognized in them, there is ample evidence that the author has yet to master the mechanics of his craft. With Miss Ostenso it was different. *Wild Geese* and *The Dark Dawn* displayed such uncanny precision in construction that the reader was almost persuaded the novels were better than they actually were. They were good novels — make no mistake of that. But, placed beside *The Mad Carews*, their faults become apparent.

Comparison is made easier because Miss Ostenso has not deserted the wide prairies. Her characters are the same men and women who know the tug of the reins about their waists as they guide the plough through the lengthening furrow, who learn to dread winter as a dreary succession of endless nights which mean early bed in order to save kerosene. In this atmosphere the author discovers affable Steve Bowers and his family, dwellers in Elder's Hollow. Above Steve's land stretch the broad acres of the Carews, whose men take what they want and whose women tolerate the men to be in turn tolerated by them. The Carews are gentleman farmers. As such they are regarded curiously by the Hollow community, and shunned. That is, until Elsa Bowers marries Bayliss Carew and precipitates the age-old conflict between the simple folk of the soil and the more sophisticated who rise above it.

It is sheer pleasure to note the precision with which Miss Ostenso lays the snares for her readers' interest. One is almost tempted into an analysis of the contrasts which keep suspense alive. But these things have been present in her other novels. What was absent there was the leisureliness, the fullness, with which she moves through her latest novel. Before, her characters hurried across their prairie land, almost frantically at times. Now they proceed more slowly. Before, there was a certain sameness to the background. Now the characters are fully aware of its infinite variety.

One hesitates to say that Miss Ostenso has found complete maturity at her young age. But it seems altogether doubtful that into another novel she can crowd more of the truth of the

prairies. Perhaps in time she will follow Elsa out of the Hollow to show what life exists beyond the wheat. The migration seems almost inevitable. But her admirers would undoubtedly regard the move with sorrow. Somehow one feels that Miss Ostenso herself would regard it so. She too would miss the freshness, the vibrant life of the prairies which she has made her own.

STEWART BEACH

**Andrew Jackson: an Epic in Homespun**, by Gerald W. Johnson. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1927. Svo. xii+301 pp. Illus. \$3.50.

IN the long roll of American presidents Andrew Jackson may not be the most commendable figure, or even the most substantial, but surely no other is so picturesque, so energetic, so intensely temperamental. Hence no other, except Washington and Lincoln, has been so extensively written about, and the varied portrayals of Parton, of Sumner, of Bowers, of Parrington, of the Beards, all bear witness to the power of the man, to his historical significance, and to the fascination he still exerts, as he exerted it in his lifetime, over all who come into contact with him.

There are two ways of dealing with such a character of fire and fury. There is the method of Professor Bassett, in his elaborate and thorough biography. You treat the man with careful and thoughtful justice, exactly as if he himself had known in his life what thoughtful justice was. You analyze his antecedents, you dissect his motives, you weigh and measure and balance, with all the cold gravity of the practised historian, and your result may be a permanent historical verdict, worthy at all times of serious consideration, but perhaps somehow missing just that intense spark of vitality that made the man so vividly alive and alive forever.

Or you go at it as Mr. Johnson has, putting into the work as much as possible of the spirit that animated Jackson himself. You fight fire with fire, perhaps even surreptitiously you add a little superfluous chemistry of flame, where it might seem at first that no addition was needed. However it is done, there can be no question but that Mr. Johnson's Andrew Jackson lives, with all his human imperfections and all his undeniable charm. You do not go far in the book before you see what it was that made the people love him and makes them love him still. As Mr. Johnson vigorously puts it: 'Americans have never known how to resist a man who could talk like a pirate and act like a Presbyterian, and Jackson could do both to a perfection not approached by any of his successors until the days of Theodore Roosevelt.'

How the man hated and how he loved! His enemies, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, were not just plain human beings like himself; they were incarnations of evil, specially created to thwart the good intentions and benevolent designs of the great President whom God Almighty



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## THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

had appointed as His peculiar agent to ameliorate the destiny of the American people. And there was the same energy in loving. As Mr. Johnson phrases it, with as much truth as sympathy: 'The man's passions ran high, but his love ran higher than his hate. He spent more, he risked more, he endured more, to gratify his affections than he ever did to appease his wrath.'

As the passages I have quoted show, Mr. Johnson has a high-wrought and telling mode of expressing himself. Such expression has its dangers, and Mr. Johnson does not always escape them. But it is peculiarly effective in dealing with a high-wrought figure like Jackson. And in general it may be said, and has not enough been said, that in biography, as in all other literature, it is style that finally counts. It is style that gives life, and the lack of it is fatal and mortal. Style made the success of Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. Mr. Johnson has style, though he may need to prune it a little. Whether he does or not, I hope to see him use it to resuscitate many other great Americans.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

**The Oxford History of the United States (1783-1917)**, by S. E. Morison. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. 1927. 12mo. xvi+461+474 pp. With maps. 2 vols. \$10.00.

FROM the interior of a cavern it is possible in broad daylight, looking up through a fissure at the sky, to see the silvery shining of the stars. From that most enchanting of Gothic caverns, the University of Oxford, Professor Morison seems to have been able to see with the clear vision of daylight the shining stars of these United States. Leaving his professorship at Harvard, this young man of brilliant and varied career has now spent three years interpreting American history to a band of keen-witted English youth. From his encounter with such an audience, at once friendly but detached, it is clear that the instructor also learned; and from his sojourn grew these two volumes addressed to the wider English public.

When Professor Morison published that amazing combination of popular success and impeccable historical writing, his *Maritime History of Massachusetts* (it has already begotten a horde of imitators), the question naturally arose: 'Has this man set a pace which he himself will be unable to sustain?' His *Maritime History* was a roistering sea romance. A history of the United States does not lend itself to such treatment, and the author is too sound a scholar and too sincere an artist to attempt it. His *Oxford History of the United States* is to his *Maritime History* as an ocean liner to a clipper ship: not so picturesque, it is more powerful.

This log of the 'Great Republic' begins with the close of the Revolution and ends on that Good Friday (whether good or bad, men are not agreed), April 6, 1917, when we entered the World War. Written for an English public, the

recital can take little or nothing for granted, which makes it the better for American readers. Again, being written for an English public, it is written in English, which, for many readers of American history, may be something of a novelty.

And what writing it is! To say what this work is, let me begin by saying what it is not. In a time when even reputable writers often seem to feel that they must be entertaining at all costs and get off smart remarks if they would keep their audience, this man speaks with dignity and simplicity. He knows how to take complicated questions and explain them briefly. He is good at telling the story. Brisk and businesslike, he 'gets through the traffic' without fuss or flurry. The matter is allowed to dictate the manner: now flowing with the ease of a veteran prose stylist; again, curt as military dispatches. The narrative moves with breadth and on occasion with grandeur. In the scant space of four pages he can tell the story of Lee's surrender and the assassination of Lincoln in sentences that quiver like heat lightnings. There are galleries of full-length portraits, painted with a brush which works in swift, powerful strokes, confident of its technique and with an art which recalls Trevelyan's. The recurring antithesis between Jefferson and Hamilton (admirable example of the author's impartiality, for here, if anywhere, men take sides) reads like scenario for Sophoclean tragedy, and the duel with Burr is told in a page and a half of stark stripped prose, terse and tense as desperate men.

Here is the family history which we are all supposed to know and mostly do not. I can imagine the lay reader lingering with pleasure over these pages. I can also imagine scholars admiring their technical craftsmanship. For my own share in the delight of it, let me say quite simply that with this work I sent myself gayly back to school. Yes, here am I, seated at my study table, evening after evening, pen in hand, glowering over these two volumes, marking, indexing, and passionately annotating!

It is such works, solid without being heavy, that are needed and needed so sorely to ballast our public opinion — not to say our ship of State — against its proneness to uneven keels and crazy courses. . . . Under those Gothic vaultings, amid those bookish glooms, beside glowing English fire-grates in oak-paneled halls, did not the mind and heart of this scholar go out as never before in love and understanding to his homeland? These pages of his are deeply and nobly felt. They are also savored with a dry Yankee wit which smacks of the New England soil and its people.

LUCIEN PRICE

**Iron and Smoke**, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. 12mo. viii + 306 pp. \$2.50.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH has written more powerful novels than this, and novels breathing a more



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## THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

passionate love of her Sussex countryside. *Iron and Smoke* lacks, perhaps, both the poetry and the humor of *Sussex Gorse* and *Joanna Godden*, as well as the mystical intensity of parts of *Green Apple Harvest*. It is, nevertheless, a finely and firmly written novel on a theme as original as any she has treated.

Every critic has spoken of the 'masculine detachment' or 'stern virility' of her art, which once made some suspect that she was really a man writing under a pseudonym. There is little of this here, except in the theme, which really does not emerge until the end, although the entire story is then seen to have been an exemplification of an idea. It is the story of two women for whom friendship is more important than love, and women who have every reason to succumb to the temptations of envy and jealousy. They both love the same man, one having been his mistress and the other becoming his wife, and they are, moreover, because of their children, thrown again and again into relations that cause temporary hostility and alienation. But they need each other, and every incident of their lives serves only to cement their friendship the more closely.

Near the end, when one last great quarrel has been narrowly averted, Isabel says to Jenny: 'Anything is better than that you and I should quarrel. . . . Oh, my dear, it is n't worth it. Why should you and I work against each other, and strive and envy, and all for the sake of a love that's dead and done with, and, even while it was alive, was n't so well worth having as our friendship. . . . These past twenty years have proved it. During them you have been my sister, my

friend, my comfort, in a way that no man has ever been. . . . No lover has ever given me the help and joy and interest that you have, so why should I risk losing you?' And Jenny acquiesces. This, I think, is an original subject, for I do not remember another novel in which the idea is advanced that friendship between women may transcend all other relationships and may prove more unalloyed and lasting.

It will be seen that the title, whatever symbolic significance it may have, is misleading, because it suggests a story of mining or industry. A running contrast, it is true, is drawn between the passions engendered by the 'rape of Demeter' in the mining of the earth for iron and coal and the serenity of the older life of agriculture and the affections—as in Hardy's poem, 'In Time of "The Breaking of Nations"'; and the latter half of the novel is thrown against the background of the war. But the story is the story of the development of Jenny from a romantic and sentimental girl to a poised and cultured woman, under the influence of Isabel. And both learn much from their children.

Of the other characters, Jenny's father is strongly though briefly characterized, as is Isabel's daughter, Wing. The book, as are all of the author's books, is free from sensationalism and fine writing. One powerful scene dwells in the mind above all the others: the death of Humphrey, Jenny's husband. It is a variation of the story of Tristram and the two Iseults, but here Iseult of the White Hands, in order to content her dying husband, impersonates Iseult of Ireland.

R. M. GAY

The books selected for review in the *Atlantic* are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board:—

**Disraeli**, by André Maurois, trans. by Hamish Miles D. APPLETON & CO. Illus. \$3.00  
The glamorous life of a Victorian who lived up to his dreams

**Reputations: Ten Years After**, by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart LITTLE, BROWN & CO.  
(Atlantic Monthly Press) Illus. \$3.00  
Studies, personal and strategical, of the Allied and German commanders

**Frémont**, by Allan Nevins HARPER & BROS. 2 vols. Illus. \$10.00  
The biography of one of the West's greatest adventurers

**Aubrey Beardsley**, by Haldane MacFall SIMON & SCHUSTER Illus. \$6.00  
The story of an artist's personal and artistic success

**Conquistador: American Fantasia**, by Philip Guedalla HARPER & BROS. \$3.00  
An affable Englishman comes to conclusions about the United States

**Claire Ambler**, by Booth Tarkington DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO. \$2.50  
What a débutante means to the knowing Mr. Tarkington

**The Last Post**, by Ford Madox Ford A. & C. BONI \$2.50  
The fourth in a series of related novels depicting the lot of a Tory in changing England

**Red Rust**, by Cornelia James Cannon LITTLE, BROWN & CO. (Atlantic Monthly Press) \$2.50  
A novel of forests and farmlands, and of a Swedish-American community in our Northwest

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

*MARCH, 1928*

## THE GULF BETWEEN

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

NEVER has Europe more eagerly observed, studied, discussed America; and never has America followed more carefully, discussed more closely, the discussions of Europe about the United States. At the same time, it is hardly excessive to state that never have the two continents been wider apart in their inspirations and ideals.

It is a widespread belief that the war is mainly responsible for that estrangement, especially the aftermath of the war. I should be tempted to think that the deep reason is another one: Europe, after all, is not very different from what it was a generation ago; but there has been born since then a new America.

Such is the point I should like to discuss in the following pages, not *ex professo* and by summoning figures and statistics, but by plainly giving the impressions of a European who first knew the United States in 1898, and has since visited them again every four or five years. An American, thus looking at Europe, would of course have witnessed extraordinary changes, especially on account of the catastrophe of the war, but he would have to admit that the basis of the European civilization remains essentially the same. On the contrary, when I recall my impressions of the United States thirty years ago, I cannot avoid the thought that

the very basis of the American civilization is no longer the same: a new society, whose foundation rests upon entirely different principles and methods, has come to life; the geographical, the moral centre of gravity of the country is no longer situated at the same place. It is not enough to say that a new period has grown out of the old; something entirely new has been created. Such a change did not clearly appear to me in 1901 or 1904; it was noticeable in 1914, and patent in 1919 and 1925.

My argument, then, will be three-fold: (1) The America of the nineteenth century's last decade belongs completely to the past and should be classed with the Anglo-American civilization of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries rather than with the present age. (2) Not only has the spirit of America changed, but its geography — I mean, before all, its moral topography: the centre of gravity, both geographical and moral, has shifted. (3) Lastly, when numerous writers oppose the old world to the new, they are not wrong: the differences are not only in degree, but in kind. Americans and Europeans may study, admire, imitate each other, but their possibility of mutual understanding is probably less than at any time since the foundation of the American Commonwealth.

## I

I was lately reading *Outre Mer*, that famous book in which M. Paul Bourget has described the United States of 1893. As an achievement it remains first-rate, and, as a landmark of changing America, nothing short of impressive. Better than comments, a few quotations will measure the passage of time since the Chicago World Fair.

First, on arriving in New York and gazing at the buildings: 'I count the stories; one of the buildings has ten stories, another twelve! Gigantic, colossal, boundless, unrestrained (*éffréné*), one cannot but repeat the same formula because words are lacking. . . . Comment is indeed unnecessary.

Would anybody, nowadays, think of mentioning the presence of a lady typewriter? 'Surveying my recollections, I see the great number of women employed in all sorts of jobs, one most clearly of all, sitting, young and gracious, before a typewriting machine; she was copying the manuscript of an article; the pretty fingers played on the keys, as they would have on a piano. Such work was clean, delicate, not too tiring, and the charming face expressed a profound serenity.'

What about the smart young lady of the nineties? 'It is she who, dining *without her mother* at the house of one of her young lady friends, asks for cigarettes, smokes four of them without stopping, and then exclaims: "And to think that I have to come to Jessie's to be able to swallow a few puffs of straight cut!"'

Last but not least this less picturesque but, in my opinion, far more significant *trait de mœurs*: 'I have seen a whole theatre rise and burst into frantic applause at this exclamation of a workingman entering a bar: "I am born a free American citizen and I intend to go where I please." Does

not this sound strange, a quarter of a century later, in the country of prohibition? Are we to suppose that such observations were false? Not in the least. Visiting America in 1898, my own impressions were exactly the same. But, since then, one can say that practically everything has changed, not so much in the outward appearance as in the inspiration which colors the whole American atmosphere. I have even come to think that this 1890-1900 decade, although containing all the germs of the present era, belongs rather to a past phase of the American civilization: it was the end of something as much as the beginning of new times.

What was then coming to its end — a background of a generation was perhaps necessary to notice it — was the old Anglo-American civilization of the nineteenth century, that powerful agent of the conquest and colonization of a whole continent. During that period, Boston and New England were still the moral animators of the country; but, mark it, they remained in close touch with England, their *maison-mère*, and through England with Europe. The New England literature of the mid-nineteenth century strikes us, of course, as distinctly American, but we feel hardly less to what extent its roots are European. The term 'colonial,' in its best sense, quite applies here.

Even in New York it was toward the old world that the money aristocracy of these days used to look, as to the necessary and probably unique source of high culture. To the author of *Outre Mer* the Four Hundred appeared as an extraordinarily cultivated set, refined even to the verge of dilettantism. Strange to say, they left him the impression of something old, almost decadent in their search for new sensations; a paradoxical judgment, but sensible at bottom, if we think that since then America, which was becoming

old, has grown young again by its creation of a new ethics of production. The gap is not between 1830, let us say, and 1890, but between 1890 and 1914. The colonial link with Europe has been cut and America has risen to a full independence of economic culture.

It was not only in the East that such a colonial spirit was maintained, but also in the West. The West of that period, when there still existed a frontier of adventure, continued to be the home of fancy, the domain of ventures and liberty sometimes almost bordering upon lawlessness; there were still pioneers, cowboys, conquerors throwing railroads across the desert just as *conquistadores* would have launched expeditions into the wilderness. In 1898, I could still see the last fading colors of that romantic kingdom of the past; the licentious state of some cities, on the border of Mexico, suggested the conditions of towns in Asia. Later on, not perhaps fully in 1904 but certainly in 1914, all this atmosphere of romance had vanished; the America of Ford and Babbitt was appearing, with prohibition in the background.

Yet she had a real and winning charm, that America of the closing nineteenth century, still quite near to her colonial origin, not fully recovered from the Civil War (in 1898 I remember New Orleans still with the atmosphere of a defeated town), not yet overwhelmed by Slavo-Latin immigration, and passionately devoted to her task of creative and epic colonization. She was — such was the impression of all Europeans — eccentric, erratic, and genial, with a touch of foolishness; already colossally rich, but with many paupers; adventurous at bottom, and yet respectful of the old Europe, which she had not ceased to recognize as remaining the true centre of the civilized world. I think most Europeans secretly regret that America.

Two principal facts seem to have brought a change the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. First, the conquest of the continent has been completed, and — all recent American historians have noted the significance of the event — the western frontier has disappeared: the pioneer is no longer needed, and, with him, the mystic dream of the West (the French would say the *mystique* of the West) has faded away. Thus came the beginning of the era of organization: the new problem was not to conquer adventurously but to produce methodically. The great man of the new generation was no longer a pioneer like Lincoln, nor a railroad magnate of the Hill type, but that genial *primaire* Henry Ford. From this time on, America has been no more an unlimited prairie with pure and infinite horizons, in which free men may sport like wild horses, but a huge factory of prodigious efficiency.

Thus was born — and this thanks solely to the American genius — a new conception of production, and, with the success of it, that wonderful progress in the standard of living of the American people. In this creation the United States was indebted for nothing essential to Europe. The rope was cut that had so long made of the new continent a persistent colony of the old. There appears to lie the main cause of the immense change which has made of the United States, in the twentieth century, a really new civilization, in which the legendary types of nineteenth-century America are in vain looked for by the traveler of to-day. Where is the hectic and semiwild millionaire of Abel Hermant in his *Transatlantiques*? Where is the gentleman cowboy of Bourget? Where is the old *gentilhomme* of the South, so long preserved in ice for our pleasure and delight? Above all, where is the liberty of the past — swallowed in one gulp by the ogre of efficiency?

## II

Many a European traveler believes that he knows America when he has visited the Eastern States. It might have been true in the eighteenth century; but even in the thirties Tocqueville thought he ought to visit the Mississippi Valley, and nowadays there is certainly no possible understanding of the country without going West. In point of fact, the true domain of the typical American mind only begins west of the Alleghenies. Such a circumstance is an essential factor in the relations between Europe and America.

A Frenchman may, of course, be puzzled by New York, but after all he is not quite out of touch there with things he has known before: New York is a world capital, as cosmopolitan as it is American, a genuine home for every nationality and every species of mind. But, once the Alleghenies are left behind, the European really feels he is now out of sight of the old lands; there stretches before him an immense country, bordered by two great mountain ranges and populated by tens of millions of people, who live their own life, are fed by their own products, and find among themselves nine tenths of the customers for their limitless fabrications. These people conduct their lives according to material, moral, and social standards which they have not in the least borrowed from Europe, but spontaneously and unconsciously created to meet their own needs; they are satisfied that, should the outer world cease to communicate with them or even to exist, they would still continue to prosper. Their weight in the country has grown such that more and more they tend to mark the American civilization of our day with their own colors. Their well-justified self-satisfaction appears to be so complete that their national — should I dare to say,

provincial? — point of view is Burberry proof against outside influences. Not even the French are as parochial.

Thus may be explained a personal impression of mine, which is perhaps worth recording. My first sensation of strangeness, in America, was not in New York, but in Chicago. On coming back from the West and the Far West, I had a curious feeling, when I crossed the Alleghenies and reached Richmond, Virginia, that I was already back again in Europe: the people seemed to have a long tradition behind them, they knew their great-grandfathers and spoke of them, some of their artistic and intellectual standards were mine, and the fact that they possessed an inherited culture was obvious. Just as I understood them better, I suppose they also understood Europe better than their Western compatriots. To a certain extent, Europe remained a centre of attraction for them; many said they had visited France or Great Britain but never had seen California!

Now, where does the present American civilization find its most perfect expression? In the East or in the West? The American census produces, every ten years, a most fascinating map, where the geographical centre of gravity of the American population is marked by a cross. Long ago this cross passed west of the Alleghenies, but at the 1920 census it appears far away in the middle of the Mississippi Valley — namely, in Indiana, close to the Illinois border. This shifting is the result not only of the agricultural colonization of the West, but of the recent, progressive, and intense industrialization of the Central West. In point of fact, the development of these Central States, in its present phase, is not principally agricultural, but manufacturing. The census map is, of course, economic, but I think it has acquired, in addition, no small social significance. The present

American civilization, at least as seen by Europeans, is essentially embodied in mass production, with the ability it has shown of raising the standard of living of millions of people. Such mass production tends to be more and more confined to the Central States, where it is — mark this — decidedly centred in itself. Hence the very characteristics of American inspirations, conceptions, methods, appear to us to be expressed not so much, as before, in the Atlantic States as in the plains lying south of the Great Lakes. It was the country of Lincoln; it is now the country of Ford.

Considering, indeed, the geographical location of American industry during the last generation, leaving aside new tendencies of dissemination which are just beginning to appear, you are bound to notice that it has not tended to concentrate on the shores of the Atlantic, as would have naturally been the case in a mainly exporting country. The United States does not export over 10 per cent of its production. Such a fact explains why the industries, instead of being grouped on the sea, have on the contrary tended to concentrate south of the Lakes, where they find not only a limitless supply of fuel and raw materials, but a convenient base from which the customer — not the foreign, but, far more important, the national customer — may easily be reached. It is full of significance that, although practically every American city has achieved wonderful success in the two last decades, the towns which have shown the greatest growth are not the seaports, but rather centres situated some one or two hundred miles inland — such, for instance, as Dallas, Birmingham, Atlanta, or Detroit.

In 1898, arriving at Pittsburgh, I remember two people saying, not without a sort of pride, 'We are getting West.' In 1925, not far from St. Paul, I heard somebody say, 'Way down

East, in Chicago.' West has shifted westward, but what was yesterday the West or Central West has now become, in every sense of the word, the centre of the country. We do not ignore, of course, that financially, intellectually, New York still is leading. But it seems that the spirit which actually governs America is no longer formed east but west of the Alleghenies.

This brings me to one definite conclusion: in the last twenty-five or thirty years America has produced a new civilization, whose centre is mid-continent, and for this reason, as well as because it owes little to us, is further away from Europe than before — it is American and autonomous. This may perhaps explain the growing estrangement between the old and the new world.

### III

Just before leaving the United States in the last days of 1925, after a six months' visit, I tried to sum up for myself, in a very short note which was not destined to be printed, my leading impressions of the present American civilization. It may be interesting to reproduce that note, not as giving any original view, but as representing, on the contrary, the spontaneous reaction of an average Frenchman — that is, of an average Western European.

'From an *economic point of view*, the country is sound,<sup>1</sup> because its prosperity is based, first on a boundless supply of natural produce, and second on an elaborate organization of industrial production, the perfection of which is nowhere approached in Europe.

'From the *point of view of civilization*, it is perhaps to be feared that standardization may, in the long run, tend to lessen the intellectual and artistic value of the American society — the part of

<sup>1</sup>One danger point is, however, the excessive use of the installment system. — AUTHOR

the workingman in the factories where mass production is realized is not likely to increase his own value, as an individual; and in order to secure material comfort for the bulk of the American population it seems necessary to produce a common level of manufactured articles, which perhaps does not mark progress in comparison with the civilization of Europe.

'From a *moral point of view*, it is obvious that Americans have come to consider their standard of living as a somewhat sacred acquisition, which they will defend at any price. This means that they would be ready to make many an intellectual or even moral concession in order to maintain that standard.

'From a *political point of view*, it seems that the notion of efficiency in production is on the way to taking precedence of the very notion of liberty. In the name of efficiency one can obtain, from the American, all sorts of sacrifices in relation to his personal and even to certain of his political liberties.'

I was summing up, in these short lines, two main impressions which are, I think, the instinctive ones of the majority of Frenchmen visiting America.

First of all, they are amazed by the degree of material prosperity which has been reached, not only by an élite, but in general by the mass of the people. Books, articles, statistics, have, of course, already long ago informed the European thinking public of this fact; but it is impossible to realize it without having, actually and physically, breathed the American atmosphere. When this has been the case, every visitor from the old countries readily admits that there is no common measure between the wages and the standards of living in the United States and in Europe. Comparing men of equal value, equal merit, equal training, the reward of labor shows differences which

in certain cases appear almost shocking.

In Asia and in Africa one still meets the appalling spectacle of human physical decay: pitiable crowds of crippled beggars are seen, whom nobody endeavors to cure. Europe has reached a stage where such a social scandal as this is unknown, but she still possesses her paupers, leading in some of the big manufacturing cities miserable lives, unworthy, indeed, of civilized human beings. In the United States such paupers may still occasionally be found, but on the whole they have ceased to be a normal feature of the present American society. Well, this social level of the States probably means as great a progress over Europe as Europe has achieved over Asia. If I had to state the main contribution brought to humanity by the American civilization, I should, I think, quote that physical and that material dignity of life which are guaranteed to the common American by social conditions, thanks to which he can always earn a decent salary and, with it, lead a decent life.

The fundamental soundness of the American society does not, then, escape our observation. We are apt to attribute it not so much perhaps to American genius as to geographical and economic conditions that Europe does not enjoy. Limitless production of food and raw material is, of course, denied to us, and we sometimes wonder whether without its huge and naturally superwealthy territory, combined with an extraordinarily low density of population, America could secure, for her people, such a degree of prosperity. Nor do we ignore that mass production is more easily realized in a massive continent without frontiers than in an articulated peninsula like Europe, where national individualities are numerous, with their roots to be found far away in a past of many centuries. At the same time we immensely admire American industry

for having achieved that condition of production where the workman earns a big wage and deserves it, thanks to which high salaries can be combined with a low cost of production. These are the main reasons why the most sensible European visitors admit that, although some aspects of the present prosperity are artificial, nevertheless that prosperity, as a whole, shows evident signs of a permanence which can only be based on innate soundness.

Cheap production depends on mass production, and in its turn mass production depends on mass civilization. The objections which the cultivated European instinctively raises to the American system come mainly from this fact, that the American point of view is at bottom democratic and the traditional European one aristocratic. Only remember the reserves which I was spontaneously suggesting to myself when trying to sum up my impressions of America: the standardized goods lack personality and refinement; for the sake of a material standard is it right to sacrifice individuality in life, and should I really give up even a small fraction of political liberty for the sake of efficiency? In his well-known book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, Mr. Keynes has observed that the prosperity of Europe in the nineteenth century was to some extent due to the fact that workingmen were content with low wages, while the middle classes, in order to satisfy their instinct for thrift, willingly accepted modest standards of life. Thanks to these principles of self-restraint, there could exist a civilization in which the intellectual and artistic refinement of the few was obtained from the acquiescent sacrifices of the many. The democratic achievements of America win the unquestioned admiration of Europe, but refined persons who enjoyed the moral (if not necessarily material) benefit of the old

system often feel tempted to ask, What price comfort? They question whether to follow the American system would not mean, for Europe, not accomplishing herself, but destroying her very personality. The real crisis in the old continent comes from this fact that, although the élite may keep to their traditional ideals, the masses cannot but desire to follow the American example.

Mass production and mass civilization, its natural consequence, are the true characteristics of the new American society. Now mass production was latent and virtually contained in the European industry of the nineteenth century, but it never was practised to any really large extent before the United States developed it to an immense degree in the last thirty or forty years. Nor was mass civilization ever a reality before the present time, and before the Central West had achieved its actual personality. The genius of such conceptions may, at bottom, come from Europe, but it really is foreign to Europe, for the old continent is doomed if the chief consideration becomes quantity; it can only exist by quality.

So long as the United States had not expressed itself in a social creation which was decidedly its own, as is now the case with mass production and economic democracy based on mass civilization; so long as it largely remained — and more than was ordinarily believed — a moral colony of Europe, it was, after all, nearer to us. Before becoming young in the twentieth century, Americans had been old in the nineteenth, and thus to a certain extent in closer touch with us. Lincoln, with his Bible and classical tradition, was easier for Europe to understand than Ford, with his total absence of tradition and his proud creation of new methods and new standards, especially conceived for a world entirely different from our own.

## GANGS

BY MORRIS MARKEY

### I

ON a pleasant evening, not many weeks ago, a young man bearing the rather picturesque name of Little Augie was standing with a friend on a street corner in New York's lower East Side. The friend was facing toward the curb, and suddenly he gave a cry of warning. Little Augie swung about in time to see an automobile charge down upon him. Two pistols were thrust through the curtain of the automobile — and within a moment or two Little Augie lay dead upon the sidewalk. His friend was hit, too; he died the next afternoon with the customary refusal to comment upon the matter.

It is perhaps a significant commentary upon the gang wars of New York City in this day to observe that Little Augie's death was predicted in 1922; that it required five years to generate the one moment of forthright violence in which he was shot down.

As a matter of reality, the strife of which he was a victim is not a vastly important thing, as Manhattan criminal life goes. That is to say, the East Side gang wars have less effect upon the safety and the pocketbooks of honest citizens than other gang activities in New York. In the public mind, however, they serve to keep alive the fading illusion of romance in the doings of the underworld. So, perhaps, they may be worth considering. If they are to be understood, one must prowl a little time through the days that are past.

Little Augie was the leader of his

gang, and his gang was superficially in the tradition of those loosely organized mobs which have always distinguished the crowded slums of Manhattan. In the middle of the last century, for example, East Side gangs were made up of savage and rollicking young Irishmen — brawny thugs who liked a fight better than anything on earth and rarely attempted to suppress their desires. They would break heads over any pretext whatever: women, politics, liquor, disputed money. Their weapon was a length of lead pipe, and most of the battles were straightforward riots, fought out honestly enough in some convenient street. These Irish gangsters, in the beginning, had no heart for prolonged vendettas. They brawled at the drop of a hat, but when the hat was picked up, with fitting apologies, the brawl was over. They went home to nurse their broken heads and forgive their enemies.

They lived by a countless number of small crimes: sneak thieving, purse snatching, administering 'knock-out drops' to late revelers, picking unwary pockets. People called them hoodlums, and hoodlums they were, but they were a gusty element in community life, noisy and forceful. New York was not a place of great riches. Small amounts of money were enough to keep body and soul together, and that was the end of every Irish gangster's desire. It was his pleasure to control the elections, when the elections needed controlling. And

occasionally he even found himself on the side of the police — as in the draft riots of '64, when the Rabbit Foot Gang and the Gas House boys were of inestimable value in quelling disturbances which threatened to exterminate the constabulary altogether.

As the century waned, the money urge grew among common people. The gangsters began to think of big profits, in addition to excitement and a full stomach. The infiltration of Italian immigrants who cast their lot with the mobs provided the necessary stimulation. They still fought among themselves, of course — the Italians with knives instead of lead pipes, and the Irishmen finally with pistols. But they also began to fight against the community, in a much more overt way than they had ever done before. The hired gunman became a recognized individual in New York life. Fixed prices were established for murders, and crimes of violence increased enormously.

The trade of gunman reached its scandalous climax in the celebrated Becker case. Four gunmen were hired by Lieutenant Becker to murder Rosenthal, the gambler, because Rosenthal had agreed to give ruinous testimony to a grand jury investigating police graft in New York. They performed their job in workmanlike fashion. (By now the Irishman had almost been pushed out of the trade, and none of these four belonged to that race.) But they were caught. They were convicted, and, along with Becker, they were executed. The city underwent a wave of revulsion and reform; and the gangs — having lost heart a little, anyway, at the sudden debacle of four invincible killers — dwindled away.

## II

In 1920, or thereabouts, the East Side found itself populated entirely by

Jewish people. The Irish had gone — broken their colony and scattered over the city with many potential Irish gangsters turning their faces toward the bright buttons and the neat blue uniforms of the police force. The Italians had moved into other regions.

The same circumstances which drove the Irish lads of 1850 into street-corner gangs now affected some thousands of Jewish boys. Enormously ambitious, yet held severely in their poverty by the great city looming over them, they drifted into carelessly organized fellowships. Natural leaders, of one sort and another, found themselves surrounded by cohorts, ready for almost anything. One of these leaders was Jacob Augen, who very soon came to be widely known as Little Augie. Another bore the name of the Kid Dropper — gained in his early youth when he earned his pin money by knocking down youngsters as they bent over sidewalk dice games and running off with their pennies.

Around each of these young men there gathered a score or two of purposeless lads. Most of them labored at small trades — driving laundry wagons, pressing trousers, cleaning windows. They were poor, and ambitious, and bored. They were likewise gregarious, and so they met together in the evenings to boast in their hard, clipped voices of their valorous plans in this world of men. Certain of them drifted into petty thievery, as the Irish had done before them. Perhaps one or two — a half dozen — were more daring, and engaged in the robbery of pay-roll messengers. On the other hand, still in the fashion of their Irish predecessors, the gangs did not commit crimes as a unit. They were too big, too unwieldy, for any sort of concerted action.

Before long, however, they found a way to profit from their fellowship, from their organization under an accepted leader. Several contractors,

engaged upon important building enterprises, were faced with strikes among their workers. They hired free-lance laborers. And to protect these fellows the lads of the East Side gangs were summoned. Little Augie and the Kid Dropper supplied their small-statured, unhealthy followers with weapons. And so they were launched in the new character of desperadoes.

Finding themselves suddenly in economic competition, and finding themselves just as suddenly emerging as dangerous fellows, it was only natural that the two gangs should begin to scorn each other. Inhabiting the same crowded, nervous streets, living in the same fantastic scene of poverty, and carelessness, and tremendous ambitions, a natural and somewhat purposeless animosity grew between the two gangs. The economic competition did not really amount to much, for, as their fame grew, there was work enough for both gangs. And so this animosity did not become dynamic until the paths of the two mobs crossed in the matter of those pretty, dark girls who live among the tenements.

Early in the spring of 1922, a scrawny, rather stupid boy of nineteen, disciple to Little Augie, had the ill fortune to bestow his attentions upon a girl whom the Kid Dropper had chosen for his own. The result was almost inevitable, considering that here were two companies of youths who carried pistols habitually, who regarded themselves as bad men, and who until this moment had not been vouchsafed the slightest possible occasion for the spilling of blood. A warning was sent that the scrawny boy would be killed.

Quite completely in terror of his life, he imprisoned himself in one of those dark tenement rooms which hang above Rivington Street. For more than a week he remained there, receiving food from his sister, visits from a friend or

two, until at last he decided, in desperation, to venture out for a breath of air and a soda. Very late one evening he crept down to the sidewalk. A fellow gang member joined him, and together they walked a block or two. They paused in front of a confectionery store, watching the street carefully, moving jerkily, keeping themselves well in toward the buildings.

From an unsuspected direction an automobile with black curtains drove past, shotguns blazing.

The Kid Dropper was arrested a little time later. The dead boy's sister had given information concerning the threats which had come to him. But the police apparently despaired of convicting the gang leader. In compromise they entered into an agreement with him: he was to leave New York, join a brother living in Omaha, and never come East again. This agreement was reached in the Essex Market Courtroom, one Saturday morning, and it included the stipulation that the Kid Dropper was to receive safe conduct to the Grand Central Terminal.

The police took elaborate precautions. The block upon which the Essex Market Courthouse faces was closed to all traffic, and pedestrians were searched as they passed. Fifty policemen were drawn up along the street. It was arranged that two detectives would ride in the cab with the Kid Dropper, that another cab would precede them, bearing four detectives with drawn pistols.

These preparations having been made, the fugitive gangster was led down the steps of the building. He entered his cab and the two detectives of his escort followed him. But, just as the cab was beginning to move, a dwarfed youth broke from the edge of the police cordon and dashed toward it. As he ran, he tore away the newspaper wrappings of a package that he carried. A dozen policemen were running upon

him as he reached the cab, but he clambered up to a perch on the rear bumper, shoved his pistol through the window, and fired three shots into the Kid Dropper's back.

The prisoner, arraigned five minutes later in the courtroom, said that his name was Louis Cohen, that he was nineteen, that he drove a laundry wagon for a living, and that Little Augie was his friend. He was delighted to find himself in the hands of the police. It was a more pleasant thing than stealing anxiously through the streets, waiting for bullets from the Kid Dropper's outraged followers.

As it fell out, I was present at the trial of Louis Cohen. Under the quaint laws of New York State he was required to plead not guilty, and his lawyers strove valiantly in his behalf. While he sat quietly between his guards — thin, expressionless, at ease — the lawyers explained to the jury that the Kid Dropper had been a dangerous man; that he and his friends had threatened to do much murder among the members of the Little Augie fellowship; that Louis Cohen had been marked for early death. 'Even if he had fired these shots which killed the Kid Dropper, he would have been justified. His own life was in danger.' Furthermore, they said, society was well rid of a dangerous parasite. The jury listened carefully and convicted Louis Cohen of second degree murder, which means that he will spend approximately seventeen years in Sing Sing prison.

During that trial a half-dozen very small, very neatly dressed young men stood quietly about the entrance to the courtroom. Two of them were brothers of the Kid Dropper and lieutenants of his company. The rest were members of the gang. It was a little difficult, talking with them, to believe that they were dangerous fellows. Indeed, it was quite impossible to believe any such

thing. Their extraordinarily diminutive stature, their perpetual swagger, their nods and winks to each other, were just a trifle grotesque. Nobody, except a member of a rival gang, could possibly have been afraid of them.

One of the brothers said to me, with his unchanging air of secrecy: 'If they like this Cowboy and Indian game, we'll show 'em how to play it.' And he made his prophecy concerning Little Augie: 'I don't guess that guy'll ever die of old age.'

Well, it was five years before Little Augie died. Five years in which there were no deaths at all among East Side gangsters. In that time the Droppers and the Little Augies went about their accustomed tasks, guarding strike breakers here and there (once in the pressroom of a great afternoon newspaper), performing such small crimes as fell in their way. But finally the moment of drama came. It found Little Augie quite helpless in the matter of defending himself.

### III

That, as far as I can discover it, is the reality of East Side gang fighting in this day. It is a rather curious thing. From such killings as have occurred, there was no apparent profit to anybody concerned. The deaths have served no specific purpose to the men who brought them about. The gangs themselves are not, in essence, criminal organizations — parasitical organizations, indeed, but not, in point of fact, predatory where the community at large is concerned. They are simply a continuation of the old Irish fighting gangs, with such alterations of method as are explicable through racial differences. Try as the newspapers might, they have been able to distill no real glamour from these cautious, revengeful murders, which had no concrete purpose

behind them and which yet were not marked by the honest quality of savagery. Not one of the dead men — not one of the gang members concerned in the war — has been a person of interesting or extraordinary character. There is something dull, idle, and mean about the whole business, and also something quite absurd.

The murders have served to defend neither honor nor property rights, as we conceive such things, for honor and property rights have not been closely involved. And so one reaches the conclusion that perhaps the current East Side war is being fought out by a group of embittered and unimaginative lads, bored with life, bearing a reputation for harshness and forced to live up to it, taking a criminal part for which they have neither real aptitude nor real stomach.

#### IV

It is that single habit of killing each other off which has gained for the East Side gangsters the attention of the press — and, in this melodramatic theatrical season, the attention of so many playwrights. But, as I have attempted to show, the effect of their lawlessness falls sharply upon their own heads, and not upon the community at large. They are not important economic factors in the life of the city.

Perhaps it is for the very reason that the other sorts of gangsters restrain the impulse to murder each other that they are important economic factors in Manhattan. I think of a dozen kinds of gangs. There are, for example, the innumerable bands of men who are engaged in the whiskey trade. The great majority of these fellows are not, in their own eyes, criminals at all. Their state of mind is not criminal; they do not hold themselves with that aloofness toward society which distinguishes the usual professional law-

breaker. Two or three years ago bootlegging in New York ceased to be a dangerous or a romantic enterprise. It became a perfectly commonplace business. The men who work at it do not think in terms of guns, knives, hot pursuits, last stands against the law. They think in terms of supply and demand, of profit and loss, of specific gravities, trade lists, and customers.

It is interesting to observe that in Chicago an entirely different situation prevails. The larger part of the criminal population there — thugs, gunmen, scoundrels of every sort — devote themselves to the hazardous game of liquor dealing. And it is a hazardous game because rival mobs fight each other bitterly over territories, over sources of supply and disposal. Those without the capital to deal straightforwardly in the bootlegging business attempt it anyway by stealing the laden trucks of their betters. And over all the commerce there hangs the disturbing influence of police officials greedy for a lion's share of the profits.

In New York, as I have indicated, the business goes forward in more orderly fashion. The police department — tolerant, on the one hand, and free from undue greed, on the other — keeps a reasonably steady hold upon the situation. There is plenty of territory for all to work in. And so we are spared, on the island of Manhattan, that bloody spectacle of rival bootleg gangs warring with machine guns over their disputes. As a matter of fact, prohibition has brought about a rather remarkable situation in New York City. A great many hundreds of those social misfits whom we term potential criminals — undeveloped thieves, cut-throats, thugs — have turned to bootlegging because it is a profitable and safe pursuit. They have made the discovery that if bootlegging is to remain profitable and safe it must be

carried on without mayhem and murder. This, apparently, suits them very well. For the tamest class of law-breakers in America are those men who deal in contraband alcohol in the vicinity of New York City. And prohibition becomes, in effect, a softening influence upon a great many potentially violent men.

Another sort of gang altogether is that known as the Hudson Dusters. It numbers among its fellowship former stevedores, roustabouts, seamen, villains of a very sturdy type, who earn a rich living along the water front. The Hudson Dusters are workmanlike and thorough thieves. And they are undisturbed by internal strife or rivalries with other bands of criminals. I must confess that I draw this latter conclusion by the process of deduction. I believe them to be workmanlike, careful, and, after their own lights, peaceful, for the reasons that their thefts are enormous, they are rarely in the hands of the law, and death does not follow in their trail.

They steal something like \$1,250,000 worth of goods every year from the piers and warehouses along the North River. They are colorful rogues, and they have performed several exploits of a thoroughly daring nature. Perhaps the most striking was the theft of a freight car loaded with silk. The car was being lightered across the river from New Jersey late one night, when the tug which had it in tow was approached by a motor boat. The boat came alongside, hailing the captain. A moment or two later that unfortunate gentleman was contemplating the barrel of a pistol and listening to a very explicit order which bade him surrender his wheel and descend to the motor boat. Quite naturally he complied. He was landed, with the two men of his crew, in a dark slip on the Jersey shore. Two days later the hue and cry came

up with the tug and its barge, stranded on the coast south of Sandy Hook. The box car, of course, was empty.

These river thieves derive protection from the somewhat peculiar way in which New York's harbor is policed. Jurisdiction over the port is divided between the harbor police of Manhattan, the detectives of Staten Island and of Brooklyn, and the harbor police of New Jersey. It is usual, when a waterfront theft occurs, for the police of each district to insist that the criminals have gone beyond their territory. It is also usual for this to be denied. While the authorities grow discursive the thieves run; and thus far they have run with entire cunning.

Considered from the standpoint of net profits and of health to participating members, the Hudson Dusters are the best organized and perhaps the most successful of all the gangs in New York. Like those numerous organizations which deal in the smuggling and the peddling of narcotic drugs, they are specialists: they work diligently, quietly at their job, seeking neither fame nor excitement, but cash.

Concerning the drug peddlers, I can perhaps do no better than to quote from the observations of one of them — a hard-bitten, nervous fellow of thirty-five, Italian by birth, who had in turn been simple drug addict, robber, convict, dance-hall proprietor, and procurer. At the time he was brought to me — by a reformed convict who believed he could make an honest living by writing or by supplying information for men who write — he was himself broken of the drug habit. He was in the employ of a carefully directed organization for the distribution of cocaine and heroin.

“There's money in it,” he said. “Plenty of money. Most of it goes to the big men, because the little men are generally addicts themselves and

have n't the courage to stand out for their honest share. Dope peddlers and dope addicts are the most peaceful people in the world, and the most timid. They know that their habit, or their connection with the trade, is a defect which keeps them from being as good as other men. It's all a foolish notion that drugs excite addicts, and make them commit wild crimes. Think of it this way: a drug addict is a man who has gotten himself in such shape that he can only be normal when a certain amount of dope is in his system. When it is n't there, he is terribly nervous, weak, miserable. Even his desperation does n't make him courageous. When it is there, he is just about like ordinary men.

'Nobody can do anything to stop the drug traffic. Most addicts become so through physical pain, mental worry, poverty. All the tales about the systematic making of addicts are ridiculous. No drug user will ever try to make another man take dope. They will tell everybody to avoid it as long as possible. But there are enough addicts always to create a big demand. Naturally that demand is going to be supplied. The drugs are brought into the country by a hundred different ways. Steamship stewards bring a great deal of it. Anyway, there is always enough. And the organization for distributing it is very good.

'Take me, for instance. I work for a ring, and there are two fellows who work for me. We have our regular list of customers, addicts who have regular places to meet us. The drugs are passed so carefully that there is little danger of being caught. In my case, for example, I never actually make a delivery, or receive any cash, or have any drug on my person. My two men do the work while I watch them to keep them honest. If they are caught, they will never squeal. They know that

even if they are in jail they must have drugs, and they will depend on me to supply them. They protect me in order to protect themselves. It works like that throughout the organization. And the men at the top are known to so few people that they run practically no danger at all.'

Almost every person connected with the drug traffic in New York will insist that a certain high police official (they state his name with relish) has profited to the extent of millions from the drug rings. There is no possible way of knowing whether this is true or not. It may grow simply from a rumor which the drug peddlers seize upon with delight because it reflects ignominy upon their traditional enemies. Whether it be true or not, it is at least certain that a newspaper publisher who lately conducted an exposé of the drug trade gave his investigators fifty thousand dollars with instructions to use as much of it as might be necessary to pin a substantial charge upon the police official in question. They were able to get no evidence that would survive court proceedings. The lesser members of the drug rings — all of whom, perversely enough, seem to regard their trade with resentment — point to that failure as a striking example of the protection which can be thrown around the big fellows.

At any rate, it is a very rare thing to find individuals connected with the commerce in drugs revealed as participants in other crimes. They remain severely to themselves. The very nature of their business fills them with an uncommon urge for secrecy. With all their elaborate organization, with all the heavy trade which they must handle, they dwell far beneath the surface of city life. Were it not for the occasional newspaper crusade, — usually quite unpardonably lurid, and usually quite misleading, — the

ordinary citizen of New York could live out his years without the faintest suspicion of their existence.

## V

There are swindling gangs — smooth, quiet workers who occupy themselves with horse racing and the stock market, who lift their thousands and slip almost unnoticed out of sight. There are bands which devote themselves to the theft of securities. There are silk thieves and fur thieves and rogues who specialize in a dozen other ways of robbery. Together, these men prey upon honest folk to the extent of millions of dollars in every year. Their effect upon the pocketbooks of the city is many, many times more profound than that of dull, petty East Side gangsters. But little is written of them for the simple reason that little is known of them. They are professional criminals of a very high ability. They have long ago learned that the limelight may be a lure for lesser fellows, but that it is only destruction for themselves. Many of them have not the manners of criminals. Many of them live richly, if a little gaudily. They are incredibly shrewd in protecting themselves from the law, and few of them indeed are called upon to pay the penalties for their crimes.

But there remains yet another type of gang, which in many ways does more than any of the rest to provide New York with a sustained consciousness of crime. It is the sort of gang whose best examples are the Diamond brothers and the Whittemore boys, of unhappy memory. In the public mind, the exploits of such men are often confused with the activities of those little fellows who do murder against each other in the East Side. But in reality there is not the slightest relation between the two. They are murderers, these Diamonds and Whittemores. Yet they do

not kill each other off in purposeless wars. They are, in the phrase of Mr. William Bolitho, murderers for profit. They do more than all other classes of criminals to assure the man in the street that our civilization has not quite rid itself of harsh passions, of brutality, and of danger.

Such gangs as these have, naturally, many mutations in their formation, their success, their purpose. The best indications of the two extremes are the two gangs I have mentioned already.

The Diamond brothers were not, before their single calamitous exploit, professional criminals. As far as could be learned, neither of them had ever engaged in any major crime. They were the proprietors of a small business, living with their mother and sisters, facing no immediate demands for money. Chance threw them with two Italians, fellows of dubious history, penniless and filled with the lust for money. Chance, a bit later, brought to them a foolish lad who worked at some small job in a Brooklyn bank. The five began to meet frequently. They talked of money — large amounts of money — until it filled all their dreams. Presently the suggestion of a robbery was vouchsafed.

Thereafter the band was an organized unit with a single purpose: the robbery of the bank in which the youngest of them worked every day. They planned and argued for weeks. There is a great deal of superficial lore which comes to the ears of every man who moves in the lower-class world which these five inhabited — elementary rules which apply to the commission of every crime. The Diamonds took these rules to heart. They learned from the boy the exact hours and days when the bank's messengers carried bags of cash into Manhattan. They hired rooms near the elevated station which the messengers used. They

watched with eager care, made time schedules, and once rehearsed their crime. At last it only remained for them to set a day, to steal an automobile, transfer its license plates to another automobile, and proceed with the business in hand.

They performed with almost professional shrewdness. When the two bank messengers, carrying between them some thousands of dollars in cash, were halfway up the stairway leading to the elevated tracks, they were set upon by two members of the gang. It appeared for a moment as if they would resist, and so they were shot down in a sudden access of terror and fury. The money pouches were wrenched from their dying hands, and the thieves made off. An automobile with motor running was waiting a few steps away. After a mad drive of a mile or two they came to a predetermined rendezvous where they abandoned the first car and made off in a second one. The flight was swift and it was effective. The police lost the trail, and for a week nothing happened.

But, with the job done, the robbers lost their professional air, assumed quite perfectly for the crime itself. In Philadelphia they began to throw money about recklessly. They drank, and they boasted of their achievement to two girls. A few days after that unfortunate moment of vanity they were all languishing in New York jail cells — all but one of the Italians, who, in his wisdom, fled to Italy. Ultimately three of them were executed.

The Whittemore band, by way of contrast, suffered from no such prompt destruction, and this was chiefly because of its complete professionalism. One seasoned, expert rogue in the Diamond band might have given it that steadiness which it lacked. The Whittemore gangsters were all seasoned rogues. Prison acquaintanceships had

brought together from several corners of the world a half dozen of the hardest criminals which this generation has known. There was Whittemore himself, Baltimore thief and murderer; he had been arrested for a robbery and had killed a prison guard in making his escape. There were the Kramer brothers — European safe robbers of world renown, inventors of the can-opener process for breaking steel safes. With an immense tool of their own contriving they could, without the use of explosives, rip through the strongest steel precisely as the most useful of kitchen gadgets cuts the tin of a vegetable can. There were several others in the gang, eight in all — jailbirds, old hands at the game of taking other peoples' money.

During their rather long career the Whittemore band — the Baltimore youth was the leader because of his intrepidity, his amazing, bitter coolness — performed something more than a dozen successful robberies. These ranged from the elaborately planned looting of a Broadway jewelry shop in midafternoon, with two policemen half a block away, to the holdup of an armored money car in Buffalo. Their profits were immense. And they never committed a robbery without murdering at least one man.

In many ways these gentlemen proved themselves to be the most ruthless and bloody criminals ever to grace our history. They were taken at last, as everybody knows. But it was not precisely their own folly which brought about their downfall. It was a series of unpredictable accidents, coupled with certain luck which befell a cunning detective or two. I saw Whittemore during the period of his detention in New York. Very tall he was, slender, straight, with extremely neat clothing. His face was not debauched, nor was it particularly vicious. It was cold, expressionless, indescribably grim. His

lips were set in a faint, changeless sneer. His eyes were black, gleaming, defiant.

These two, then, the Diamonds and the Whittemores, are variations of the small gang which is organized for the explicit purpose of robbery by murder. Their chief difference lies in the experience of the individuals involved before they came together in a gang. So far as they affect the common scene of metropolitan life, there is not a great deal of difference between them.

## VI

As the methods of the gangs have changed since the turn of the century, so have the methods of the police changed. Criminals of nowadays do not haunt particular sections of New York. It follows that there are no dangerous localities in the city, no section in which an honest man need fear to show himself. It also follows, since there is a compensating difficulty for every advantage, that the police no longer enjoy the benefits which formerly came from having criminals concentrated in a few known sections.

There are two obvious reasons for the changed aspects of New York criminal life. They are, in their effect, very closely related. The first is prohibition, and the second is reform in the matter of prostitution. In the old days there were the 'honky-tonks,' those fantastic embellishments of city life which were recognized haunts for all types of blackguards. All of them were alike — establishments of glittering mirrors and long mahogany bars, of back rooms wherein wine and women and song were ever to be found. And while they existed they were the ganglia, as it were, of Manhattan's criminal life. By simply watching them, the police had a definite knowledge of the criminal population of the city. They knew names and faces and habits, and they

could make use of that ancient tool, the stool pigeon. Thieves and murderers were forced by boredom to haunt the honky-tonks. And as long as they did, the police had a grip on them. Most of the stool pigeons were women who had been scorned, or weakling men who had suffered the taunts of the bullies. Police contact with crime was very close. The conflict between law and the lawless was direct, blunt, simple.

But those days, with all their raw gusto, their segregation of criminal populations, are gone. The underworld no longer has a habitat — it is everywhere. Prostitutes are a vastly different breed from what they once were. They do not dwell among rough thieves and scoundrels, but are scattered throughout the city. Stool pigeons are no longer of value, for they have no point of contact with the rogues they might betray. With these changes, crime has lost nearly all of that curious romance which once hung over it. They are not wild, careless, carousing fellows any more, the criminals. They have become remote from the workaday world; more secret and rather more subtle than they were in other times. They have been considered by the psychologists; and nowadays, in advanced circles, they are called unfortunate, abnormal, pathetic variations from the norm.

Perhaps the psychologists are right. The world, no doubt, is learning. But pondering upon the Kid Droppers and the Little Augies, the Diamonds and the Whittemores, the efficient Dusters, the nameless silk thieves and bond thieves, the dope peddlers and the boot-leggers of our generation, one is moved occasionally to wish for one more glimpse of a brawling, downright bad man — a husky who would bellow his contempt for law and order, and leave a trail of not too badly broken heads behind when they hauled him off to jail.

## NONCONFORMITY

BY LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

I DESIRE to observe the fiftieth anniversary of my birth, in a village parsonage, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of my ordination into the ministry, by documenting a few personal impressions of the present activities and apparent aims of our Nonconformist churches. The criticisms have not been conceived in petulance and brought forth in irascibility. I have had no occasion to quarrel with the Church. She has been a just and generous employer, and had I again to choose an occupation I would cheerfully work for her.

Not infrequently of late it has been clamorously announced that the Church must determine — presumably by the prompt acceptance or rejection of some programme suggested by the alarmed — whether she is to survive this generation. All this is nonsense, of course, as these excited sons of Amittai would realize were their talent for interpreting history comparable to their gift of tongues. The Church is the only institution we have with us to-day that does not reek of fresh paint, hot rivets, and perspiration. All anxieties concerning her perpetuity may be reassigned to more pressing problems. The questions I am about to raise do not relate to her probable ability to survive.

One notes in the journals lending encouragement to the popular cult of 'neo-smartaleckism' that the Church is headed toward oblivion because she is unwilling and unable to keep pace with modern thought. Nonsense, again.

Scientific research has ever been a pensioner either of the churches as institutions or of avowed churchmen as individuals. If Science is disposed to doubt this, let her make the experiment of refusing further support from the church element, and pass the hat among the vocally irreligious. By next June you can have first-class microscopes and laboratory-trained bake ovens at your own price, with a few stadia thrown in for good measure. My anxiety about the churches does not lie in that quarter.

It is to be observed that much agitation is manifest among the more militant of the conservatives lest Christianity be imperiled, if not extinguished, by the yelping infidelities of an increasingly incautious group disinterested in such traditions as the inerrancy of the Scriptures, the historical validity of miracles, and a few other controversial items customarily listed in this invoice of riddles. More nonsense. These debates only deepen the interest of the contentious in their respective theories, inspiring a commendable zeal to justify their metaphysics by their capacity to recall that sixteen ounces make a pound; besides temporarily engaging forensic talents which might be put to much worse employment.

Modernism is quite incapable of destroying the churches, even were it bent upon doing so, which it is not; and Fundamentalism, however smugly vain of the cold thumb wherewith it valiantly plugs the dogmatic dike, could

not rescue the churches were they in jeopardy. Both of these tendencies have been too self-conscious, vastly overrating the importance of the issue which absorbs their attention. Most of what passes for 'modernism' in the pulpit amounts to nothing more serious than the desire of an overworked parson to add incandescence to his Sunday morning essay by presenting fresh facts from the laboratories, information not arrived at through his own diligent scholarship, but hastily abstracted from the bedtime stories of Messrs. Wiggam, Slosson, Kellogg, and other journeyman-scientists now praiseworthy engaged in the installation of better guideboards along the road to the higher wisdom.

While not personally covetous of the Fundamentalist's rating in the esteem of the intellectuals, I confidently believe it takes more brains, at this hour, to command respect as a Fundamentalist than to achieve a local reputation for modernity. The layman's race memory is an institution mortgaged to the shingles by the old religious traditions. The Fundamentalist preacher who expounds these well-known dogmas must mind his step and make sure he stays on the reservation. The Modernist preacher, on the other hand, is quite too well aware that the average layman, disavowing any clear knowledge of scientific affairs, is unable to bring his pastor to book for whatever intellectual misdemeanors he may commit in that field. With such feeble censorship from the pew, the iconoclastic apostle of modernity is with great difficulty kept back from presumptuous sins, and is prone to lapse into a state of mental slovenliness most distasteful to the occasional informed wayfarer questing spiritual refreshment at this fountain.

The most unfortunate feature of the warfare between the conservative and

progressive forces is the apparent necessity of their engagement at a strategic salient which happens to lie quite remote from contemporary interests. Under normal conditions, the Fundamentalist would make a wide detour around the Garden of Eden, aware that it is a bit of landscape appearing to much better advantage when reproduced in oil, by one of the old masters, than on a cinema film shot at high noon in the second quarter of the twentieth century. But circumstances have required him to encamp there and withstand a siege. Upon the recent renascence of scientific knowledge concerning man's place in Nature, the Fundamentalist set off hurriedly with his entire host, horse, foot, and artillery, for the Garden, where he dug himself in; and where the Modernist means he shall stay for some time to come. It is a very anachronistic rumble that the motor lorries make as they go careening across the pontoons which span the River Pison, laden with fresh munitions for the besieged ensconced in the old bdellium quarries behind the orchard — as the Modernists have facetiously observed with an infuriating, tongue-in-cheek ridicule which has driven the Fundamentalists into a state of pardonable exasperation. To put the case gently, the water of life has been issuing, lately, in a very slim trickle, from both the conservative and the progressive springs, while their custodians have been employed as indicated above. But the criticisms I have to present do not relate to these polemics, however tragic they may seem to lovers of concord or ridiculous to the unconcerned.

The churches are neither failing nor slated to fail of maintaining a certain grip upon the imagination and loyalty of their own natural constituencies. They are building larger auditoriums, collecting more money, staging more

impressive conventions, and apparently doing more business than ever before.

My contention is that they might easily and quickly rise to an unquestioned position of confidence and respect in the opinion of the general unchurched public by doing adequately the things for which they were manifestly intended, and finding time and energy for these things by abandoning the pursuit of a group of endeavors for which they have small talent and in which they have had but little success. The very points of apparent strength, wherein they have vaunted themselves in their yearbooks and periodical literature, are, when carefully analyzed, disquieting weaknesses. The enterprises to which they are devoting the major part of their time and zeal are, for the most part, identical with similar endeavors of agencies entirely secular as to organization and merely humanitarian as to motive. Meantime they are minimizing the distinctive mission for which they are exclusively responsible. Their weaknesses, in my opinion, may be catalogued as follows.

## I

*They are too noisy.* The chief charm of the original Galilean culture is its ability to fill out and complete life at the points of its most urgent need. To make life 'more abundant' is the prime errand of the gospel. Whatever the 'one thing thou lackest,' Christianity stands ready with a prescription. Beyond question, the greatest need in contemporary American life is for the recovery of a lost serenity. The churches have the capacity, but not the disposition, to meet that demand. No other institution has either the disposition or the capacity.

The uniqueness of the Christian message may be said to be founded

upon the conviction that life is good, acceptable, livable; not to be resisted, rebelled against, groaned over, or antagonized, but calmly appropriated. A 'militant church' is as absurd as a blistering twilight. The Galilean ethic, in its original form, comprehended a theory of nonresistance quite startling in its proposals of quick and expensive settlements out of court, the cheerful volunteering of a second mile, the submissive offer of the other cheek — all in the interest of a tranquillity to be had only at the price of refusing to contend with adversaries. In its unadulterated form, Christianity is as quiet as yeast. Its energy is that of catalysis. No distinction could have accrued to Jesus had he shouted, 'Join me, and we will go to war!' He set his cultus apart from every other inspirational appeal when he said, 'Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest.' This is an alluring promise; never more so than now. It is strange that the churches, possessed of an inducement so intriguing to the human imagination, and maintained in their exclusive keeping, should have stowed it away, preferring to fill their windows with poor imitations of such gaudy delectables as other institutions are infinitely better equipped to display and distribute. It is an incomprehensible state of mind that leads our churches to conceal the one benefit of which they have an undisputed and enviable monopoly.

At this hour, while scores of self-ordained prophets in every city conduct overflowing classes in psychology as it relates to personal poise, contentment, and spiritual nurture, obviously endeavoring to point distracted people to mental ways of peace and steadiness, the churches, in imitation of commerce and industry, patter the lingo of the market place, mistakenly believing the public unresponsive to any

summons but the strident ballyhoo of the huckster.

There is a certain sedative quality in Christianity which our churches decline to recognize, much less administer. They are ashamed to admit that they have it. They lack the faith to abandon their frail and ludicrous attempts to outyell the theatres, the department stores, the automobile manufacturers, and the realtors, and quietly offer to this harassed, jaded, noise-pummeled public a sanctuary insulated against the raucous squawk of the saxophone, the blink of illuminated billboards, and the monotonous bleat of that legion who clamor for the reform of this, the abolition of that, and the putting over of something other.

Increasingly every appeal to the good impulses of the public has been in the nature of a stimulant. For the vast majority of Protestant-born Americans, there is now no institution inviting them to find, by a quiet inspection of their own hearts, a motive and a reason for believing and practising Christian altruism. No matter what agency of good works happens to be shrieking, the summons is an irritant. The individual is fused into the pack, and his 'charity' is literally snatched out of his hand. The appeal laid before him rarely rises beyond the shallow lure of a tribal vanity. Notwithstanding the charter of Christianity had advocated a process of charity so unostentatiously carried on that the donor's left hand would be unaware of the gift dispensed by the right hand, the improved method boasts of the brazen publicity accruing to our group should we exceed our quota and points with alarm to the shame we must feel if we fail to 'come across.' The American business man has come to identify Christian altruism with mob hypnotism. The technique is always the same, essentially, whatever may be the

nature of the cause to be aided, or the time, or the place. More 'pep'! More push! More punch! 'And now, folks, while the pledge cards are being passed among you, if you will temporarily put aside your pie, our own beloved song leader, Mr. Grimace, will direct us. . . . Attaboy, folks! Are we happy? Y-e-a, Bo! Say it! Now, turn in the goodole songbook to Num-berr Thirrrty-thrrree! You all know this one, folks. "Under the Soft Pale Moon We Sit and Spoon." Now, snap into this, folks! All-togetherrr — sing!'

Let no sequestered sister, incredulously lorgnetting the above, bear down too heavily on the antepenult when declaiming 'Impossible!' You flatter us, madam, in that you think this impossible. Nevertheless, this is the approved method of teaching and administering the Golden Rule, today, in every hamlet, town, and city of our land. This technique of inspiring interest and unity of purpose originated during the days of our mental dishevelment when we were attempting, by any process whatsoever, to raise and equip an army on short notice. It quickly came to be recognized as the standard formula for encouraging the public to resolve, amiably, unselfishly, and concertedly, upon the mass performance of good works.

To say that the large majority of even approximately intelligent men and women are disgusted with this moronic blather which has become the liturgy of altruism, and all the other racketty tactics of get-togetherism corollary thereunto, is to state the case with cool reserve. Were the churches better informed as to public sentiment on this subject, instead of imitating this cheap claptrapery of luncheon-club fellowship and altruistics, as they do to the limit of their capacity, they might be courageous enough to resort to the measures of appeal bequeathed

to them, and provide a spiritual motive for a life of goodness, kindness, and friendliness by offering tranquillity to this neurally distraught, aching eyed, weary-eared generation, which has been ridden at full gallop by the uplifters, with a curb bit, sharp rowels, and burrs under the saddle, until it fairly cries out for respite.

But the churches, accustomed to taking their cues from secular institutions of good intent, are fearful to speak of the Beatitudes. They suspect that they might be considered sleepy and spiritless. They hesitate to announce that they are possessed of a blessed palliative to counteract the psychopathic effects of overstimulation. It is too grave a risk, they think, in face of the fact that every other organization — commercial, political, industrial, educational, humanitarian — is screaming at the top of its lungs, 'Own Your Own Home!' 'Clean-the-Garage Week!' 'Vote for "Bob" Jones!' 'Patronize Heep — Sympathetic Mortician!'

The churches are unwilling to be outdone in the business of promotion. Their Saturday advertisements in the daily papers screech shrilly of 'peppy' programmes on the ensuing Lord's Day, promising sensational pronouncements from the sacred desk bearing upon the political campaign, the current scandal, and the first-page crimes. Latterly, some of the more energetic have been electrifying the symbols and slogans of the faith, on the ground that the good news of salvation should be kept before the public by whatever process happens to be prevalent. While there may be nothing essentially wicked about the awkwardly close proximity of two blatant, blaring, blazing mottoes, — 'JESUS SAVES!' and 'EATMORE SAUERKRAUT!' — it is symptomatic of the poor psychology of the churches, sincerely wanting to

make religion attractive, and succeeding only in making it ridiculous.

If the churches only knew it, great material prosperity — by no means despised among them — would instantly accrue to them were they able to guarantee a man one solid hour on Sunday morning exclusively devoted to spiritual recovery. As the case stands, while they excoriate the pleasure-mad, sensation-seeking, frantically excited public that refuses to come in and be saved, the depressing fact is that they have little to offer — according to their own paid space in the newspapers — but an attenuated solution of the same strychnia whose use they so stoutly deplore when administered elsewhere. They appear to believe that the public wants its water of life carbonated.

It is by no means a trivial matter to be required to confess that it has become next to impossible to meditate calmly in the typical Nonconformist church because of the racket. Here we have the chronic gabbler at his (and her) utmost. Now that the intolerable clatter of unfortunates, who have obviously stripped the gears engaging the brain and the larynx, makes hideous the theatre, the opera, the concert, the lecture, what vast credit would immediately attach to the churches were they able to announce that they were conducting houses of worship in which a spiritually minded pilgrim could be briefly enisled from the rasping banalities of the incessant talkers.

But witness the manner in which the average Nonconformist church conducts its so-called service of worship. The penitent is met in the lobby by the strong-arm squad of official greeters, and affectionately pawed. There is nothing distinctive about this process of welcome. The prospective worshiper was greeted thus on Tuesday noon at the Kiwanis, on Wednesday

at the Chamber of Commerce, on Thursday at the Better Business Commission, and on Friday night at the Masonic Temple. He is shown to his seat by a snappy usher who trusts that he will feel at home 'among these good folk.'

While appreciating the genial intent of these busy, buzzy brethren in their somewhat overdrawn efforts to be cordial to the stranger without being actually impudent, our man who has come here to worship finds the place so much like every other institution, whether the tribes go up, that he has reason to doubt whether the quest for heavenly light can be pursued here to any better advantage than in any other social club similarly astir with breezy amenities. The organist is vainly trying to drown the racket with his boisterous prelude.

The parson is probably romping about on the platform, fussing with his holy properties, chatting over the choir rail to the conductor, and beckoning his associate to come up and sit down, or go there, or do something else. An excited deacon scurries down the aisle to whisper a belated announcement into the ear of the prophet. Indeed, it is an interesting place — eventful, almost bewildering in its activity.

But the solemn hush, the sense of being in the presence of the divine, the feeling of reverence for a holy place — no; it is not there. Our visitor learns, from the pew behind him, that gasoline has dropped a cent; from the pew ahead, he is informed how much quince jelly we have put up; to the right, an animated conversation discloses that the parson's wife is sporting a new hat. Jesus had said, 'Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest.' And, so far as Nonconformity is concerned, this is it! A house of worship? So is the Grand Central Station. A place for prayer

and spiritual refreshment? Nonsense!

Presently the clatter subsides, and the 'service' is in progress. It is obvious that this performance is intended to buck you up, to stimulate you, to be to you a veritable 'shot in the arm.' The hymns are sprightly, and the congregation is strongly counseled to make a joyful noise. Every time there is a moment when 'silence, like a poultice, comes to heal the blows of sound,' the pastor chinks the gap with fatuous prattle. He reads the Scriptures as improved by one of the more informal revisions, and by his inflection the bronzed Tarsan is made to speak to the Romans with that crisp, heman, hands-in-pockets effectiveness employed so adroitly by the Secretary for the Older Boys at the Y. M. C. A. We will now pray. We do so extemporaneously, chattily. 'We're all *for* you, God!' is the general impression deduced from the supplication. Frequently, through the 'service,' a bit of pleasantry is spontaneously introduced to promote a feeling of genial fellowship 'among these good folk.' If the smile it was intended to engender gets out of bounds, the minister may offer a vicarious apology for all whose untimely cackle has too generously rewarded his wit by remarking in a tone suddenly invested with an almost lugubrious piety, 'God is just as much pleased with a smile as a tear, folks!' — which may, indeed, be true, for all that the good brother or anybody else knows. There is one authentic forecast that God in His Heaven shall laugh! I am sure I have seen things done in churches that would justify it. Now we will have the announcements. The congregation has been waiting, in some impatience, for this event; for the announcements are usually a treat. Almost every Sunday something delightfully funny is said at this point. There are still seven cases of chocolate

bars for sale by the Ladies. The Young Men's Guild will have a soap-bubble party at the Parish House, Thursday night. The semiannual rummage sale will occur on Friday and Saturday of this week. Ransack the attic and bring your junk to the good Ladies. It will be sold. The proceeds will be applied to our missionary fund. Missionaries will go forth into all the world to spread the light — the same kind we have — and the Kingdom will be increased. Your morning offering will now be received. (This, too, is frequently inadequate.)

I do not wish to convey the impression that all Nonconformist churches are constantly making all of the mistakes to which I have referred. Even a programme of blunders cannot be standardized to one-hundred-per-cent efficiency. Some of the churches are making all of these mistakes, and almost all are making some of them. Nor do I care to be identified as one of those dissatisfied Protestants who think that the Catholics — and possibly the Episcopalians — have a monopoly of the art of inspirational appeal in public worship. One of the dullest services I ever attended was in St. Peter's under circumstances which made it a noteworthy event for the celebrants to excise from the occasion all the inspirational element resident in it. But the Nonconformist is obliged to admit that when he enters a Catholic or an Episcopal church he realizes that he is on holy ground. He becomes aware, in that environment, of the supremacy of spiritual interests. People become strangely transfigured as they cross the threshold. They are there to worship. The imperatives of soul culture have driven secular concerns into complete eclipse. The priest is there to direct the heart Godward — not to prattle amiably of good-fellow clubbiness, or to exploit the latest

quirk in relativity, or to campaign for a better prosecuting attorney.

Were Nonconformity a bit more canny and resourceful, it would realize the crying need of its own potential following for an opportunity to worship, to meditate calmly upon divine things in holy places, to recover its spiritual poise, to experience the peace which passeth all understanding. Our churches consider this matter unimportant. Dim lights, toned to restfulness by symbolic windows, are depressing.

If we had a little more discernment, we should offer services of worship eclectically compiled from the greatest works of religious inspiration. But we will not do it. At this exact point our most serious weakness lies; but we do not realize it. We think the people want folksy, chatty churches — mere social clubs surmounted by steeples. We have a notion that the public wants to be noisy and excited. We will continue to provide noise and excitement. We are mistaken. The people sincerely desire an opportunity to worship. It is the business of the churches to meet that demand. They have proved themselves inadequate to supply the need.

## II

*They are too meddlesome.* Surely there is no necessity, at this late date, to lower one's voice and speak enigmatically of the fact that Nonconformity owes its origin to the stout conviction, on the part of some very determined people, that Church and State are far better off as friends than as relatives. Whether the Catholics, today, entertain the belief that in all matters of disagreement between the Church and the State the wishes of the former should, must, and do take precedence, is a subject I do not wish to trifle with, not because of any reticence,

but for lack of sufficient information. One sees so many obviously sincere and well-authenticated statements on both sides of this question that it is difficult to arrive at a satisfying opinion.

The fact remains, however, that the plaint of the original Protestants was against the increasingly dictatorial attitude on the part of the Church. They asserted that she had her finger in every pie, that she meddled too much in secular affairs, that she kept herself in doubtful company through her political alliances, that she had become so astute in business as to commercialize sin and sell it for whatever it would fetch on the counter of the confessional booth, that she had become the general manager of too many diversified endeavors.

Perhaps the Church was not nearly so predatory, high-handed, and magisterial as the seceders imagined, but they did so imagine — which came to the same thing as if it were true — and they fled, unforgivably ruining priceless works of art and showing up very badly in the manner and extent of their profanations, vandalisms, and iconoclastic excesses, to hatch a spawn of turbulent, competitive sects which had little enough in common but their determination to escape an ecclesiastical surveillance no longer tolerable.

I think we are in error when we believe that any considerable number of these early Protestants really had acute grievances against the Church. In the main, she had looked out for their welfare probably better than they could have done it themselves, as their impending vicissitudes were promptly to prove. It was the spirit of the old ecclesiastical oversight, rather than overt deeds of tyranny, that actually evoked the Reformation. The public had grown tired of the mother-knows-best attitude which the Church had developed to such fine efficiency; tired

of the long nose of official holiness flattened against the pane, the inquisitive eye of legalized piety peeking through the curtains, and the attentive ear of infallible righteousness applied to the keyhole of every institution from the laborer's cottage on up to the baronial castle. The worst they could say of her was that she had become an indefatigable meddler, which was unquestionably true enough to justify their exodus.

With such history behind us, then, plus the fact that the bulk of contemporary Nonconformity is obsessed by the psychosis that Catholicism still strives for and strides toward a strangle hold upon our political institutions, — probably untrue, but commonly believed by the majority of American Protestants, — it seems very strange that so large a number of our churches should be practising, feebly, but with ardent zeal, the very technique of coercion, bossism, political intrigue, and general meddling which they consider so reprehensible when sanctioned in Latin.

I am sure nobody wants to tie the hands of the churches so that they may not help to wield the fork when the Augean stables require a bit of tidying, or demand their silence when great moral issues are at stake; but the quite justifiable liberty to do that, on occasion, does not carry with it the right to indulge in as much meddling as they are now engaged in, at the behest of a bevy of interdenominational and undenominational agencies of alleged reform.

This business dates from the war. The government's Bureau of Publicity contracted the habit of bulletinizing the churches, once a week, informing the preachers what it would be well to say on the coming Sunday. When the war was over, a good precedent having been established for using the churches

as centres of propaganda, every agency of reform, plus a score more which rose suddenly to assist in the world's salvation, began to solicit the coöperation of the churches in the promotion of every manner of cause, from worldwide peace and universal prohibition to foundations for the care of infirm canary birds. Every minister's mail box is crammed daily with appeals to enlist his congregation for the support of enough remedial and prophylactic projects to ensure our entrance upon the millennium by a week from Tuesday, at the farthest.

Take the brood of peace societies, for example. Without doubt, we're all for peace. But the typical peace advocate wants it at the price of unseasonable rackets with persons in authority who probably know very much more than he about the practical terms on which the great boon may be had. He wants peace, this afternoon! No more waiting. He inflames the churches to send telegrams and write letters and print literature. They are encouraged to denounce the R.O.T.C., thus increasing the embarrassment of university officials already sufficiently bewildered over the problems incident thereunto. War being a bad thing, so are army chaplaincies; therefore the churches must make the situation unpleasant for the chaplains whose opportunity to exert a helpful influence in their environment is meagre enough without additional restrictions and annoyances. Not infrequently Nonconformist bodies have voiced, on the floor of their religious conclaves, their determination never to sanction or obey another call to arms, regardless of the issue. If Catholicism in this country were to pass a resolution of that nature, or even seriously debate it, a yelp would go up that could be heard from the Tropic of Capricorn to the nebula of Andromeda.

The churches are meddling too much with legislation — urban, state, and national. It is no secret that the manner in which many of these inter-church organizations now conduct their lobbies, influence elections, and operate the inquisitorial machinery of bossism compares very favorably in effectiveness with any of the ingenious devices built for similar purposes by merged industries at their utmost of conscious strength.

I refuse to take into consideration the fact that many, if not most, of these causes are meritorious. I likewise refuse to listen to the explanation that the people who promote them are of excellent character, desirous only of contributing to public welfare, with nothing to gain, personally, when they win their point. My criticism is based wholly on the fact that this was not the Galilean way of saving society from its blunders. Ends do not justify means. This was one of the first sentences Protestantism learned to parse. It is as true in 1927 as it was in 1517.

The field of this meddling has been growing more extensive of late: active participation in the election of representatives in Congress and the state legislatures; petitions to Senators urging the passage or defeat of certain bills, and broadly hinting of the wrath to come in the event of failure to comply; mass action to regulate the curricula in state schools; resolutions demanding the parole or pardon of convicts; advice of all sorts to special commissions engaged in investigations under government auspices; drastic enforcement of obsolete ordinances regulating Sunday commerce; embarrassing interference with local school boards relative to the employment of Catholic teachers, the teaching of the Bible, the textbooks on natural sciences.

Let it be assumed that everything the churches get, by this process, is beneficial. Personally I think that assumption is doubtful; but let it stand undebated. Review the historic occasions when Mother Church dictated to kings and appointed herself to the receivership of involved European states, and you will discover that her ministrations were mostly benevolent. The interference she offered was almost uniformly in the interest of public welfare. But it was not her manifest destiny to tinker with politics, as her present plight on the Continent indicates.

The Master made very clear the relation which should obtain between the Christian cultus and political affairs. It was proper that Caesar should have his penny and his due meed of respect; but if there is any hint that the Founder contemplated for His Church the right to meddle in statecraft, it is not in my copy of the New Testament.

Beyond question, the interference of the churches in economic matters, especially relating to the problems of Capital and Labor, has made more difficult the harmonious adjustments imperative to the welfare of all industry. The major denominations in Nonconformity now have permanent commissions for the study of social and economic conditions. Occasionally these commissions report to their respective church bodies, recommending for adoption a 'social creed' loaded with trouble for many persons occupying strategic positions in the No Man's Land between Capital and Labor. The average preacher, whose experience of industrial problems is restricted to what he reads, knows just enough about economics to speak its academic dialect. He lacks just enough practical knowledge of shop problems to make his stormy counsel on such matters not

only valueless but more or less dangerous! He sees innocent Labor ground under the iron heel of rapacious Capital, inflames the discontent and prejudice of the underdog, to whom he imputes martyrdom, thus driving another wedge between the classes whose efforts to conciliate are frustrated by that much. And the utter futility of it! Big Business does not seek counsel of the parsons in its endeavor to untangle its skeins.

'Not by might, nor by power' would constitute an appropriate text for the churches in these days when they are flushed with their questionable victories as meddlers.

### III

*They are too mechanical.* The typical Nonconformist pastor has latterly become an administrator of the complex business activities of his church, an occupation requiring so much of his time and energy that the sheep of his fold are restricted to a very light diet. He is more to be pitied than censured when the charge is made that his homiletic disbursements are in excess of his intellectual income. He is expected to do more talking than any one man is capable of doing with promise of being helpful. His time is quite absorbed by executive duties. There is little opportunity for him to meditate. He rushes about, watch in hand, hurrying from one mighty event to another, in a perpetual state of mental stampede hardly conducive to a prophetic mood. Hence the inspirational note is but feebly sounded in his pulpit.

Until recently our great ecclesiastical conventions were unquestionably events of inestimable value to preachers who, because of their duties, rarely have opportunity to listen to inspiring appeals bearing upon spiritual culture. Returning from the national convention of his sect, in a fine glow of

religious fervor, the minister was able to transmit much of this spiritual energy to his people. It was as if he had recharged his soul's batteries. Convention programmes, usually covering a week or ten days, were made significant by the presence of noted preachers who were there exclusively on an errand of spiritual development.

More and more the mechanics of 'churchianity' encroached upon the time previously allotted to inspirational addresses. There was much money to be raised in the churches for the support of foreign missions, home missions, schools and colleges, hospitals and orphanages, commissions and bureaus, and this and that. The preachers had to secure this money from their congregations. It went without saying that they would not be able to get it unless they themselves were 'sold' to the causes needing assistance. The programmes of these great conventions are devised by the officials of the denominations, who usually belong to a sort of interlocking directorate necessarily interested in the adequate maintenance of all the various boards. And so it has come to pass that, whereas it requires a great amount of money to do the Lord's work throughout the world, the chief source of the minister's inspiration has been converted into a mere conference on ways and means, reports and forecasts, audits and budgets, harangues and howls of 'crisis,' deficits and overdrafts, quotas and apportionments. The preacher comes back to his flock after ten days of this pummeling and puts into practice, in his pulpit, the excellent exhortation, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'

And thus, more and more, the churches are becoming administrative offices for the collection of funds to support extension programmes. The minister is a tax collector, sitting at

the receipt of custom. So much of his interest is required by this business that the main function of his office is seriously neglected. He is aware of it, but does not know how to remedy it. Moreover, he observes that the conditions are growing steadily worse. Every year there is installed new machinery to be kept in motion, sometimes apparently useful and necessary, sometimes because it seems to make a noise significant of progress. Let him protest, and he is an obstructionist. The chieftains of the denominations, being a bit remote from local problems and local sentiment, do not yet realize that they are laying low the goose that lays the golden egg, and speeding the arrival of the day when a general revolt against the complicated mechanism of ecclesiastical bodies will seriously cripple them.

The religious instinct demands a recognition of the mystical element in the soul. That's what religion is about! People want to experience close contacts with the divine life. They are eager to feel the presence of God in their hearts. They like to come under the influence of somebody who has had the opportunity and inclination to think long and deeply upon the ways of God in the soul of man. That being true, folks, I am obliged to speak to you again, this morning, about our splendid little college at Blifkins Corners. The faculty has been unpaid for three months, the town seems to be ill-disposed toward the institution, local support is not forthcoming, the roof of the recitation hall leaks, new plumbing is needed in the men's dormitory.

#### IV

*They have too little self-respect.* I hope somebody will successfully challenge my guess that ten per cent of the people whose names appear on the

rosters of the Protestant churches of the United States do not know whether they are members of the church or not. With very few exceptions, the churches are carrying on their rolls, as of 'good and regular standing,' the names of people who have moved away without asking for certificates of transfer to other churches, people who have lost all interest and have treated the church's inquiries and appeals with contemptuous silence or rebuff, people who never come near the place but subscribe a few dollars, grudgingly, when importuned.

There is nothing that this generation stands more seriously in need of than good discipline. There is no institution so inadequately administering it as the churches. Church members jest with the parson about their prolonged absences from the services of worship, and he smiles over their delinquencies. The McFudgeon family are in open revolt because Susie's Sunday School teacher reproved her for disturbing the class, and the minister is counseled to hurry to the stricken home with balms and unguents. Something he had the audacity to say, last Sunday, concerning 'an international citizenship,' sent Brother K. K. Scraggs out, growling, and it is strongly urged that the prophet seek the injured saint without delay. People who have demonstrated their incapacity to succeed in their own business are frequently vociferous with their advice as to the proper management of the church. In many cases the church seems to have become useful to persons who employ it as a drainage tube for whatever septic accumulations cannot be exuded anywhere else — the subordinate in an office, who cannot talk back to his chief; the henpecked husband, whose voice is not heard about the family table; the officious woman, the ambitious youth.

This is no secret. Everybody knows that the churches will tolerate any manner of shabby treatment both from within and from without. A young man comes to arrange for his wedding, and informs the minister how long the service is to be, whether or not they will recite the 'plighting of the troth,' and such other stipulations as his impertinence may inspire. A bereaved family tells the minister what he is to do and say at the funeral. The minister smiles his approval of all suggestions, and sincerely trusts that what he does will be found entirely acceptable. Everybody knows more about his business than he does.

All this has been very bad for the people themselves. It is to their interest that the institution which ministers to their spiritual development shall have their unqualified respect — at least as much respect as the merchant has for his bank, and the little boy for his school, and the salesman for the company employing him. As the case stands, the Nonconformist layman today is somewhat to be pitied. He is conscious of spiritual needs which his church cannot supply. He envies the Catholic his deep reverence for his church, and wishes that he himself might find the same consolation, invigoration, and assurance in his own. He enjoys the fellowship to be had there; he experiences considerable satisfaction over the good reports of worthy causes aided, and almost incredible numbers of heathen brought into the light by way of his denomination's activities in foreign parts; he is proud of the fact that the church members defeated Tim O'Rourke for sheriff; but he knows that there is just one little service his church is inadequately performing. He is losing the path to his own soul, and the church is too busy to aid him in its rediscovery.

## MY LADY'S TEA

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

### I

IT was the end of a long, hard day's work in the bookstore on Cornhill. A shipment had come in from England — twenty cases, all to be sorted, marked, catalogued, and set upon the shelves in the fine-binding sections. Well, it had been done; Adams had just finished; the *Don Quixote* with the Lalauze plates rested beside Strang's *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was long after closing time; he had a right to be tired.

He turned out the lights, sat down at his desk behind the waist-high partition, and pulled out an enormous drop-stem briar pipe. He filled the bowl leisurely and selected a match from the jar behind the red ink. Adams prided himself on his taste in pipes. He bought them as a dandy might buy a necktie. They must suit the curve of his jaw, the slope of his forehead, his mop of hair. Being of a sensitive nature, he cultivated an attitude of coarseness: this pipe did him justice; it brought his teeth end to end and settled itself comfortably to one side, giving his lips a downward smirk, which he liked to describe as a leer.

The only light came through the windows from the arc lamp in the street. It was cool in the dusty air, soothing. He struck the match on the base of the telephone and watched the sulphur fizz bluely, break into yellow flame. Any-one looking through the front window at that moment could have seen hand and pipe and lips draw together in one practised movement, could have seen

Adams's pale face magnified by the flare, with queer arched shadows over the brows, the pipe rim reddening, and the smoke bursting round the stem like tulip leaves. The eyes glistened maliciously. Had the observer been superstitious, he might have left his penknife in the door to keep an elf from coming forth. Nothing would have delighted Adams more than to find such a knife. Like anyone who has lived much by himself, he believed in elves; to have been mistaken for one would have set him smiling to himself for the rest of the week. And he might very well have been so mistaken, with his big pale face and hands tied on to his small body like a makeshift of nature, and the black sparkle to his blue eyes.

No one, however, did look in. Adams was left to the quiet of the shop. After six o'clock Cornhill goes magically to sleep. Few people have any reason to walk down the curved sidewalk from Scollay Square; and pedestrians at the lower end go up Washington Street to avoid the steepness of the hill. Not even a taxi driver will send his car scuttling over the cobbles. There is no sound but the reminiscence of rumbling wagon wheels.

Adams was lonely and bored. An assistant bookseller's job, even when one is left more or less in charge of the shop, is not always engrossing. The hours are long, and shop routine kills most of them before they can become interesting. Moreover, Adams's friends

were out of town for the Easter week-end. He might have stolen a day off himself if he had not had to look over a library next day with a view to purchasing it for the store. Even that would be dull work, as the library was catalogued and the price already determined on. All he had to do was to check up on the more important items. An hour's work, at most — and a week-end spoiled by it.

He wondered how he was going to get out to the house. It was a mile outside of the town. There would be a ride in a train, and New England locals were insufferable.

The clock over the safe struck eight. Someone knocked on the door. Adams got up, leaving his pipe on the desk.

A thickset man in the clothes of a truck driver came in. He had a round red face, bright blue eyes, and red hair which glinted under the arc lamp when he took off his cap.

'Evening,' he said, affably, disguising the word in a cloud of rank blue smoke. He held a blackened clay pipe between the thumb and index finger of his right hand. 'Sorry if I'm late, Mr. Adams.'

'That's all right,' said Adams. 'I'm glad to sit still for a while. Here you are, Corrigan. Better count it.'

'That's all right, sir. What's a matter of business between friends?'

Adams sat down and took up his pipe. Diligent puffs set it glowing again. The truckman let out a deep breath and sucked at his clay, which had a habit of purring, much like a cat, way down in the bottom of it.

'I've got to look over a library out beyond Concord,' Adams said, after a while. 'It's the Livingstone house. Do you know the best way to get to it from the station?'

'Ye can walk, or ye can take a cab, sir.'

'It will have to be walking, I guess.'

'Or,' went on Corrigan, 'ye can come

along of me. I'm goin' past it to-morrow.'

'How's that?'

'In me truck. I can get ye here at noon, and leave ye by the door by two, or a little after, perhaps. Would that suit ye?'

'Fine!'

'And what's more, I can fetch ye back, about six.'

'Splendid!'

'The Mack will make it rough sitting on the roads this time o' year,' said Corrigan, 'but ye won't mind that, sir?'

'Not a bit.'

## II

It was a warm day; the slush in the street ran freely, with tinkling suggestions of meadow brooks. A hot sun clung to the plate glass of the bookstore and made a halo of warmth about the poets on the window shelf. The carters, going down to market, sweated as they swore friendly Italian oaths at their teams and scattered curses on the heads of slipping pedestrians. They left a breath of greenery and garlic in their wake. Assuredly it was spring.

A little before noon, the Americana man came down from his grubby nest on the second floor and escorted the cashier through the door. They went home on the same trolley. They had been worn so thoroughly into their respective grooves of matrimony that one would have taken them for man and wife. Adams winced slightly as he wondered if he would become an Americana man. The position calls for an unflinching optimist, and Americana men are invariably unlucky in love, or fathers of large families which they cannot quite support.

Adams finished his sandwich lunch, inspected his tobacco pouch, replenished his supply of matches, brought his gloves out of the drawer in which

they had lain for a week, and settled himself to wait.

Corrigan had been a genie bearing good fortune. There was the wizard's ring of patness in his invitation. The day, the conveyance, and the man himself fitted Adams's mood to make a flower out of his shattered week-end. He forgot to feel lonely and bored.

The ticking of the clock over the safe became wand taps on the shell of time. There was a tingle of beneficent magic in the air; and a cat, creature of good submerged in evil, paced the cellar cloisters unseen.

The noon hush, which had been settling on Cornhill in little jerks of silence, at last asserted itself in the blast of a siren. The wail mastered the last echoing footfall of the last pedestrian on the block; it combed the store front for fugitive sounds and obliterated them; and when it died it left a heritage of complete stillness. It heralded the Event.

Adams heard a roar in the direction of Scollay Square; something was thundering on the cobbles. The hands of the clock had frozen into a single finger. He put on his hat and coat and gloves, and locked the door behind him just as the sea-monster nose of a five-ton Mack truck snorted to a standstill by the curb; and Corrigan, the god of the machine, blooming in red-cheeks and fresh blue shirt, white flour-sack cap, and a brown coat to hide his overalls straps, made a hunch on the seat for more room, called 'Good morning' lustily, released the brakes; and before Adams realized he was aboard, the monster under him had shuddered, roared, and left Cornhill to its absolute hush.

A trip of some miles in a five-ton truck, to one who has never had the experience, is a thrilling adventure. The touring car, the limousine, the elusive roadster, are mere contrivances.

There is a touch of the afrite, convenient when controlled, in the taxicab; and it is a bold race who drive them. But the truck is the amicable dragon, the serviceable demon, the mistreated but benevolent Lung-Wong of the modern Western world; and the man who controls him is a priest, a diplomat, an animal trainer, a surgeon, and a philosopher.

Corrigan epitomized the tribe as he moved his feet over the pedals to bring a thundering processional from the bowels of the beast beneath him. His necromancer's touch transformed fifteen miles an hour into the flight of gods. Fleet-wheeled cars avoided his truck's deified advance; trolleys halted submissively to let the flapping tailboard cut in ahead of them on their bigoted rails. Jaywalkers lost their sang-froid in a welter of ignominious retreat. Traffic policemen, statuesque, imposing, revealed themselves as common clay. The three Fates passed the thread of life from hand to hand on the bumper.

Adams alone lost his sense of the stupendous in watching the serene smile with which Corrigan piloted the truck out of Boston, out of Cambridge, until it went rumbling down the first stretch of country road toward Concord.

Snow still clung here and there under trees and between boulders; the grass smelled rottenly of incipient growth; the sun burned red in the heavy sky. The day was warm and soothing, and soft to the touch. It seemed as if the spring had laid itself open before their wheels. Adams could hear the throb of it in the little wayside brooks when Corrigan threw out the clutch to let the truck coast down a hill, in the swish of the tires on the wet road, in the tempo of the relaxed motor.

The road was strangely deserted; and the truck went on with an even droning, so steadily that you could hear smaller sounds through it. Overhead, not long

after one o'clock, a line of geese rippled northward; but, for all Adams could see, not one of them looked down. And then Adams realized that the drone of the engine was a very small sound, so small no one could hear it, and that the truck in this loneliness was invisible; and that he was not going to a house beyond Concord, Massachusetts, merely to look at a library of books—he was not going anywhere, for in these days one cannot move without someone to look on. The truck was transforming him from one sphere of life to another; and the turning of the wheels and the rumble of the motor were no more than reminiscences of earth. So he turned to Corrigan, who had pulled in his head from spitting through the cab window with an air of having plumbed infinity; and instead of shouting, as he had been doing, Adams asked in a perfectly normal voice, 'How far did you say we had to go?'

As he had expected, Corrigan heard him distinctly. He puffed out three words disguised as three rings round the stem of his clay pipe.

'About two hours.'

It struck Adams as peculiarly significant that Corrigan had not once spoken of the distance in terms of the common measure. Space, apparently, did not enter into the transactions of the truck.

He was not at all surprised, therefore, when they swung in between two stone gateposts, atop of which two granite roosters stood tiptoe for crowing. The truck slipped between them so nimbly and quickly that Adams was not sure whether he had heard them.

A drive wound steeply up from the front wheels; and the truck puffed gallantly against the grade and tore at the gravel and climbed industriously under great elms, gray with buds, and sombre pines, and past high, massed banks of rhododendron.

Now and then, as they rounded

corners, Adams caught glimpses of a formless brick house behind a high, colonial portico. Looking down the hill, he saw that the road along which they had come ran turn for turn beside a hidden brook, so placid in its flowing that he had been unaware of its existence. All at once he realized that the air was very sweet and undisturbed.

They came out on the end of a wide sweep of the drive, beside a garden sleeping in the spring, with arbors all gray and restful.

The truck slid up to the door with becoming silence and halted quiveringly.

'Back at six,' said Corrigan, through a long stream of smoke that melted away against the gray of the garden.

### III

Adams persevered until he found a bell pull in a niche out of sight to the right of the door. He pulled it gently and heard a far-away inner tinkle, which had something of the subdued hush of the garden about it. The house, too, behind its drawn shades, shared in the universal sleep.

No answer came to the bell, but he hesitated to give it a second ring. So he turned his back on it and took his pipe from his pocket. As he did so, the door opened and a sombre voice inquired, 'You're the book gentleman, are n't you, sir?'

Turning, he beheld a middle-aged man, politely inclined in expectation of his reply, who held the door at a noncommittal angle and looked so undressed in his shirt sleeves that Adams at once recognized him for the butler.

'Yes, I'm Mr. Adams,' he replied.

'Very good,' said the butler, with an air of impartial affability. 'If you'll just step in here, sir, I'll show you the library.'

He ushered Adams into a high hall with a white-banistered staircase

sweeping upward out of each of the far corners. It carried an air of high seriousness and complete formality, which was only partly detracted from by the absence of rugs and the presence of moving-covers on the chairs. Indeed it looked a fitting habitation for the coatless butler. Adams could not determine whether its dishabille marked a coming to life or an ultimate decay. Like the garden, it was hovering in the vague grayness between life and death; and, together with the garden and the butler, it possessed unruffled tranquillity.

As he followed his guide down a series of rooms in the south wing, Adams saw that the entire house shared in this bareness, but that the bareness did not affect the house. The walls, like the garden, had stood too long upon the soil to be disturbed by any change. The linen furniture covers coveted the shadow and absorbed the light, so that the gray atmosphere of life stirring under death, or of death encompassing life, became nebulous, a trembling insubstantiality, by which the composure of the house was enhanced.

Such houses grow out of generations. They cannot be altered. The inhabitants must fit the house as it is, or move away. But while the house remains it is itself. The corners are deep, and capable of darkness; and the walls promise peace. In them light is a treasure which makes things beautiful with its transient touch, and can be courted. The wise die in such houses, and the foolish call them haunted.

A sense of ineffable comfort stole upon Adams, as if at last he were coming home; and he rested his hand on the door jambs as he passed them, to feel the cool, smooth wood against his palm — a touch of accepted friendship.

He was grateful to the butler for showing him into the library without speaking.

When the door had closed behind him, he went forward to the middle of the floor. The room was darker than any he had passed through. From floor to ceiling the walls were lined with books; but there were no tables, no rugs, only a feathery brass chandelier picked out in tenuous lines by the fleeting light of wood burning in the fireplace. The shades in the embrasured windows were drawn, except for one on the south, which looked out on the gray garden, accentuating the shadowed stillness and giving a glimpse of the drive down which all who left the house must pass.

There were two high-backed wing chairs drawn up, one on either side of the hearth.

Adams began on the shelves to his left and went slowly round the room until he had verified the items marked in his catalogue. It did not take him very long, and when he had finished he pocketed the catalogue and looked down at the chairs.

A very small girl, apparently not more than seven, was curled up in a corner of the chair opposite him. She regarded him out of sober gray eyes with an air of friendly thoughtfulness, as if he were someone she had not seen for years beyond her lifetime.

'Do sit down,' she said in a voice mature with quiet, 'and smoke your pipe.'

Adams bowed as he would have to a lady and accepted.

'What a fine pipe!' she exclaimed, as he leaned forward to concentrate on lighting it. 'Dada never let anyone smoke anything but a pipe in here.'

She was dressed completely in black, which gave an evanescent quality to her pale face. She had a clear, low forehead from which her wheat-colored hair was drawn back to a single heavy braid that came forward over her left shoulder and bent on her tucked-up knees.

Her lips met equably, with a faint suggestion of color.

'I'm so glad you came,' she said, when he was settled comfortably. 'I thought you would n't for a while.'

'I am afraid I was a little late,' he apologized. 'But it was such a heavenly day I could n't hurry.'

'If I had had such a fine car for riding in as yours, I'd ride in it all day, without telling the chauffeur where I wanted to go, because it would n't be necessary.'

'No,' said Adams. 'You don't have to tell him.'

They watched the firelight flowing across the hearth between them. Resting her chin on the heel of her right hand, the little girl stared through her fingers at the fire. Her slight body tensed perceptibly.

'My name's Maud,' she said, after a while; and then she caught her breath and waited.

'I wonder who she thinks I am,' Adams said to himself. He had n't a guess, so, rather than disappoint her, he was silent. But Maud was bent on learning his name. She looked up at him shyly — not shyly, either; but she appeared to be embarrassed over an awkward lapse in memory.

'I don't remember when I saw you first, do you?'

'I don't think you ever saw me before.'

'I must have, somewhere, because you don't look strange. You did n't when you came into the room.'

'I can't remember when,' said Adams, seriously.

'At first I thought you might be Mr. Weller, but he always sees me wherever I am, the minute he comes in. And he always has tea in the kitchen; and I had told James to have tea for two people in the library. So you are n't Mr. Weller.'

'Impossible,' said Adams.

'No, because I expected you to tea.'

'I'm anything but Sam.'

'Then I thought you might be Uncle Toby; but he comes so very seldom that when I remembered he had been here last Thursday I knew you were n't him. He's older, anyhow.'

'You must have a lot of visitors.'

'Yes, they're very good and come to tea whenever they can. It would be lonely here without them, with just James and Granny.'

'Granny?'

'She used to be my nurse, but now she's my maid.'

'Oh,' said Adams, more at ease. 'Yes, I should think it might be lonely, then, if you did n't have so many callers.'

'You see, James and Granny don't like these,' she sent a friendly glance round the shelves. 'And when I try to read them some, they go to sleep sitting up very stiff in their chairs. I don't read as well as Dada did.'

'But how long have you been by yourself?'

'It's three months since Dada died. He and I used to have lots of fun here. We'd read after dinner in the *Arabian Nights* and Boccaccio, though I like to read him best when it's sunny.'

'So do I,' nodded Adams.

'It's more like picnicking with him to feel the sun on your back.'

'Your mother went away long ago?'

'Yes, before I can remember. She came back once, when Dada was dead, but then she was somebody else's mother. So I have been here instead.'

'It must have been hard work to take care of the house — such a big one.'

'Oh no. You see, Mrs. Hopkins did that; and I only had to pour Dada's coffee in the morning and sit opposite him when we had dinner. Then we'd both come in here and read. Or, if there was company, I'd come in alone first and look at the *Martyrs* until they

came in to smoke and talk. Dada did not like ladies.

'He'd sit where you are,' she went on after a pause. 'His hair was white, and he smoked a yellow pipe with a long stem, not as nice as yours. He stayed upstairs all day, and wrote things.'

She reached for the bell pull. After a few moments' silence the butler appeared with the tea. He was coated, now, and lent a tone of solemnity to the proceedings. He took his place beside her chair, and when she put her hand to the kettle he reached across and took the weight in his own hand, like a venerable automaton, following her directions implicitly, and so impersonally that he might never have existed at all. Tea, to the two of them, was evidently a function of such long standing that they performed its graces with the dignity of perfect ease.

As her hands moved over the tray, the child's body assumed the poise of the experienced hostess.

'One lump?' she asked.

'Yes, please.'

'No lemon or cream?'

'No.'

'You see I remembered that,' she smiled, 'though I didn't know your name.'

When she had poured her own cup, she dismissed the butler. Adams stretched out his legs to the fire. The fragrance of tea always made him drowsy.

'I wonder who you are?' she asked.

'I'm sure,' he replied, 'that you've never seen me before. I don't go out often; and I came here by chance. Indeed, I did not know I was coming to this house until the driver left me at the door. I should n't know how to get here even now. And when he comes to take me away, I am afraid I shan't be able to remember the road.'

'How sad.'

'Yes. It is,' he said.

'But you know all my friends,' she said, glancing again at the shelves.

'Yes. You see I live with them. When people get tired of some of them, I find them a new place to stay.'

The child was indignant.

'They can't know them as well as I do if they get tired of them! They never have them to tea.'

'No,' said Adams. 'They only ask them to show them to other people.'

'It's good of you to find them homes. Will you do that for mine?'

'Yes.'

'I'm glad. You see, I've got to leave them all. I wanted to take them with me; but my aunt who lives way out West is coming for me to-morrow, and she said there was n't room for them where she lived. I wanted to take Boccaccio and Uncle Toby with me, anyway; but she said they would not know what to do out there, and that I must forget them, because I was going to be a real girl.'

Adams winced.

'Do you know what that is?' she asked.

'I've lived with them for so long,' he said, looking in his turn toward the books, 'that I must have forgotten.'

'I wish I did not have to go; but my aunt says it will be better for me; but I don't think she knows.'

Adams could not speak.

'That's why I'm so glad you came. To-morrow it would have been too late; and I was afraid I should have to say good-bye to them by myself.'

She gazed out of the south window at the drive. The afternoon gray was beginning to accumulate the evening shadows, here and there, under the pines.

'The house will be lonely when there is n't anybody else to go away.'

'Yes,' said Adams, softly.

He tried to picture the room without her odd little tragical figure and her

grave gray eyes; and, failing that, he tried to visualize her as her aunt's finished product. And that also was too much for him. He could not get beyond the fact that on Monday morning, promptly at nine, he would begin selling books again. He would become a bookseller's assistant; the books would be brought to the mart for sale, Uncle Toby and the rest, no more than paper and ink and calf and morocco; and she who had poured them all tea would go down the drive to become flesh and blood under the pork-market guidance of her Western relatives. There would be only the house, waiting for the next inhabitant who could fit himself into its drowsy atmosphere. The house and the gray garden. . . .

He knocked out his pipe, for he wanted to leave its ashes on the hearth. The firelight wavered delicately over the tea things. It is only firelight which makes ghosts.

The light in the open window had retreated beyond the glass. It was growing darker and darker. Now and then he could catch a glimmer of gold on the back of a book; but the corners of the room had faded. Only the chandelier, in the breathing glow of the flames, hung over him like Titania's web.

The black dress of the child had acquired invisibility in the shadow: there were only her pale face and hands, her long braid of wheat-colored hair, and her grave gray eyes.

She was looking at him earnestly.

'I wish I could remember your name.'

He swallowed convulsively.

'It was — It is — I have n't any name — just now.'

'Perhaps, then, you feel like me. And I don't want to go. Oh, I don't! I don't!'

He was not sure she was crying.

All he heard was the ascending roar

of the truck. He could hear the tires clawing at the gravel.

'I don't want to go,' he said.

And then he found himself in the hall. There was no sign of the butler. Only the furniture in its moving-garb, and the bare floor, and his hat, coat, and gloves on the table. He put them on and closed the front door after him.

No sign of the butler. Had he left the child alone?

Suddenly it occurred to him that he had not tasted his tea.

He tried the door, but it was locked.

#### IV

'Here I am,' said Corrigan, unnecessarily, as the truck snorted to a stop. 'Get aboard.'

Adams stared up at the silent windows.

'But the butler's gone.'

'Yesterday,' amended Corrigan, putting a smoke ring round the word.

'The little girl's all alone.'

'No, she ain't. That's what I brought ye for. She left two days ago, with her aunt, in a limysine as long as me tailboard.'

He exhaled pennons of smoke.

'Get aboard, sir. It's three hours to Boston with this load on.'

Reluctantly Adams complied. Corrigan released the brakes and they started coasting, silently, down the drive, past wide terraces of lawn and the gray garden.

'Look!' said Corrigan, drawing the clay pipe from his mouth, and the word was like crystal without the smoke.

Adams glanced along the stem and saw, in the middle of the gray garden, the bud of a white crocus, by itself.

They passed down through the gate-posts, with the roosters atop, tiptoe for crowing.

'The creatures!' said Corrigan, as he juggled the gears into high.

## THE EPISTLE OF KALLIKRATES

J. M. WITHEROW, TRANSLATOR

[THE document which follows is somewhat freely translated from a Greek MS. written in uncials of a form that suggests the second century. Thirty-four pages remain, but the last is a mere fragment, and the conclusion of the work is lost. These papyrus pages were discovered, along with other documents, far down in sand that filled the cellar of a ruined house. For reasons that may be easily guessed, the site of this house must remain a secret for some time to come. It may be said, however, that the discovery took place in a certain district of North Africa. All the papyri unearthed were carefully packed and forwarded to New York, where they arrived on June 7 of the past year.

Of the other documents found in the same cellar, only one is of general interest. It seems to be an account of the harbors of the eastern Mediterranean in the time of Vespasian. The rest are letters, accounts, recipes for cooking, and minutes of some guild meeting. These will be published later.

The present work purports to be a letter from a man of some little culture belonging to the Corinthian Church, addressed to the Apostle Paul at Rome. The tone is that of one genuinely desirous of spiritual light, though at certain points it sounds a little querulous. The writer seems most familiar with the Epistle known as First Corinthians in our New Testament, and gives no sign of having ever seen the Acts or the Pastoral Epistles.

Opinions are sure to differ on the  
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genuineness of this little treatise. Some will take it for what it claims to be, a work of a Christian scholar about the year 64 A.D. Others will confidently pronounce it an obvious forgery of the time of Justin Martyr or later in the second century. In either case it makes a definite contribution to the discussion of religious problems that have excited keen interest in certain quarters both in Europe and in America.

The letter has been divided into paragraphs, with headings inserted. Some references to the sources of quotations have been given here and there. For these headings and references the translator alone is responsible. As the writer makes no claim to be writing sacred instruction for the Church, no attempt has been made to render his language into Biblical English.

— TRANSLATOR]

KALLIKRATES, the son of Euphorbus, one of the faithful at Korinth, to Paul, the beloved apostle of our Lord Jesus Christ: grace and peace be yours always from the one true God who sent you to bring the word of life to Achaia.

It has ever been a sorrow to me that, living in a mountain village a day's journey south of Sikyon, I never saw you, Paul, or indeed heard of you when you were preaching the Gospel in Korinth. Three years after you left Korinth for the last time, I came here to study the books of some of our celebrated teachers, and here I met Stephanas, your brother in Christ, and now mine. He taught me the way of

salvation, which you had taught him. Through him I have been baptized and received into the number of the saints that are in Korinth. I live in the street that leads to the old harbor, the fourth house from the temple of Apollo.

Stephanas has been very kind to me, lending me your letters to the brethren in this city, and a copy of a letter you wrote to the brethren in Galatia and of another to the brethren at Rome. I have copied them all out and have read them again and again, thanking God our Father for the truth in Christ sent to me in my ignorance and unworthiness through your words, deep, eloquent, and persuasive. At many places in your works I feel as often as I read that the Lord Himself is speaking to me through you. I have fed at your hands, but am still hungry. I have drunk at your fountain, but I am thirsty still.

Besides all this, we your children in Korinth are in much anxiety about you. We hear you are again to be brought before Cæsar's tribunal. We earnestly pray God night and day for you that you may be acquitted and set at liberty. And I pray also that you may come back to Korinth and guide us, for some are in need of guidance, I myself most of all. Meanwhile, I write of my difficulties and doubts to you in this letter, hoping you may wish to know the present beliefs of the church in Korinth and may be permitted by your jailer to answer.

You are our most profitable and convincing teacher. From Silas and Loukas we have received sayings of our Lord Himself and many of His parables, and from Apollos many interpretations of the Hebrew writers. But you are our greatest teacher of all men now living. And yet, as you said, you do not 'lord it'<sup>1</sup> over our faith. You

reason with us when you write of the law courts, of the payment of apostles, of tongues in public worship, of the resurrection, and other subjects. But why reason with us, if we may not judge your argument? Surely you are implying that you wish us to use our own minds and judge what you say? Nay, at certain points you expressly invite us to form our own opinions. In discussing idolatry<sup>2</sup> and again about unveiled women,<sup>3</sup> and again about prophets<sup>4</sup> speaking to the church, you tell us plainly to think for ourselves. I am sure you will not blame us for taking you at your word. Permit me, then, beloved teacher, to tell you what my judgment is on some points of your teaching, praying you not to be offended, but to be patient with me if I disagree, and with brotherly kindness explain to me the right doctrine on these points more perfectly.

### *Education*

First, then, I make mention of what you have written to the brethren here about human wisdom and knowledge. We all see quite clearly that by no cleverness or genius or learning do men enter the kingdom of God. We understand quite well that you rightly recommended the Gospel of Christ as an engine of power to change men's hearts and conduct, using this appeal to fact in simple language rather than subtle argument and flashy rhetoric and display of erudition. About all this there is no difficulty. But here and there you use language which to some of us seems to go much further. For instance you say, 'Sage, scribe, critic of this world, where are they all? Has not God stultified the wisdom of the world?'<sup>5</sup> And again, 'Whoever of you imagines he is wise with this world's wisdom must become a fool, if he is

<sup>1</sup> 2 Cor. i. 24

<sup>2</sup> 1 Cor. x. 14, 15

<sup>3</sup> 1 Cor. xi. 13

<sup>4</sup> 1 Cor. xiv. 29

<sup>5</sup> 1 Cor. i. 20

really to be wise. For God ranks this world's wisdom as sheer folly.<sup>1</sup>

A certain section of our brotherhood here never tire of quoting these sentences of yours, especially when they see me or my companions present at the meeting on the day of the Lord or at the love-feast in the evening. Some of them are sure they are acceptable to the Lord because they can neither read nor write nor avoid solecisms in their speech, and that I, because I have studied logic, geometry, and philosophy, and the dramatic poets, am in danger of eternal perdition. They say that you, in mentioning sage and scribe, plainly censure both Greek and Hebrew culture, that all education is folly and therefore offensive to God everywhere, but especially in members or administrators of His Church, and that we Christians should know nothing but Christ and Him crucified. In vain do I plead with them that your words only mean that you despise flashy rhetoric in stating God's offer of everlasting life, and that human art and learning and education, if applied to redeem a man's soul, are utterly out of place and 'sheer folly,' in the sense of being entirely futile for that purpose. Thus I might call the rudder oar of a trireme an instrument of foolishness if I saw a man trying to build a house with it, but that would not prove that I thought triremes should have no rudders. So I plead that men should use some common sense when your epistles are read.

But this is all in vain. Some of these brethren reply to me that I must be wrong because you never admit that human wisdom is valuable for any purpose. They add that your reason probably is that you are sure the world is soon to end and the day of the Lord's return is very near. When I hint that perhaps neither you nor anybody could

be certain of this, and that if the day of the Lord should not come for one hundred and fifty years it would be unkind to deprive our young people of education to fit them for doing their work in the world, they are offended, and tell me to read again your words on the resurrection, 'We shall not all sleep,'<sup>2</sup> proving, as they say, that the day of the return must come in the lifetime of some of us now living. Others, again, add that most assuredly we should agree that with God human wisdom must be sheer folly, because God may be regarded as a mighty emperor and men in His eyes as less than spiders, and an emperor may well smile at the foolishness of the cleverest spider. To this I answered, 'I am sure that is not Paul's conception. Did you ever,' I asked, 'hear of an emperor sending his son to die for spiders?' But although this reduced my opponents to silence for a time, I did not convince them, and indeed I confess that, on reading again your words about human and divine wisdom, I myself remain uneasy in my mind. I cannot hide from myself that your whole trend and tone are hostile to human culture, and I cannot find much recognition of, or sympathy for, the noble and true sayings of our philosophers and poets, though you did once quote from the *Thais*.

I go back to one of my favorite books and I read, 'Be sure of this, no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death,' and then I read in your letter to the brethren at Rome: 'God will render to everyone who does good, glory, honour, and peace.'<sup>3</sup> And I wish to know, beloved teacher, why I ought to call the second sentence divine wisdom in spiritual language and the first sentence human wisdom and sheer folly, and why I must renounce appreciation of the first if I wish to

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. iii. 18, 19

<sup>2</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 51

<sup>3</sup> Rom. ii. 10

appreciate the second. Even when I narrow your meaning to a censure of flashy rhetoric in stating the Gospel, I find myself wondering whether you think it would be wrong to use good rhetoric stating the Gospel in a careful, educated way, in order to conciliate an educated hearer and win him to Christ. Surely not wrong? But if not, then, O beloved teacher, I do wish that at this point in your letter you had inserted some such word.

### *No Governing Officials*

We have now several bishops at Korinth, as I hear our brethren in Philippi and Ephesus also have. They are wise and earnest, trying to settle our difficulties and superintend our worship in accordance with your instructions written for us in your letters. I never refer to these instructions myself without wondering why you did not appoint, or cause us to appoint, bishops or other administrators before you left Korinth the first time. You wrote that there were various teachers and governors under the apostles in the Church elsewhere. You knew that some brethren in Korinth were more or less qualified for this work. You actually named Stephanas and said you would like us to follow men like him.

### *For Discipline*

But, O Paul, would it not have been wiser to have seen that such men were appointed directly it was certain that you yourself would have to leave? Naturally you were shocked at the adulterous person<sup>1</sup> who brought discredit on our church in the early days. But for whom among the brethren was it a duty to put himself forward in the very unpleasant business of denouncing the offender and calling on the church to have him expelled? Can you be surprised there was some delay? We

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. v

had no one to act or to judge because no one had been appointed. Your instructions in this affair bear the interpretation that an assembled congregation (men and women, married and unmarried, old people, and young boys and girls) may suitably hear and decide about such offenses. Surely you do not mean this? If your words about procedure here are insisted on as binding on the Church until our Lord come, I foresee grave trouble. In the ancient times of Hellenic freedom it was ever found, both in Athens and in Korinth, to be difficult to make a large assembly into a court of law. Will it be easy for us?

### *Or for Arbitration*

Similar thoughts occur to me when I find you censuring the brethren for resorting to the Roman courts<sup>2</sup> for judgment of disputes between one Christian and another. If the brethren had possessed already a court of their own, with power to enforce its award, they would never have dreamed of carrying some of their disputes to Cæsar's magistrates. But no such court, no Christian arbitrators, had been given them, and I wonder why. Perhaps you smiled at your own irony when you assured your Korinthian converts of their competence to judge? However that may be, some of the 'puffed-up persons' in this city whom you had occasion to reprove more than once<sup>3</sup> never doubted their competence to judge you and 'the world' and 'the angels' and everybody else. Your mention of the angels at this point,<sup>4</sup> and also in the paragraph about women in public worship,<sup>5</sup> has caused much perplexity, but I must not ask too many questions. I wish to say that modesty about ability to judge is not, and I think never was, a difficulty in the Korinthian church.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Cor. vi

<sup>3</sup> 2 Cor. x. 12; 1 Cor. iv. 6

<sup>4</sup> 1 Cor. vi. 3

<sup>5</sup> 1 Cor. xi. 10

The real difficulty lies here. Many of these disputes do not arise from little personal grievances. Thus the other day Eumenes, one of the brethren, came to my house and said, 'I have trouble with our brother Karpokrates.'

'What is your trouble?' I asked.

'His brother Menon, who is now dead, was my dearest friend,' said he, 'and when dying made me promise to look after the money he bequeathed to his two little girls, still very young. Karpokrates and I were made executors of his will. And now Karpokrates wishes to spend this money, as I think, in a foolish way, likely to end in total loss. But he says it is a good investment, and will not listen to me. He has the money in his own name at the bank. What am I to do?'

'O Eumenes,' I replied, 'I think you should tell the bishops.'

'I have already done so,' answered he, 'but they said, "It is not for us to say what investment is wise or foolish; we can only tell our brother Karpokrates to be very careful." But I know he means to carry out his foolish purpose, and what am I to do?'

And I answered him, 'O Eumenes, your promise to your dead friend Menon, and your trusteeship for those two little girls, make it your duty to do your utmost to protect their rights. You must go to the Emperor's court and tell your story. The judges will issue an order to Karpokrates that will restrain him. If not, you at least will have done your duty before God.'

And when Eumenes had gone, I took up again the papyrus leaf on which I had copied your words and I read again what you say on this topic:<sup>1</sup> 'To have lawsuits with one another is in itself evidence of defeat. Why not rather let yourselves be wronged? Why not rather let yourselves be defrauded?'

And I said, 'Yes, honored master,

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. vi

about strictly personal affronts and hurts you are right, but about other matters ask a trustee!' And is our life not filled with trusteeship?

### *Or to Dispense the Sacrament*

What I have written about our former lack of bishops and other recognized officials might be repeated if I were to review your most wise and just and solemn rebuke to us for our mis-handling of the Lord's Supper. The disorders, the irreverence, the misconduct, grieve us now even to think about, though they are long past. I myself indeed never saw these offenses, but I join with the brethren in deploring that in our Corinthian church the Master could be so dishonored. We owe you a great debt, apostle beloved, for exposing our error to ourselves and for making so plain to us how this ordinance of the Lord should be observed.

And yet, most honored brother and father in the Lord, permit me to say that the faults you censured so justly were due partly to ignorance, but largely to the absence of any authorized and qualified dispenser of the bread and the wine. It would have been his easy duty to see that things were done decently as becomes the Church of God assembled for worship. He could have seen that the social feast was separated from the solemn communion. If at the feast any poor person were left hungry, the minister or bishop could have seen that this never happened again. Any one presenting himself at the table too drunk to discern the body and blood of the Lord could have been warned and expelled. But in those early days it was nobody's business to prevent a man observing the Lord's Supper whenever he and his intimates saw fit, and drinking too liberally from the common cup.

And when you were reproofing and correcting us, O Paul, I wonder why

you did not say, 'I want you to appoint Stephanas or Fortunatus or such an one to give the loaf and share out the wine, and so at the table wait for the dispenser to give you the Lord's Supper.'

No doubt for some wise reason you did not appoint or direct any officials to conduct this solemn ordinance, but considered disorders would right themselves if the brethren examined themselves and discerned the Lord's body and then ate and drank worthily, waiting for one another. And now nearly ten years have passed away since you wrote on this subject. We think we now observe the Supper worthily. It is always dispensed by either Stephanas or Philokles or Sergius, who are our bishops, and once, when we met on the first day of the week, not one of them was present, owing to illness, and many said, 'We will not have the Eucharist, for we cannot receive it worthily except from a bishop.'

I have written this that you may see how much we have changed and how careful we have become.

#### *Conflict of Opinions*

You were troubled about the factions that early appeared among us. I am sorry to say that they have not disappeared and are not likely to disappear. Do not misunderstand me. The old bitterness has gone, and we live and worship together as brethren, but there are differences of opinion strongly held, and sometimes, perhaps, too strongly expressed. These differences arise on various matters, but can be traced to one cause. We are not agreed on the nature and extent of your authority to speak for the Lord Jesus and to lay down universally and perpetually binding laws for His Church on earth. Again I say, most honored Apostle, do not misunderstand

my words. We all believe in you and regard you as our father in Christ, the glory of these new churches in the West, the most instructive of all evangelists that the Spirit sent forth from Jerusalem. The old jealousies and narrow faultfindings that once moved you to wrath have gone, I believe, forever.

But one party among us has pushed this movement in your favor to an extreme length. There are certain among us who say, 'An apostle is inspired by the Holy Spirit of God. Every sentence he writes on church matters for our guidance, nay, every word of every sentence, is given him by the Spirit of God.' Even where you plainly state that you are not giving the Lord's command, but your own opinion, they maintain that your opinion was given you by the Holy Spirit and must be received as the infallible word of God. God, being the God of truth, could not and would not, they maintain, use truth mingled with error to teach His people. And further, they assert, if by any incredible chance you should be shown to have made even one mistake, your whole authority would be overthrown. Untrustworthy in one point, you would be untrustworthy in all, for who could tell us on what points you were certainly to be believed?

So they argue. But they do not convince us all. I for my part receive what you call the Lord's command as the Lord's command, and what is called or seems to be your own opinion as worthy of my best attention and respect, but still only an opinion. I have seen God use imperfect men to render great service and teach valuable lessons in statesmanship, in the arts, and in philosophy, although they made some palpable errors. I had to use my conscience, my experience, and my common sense to separate the true

from the false and the useful from the worthless in these affairs, and I see no reason for holding it impossible for God to act in the same way when He deals with men and women in the Church of Christ. Your word in Christ proved itself to be the power of God and the wisdom of God in this city and in my own heart and life. That is enough for me. I cannot at present see why I, your devoted pupil though I be, must also believe the Holy Spirit responsible for all your opinions and all your expressions.

Then we have another party here which comprises all those whom you once described as crying, 'I am of Kephas.' They are constantly growing in numbers and in confidence. They are quite friendly to you and accept all your teaching as given you by the Holy Spirit for the guidance of the Church, though I fear they do not understand your teaching on some grave matters. They quite admit you have authority from the Lord for the management of the churches which you yourself have founded. But they assert that the authority of Kephas as prince of all the apostles is greater than yours and covers all the churches. This may seem of small importance, seeing you and he agree with one another like brethren. But what makes me uneasy is that this party of Kephas is steadily introducing a number of regulations for worship and conduct for which it claims the authority of Kephas. These men tell us no one can be saved who is not baptized, that there is no Eucharist possible where water is not put into the wine, that it is not possible to eat the Lord's Supper unless it be received from a bishop or a prophet, that no one can be saved unless he has partaken of the bread and the cup given by the right persons, and so forth. I do not know whether Kephas ever said such things or no. This I do know, that the

passionate protest which you made in your letter to the brethren in Galatia against the idea of salvation by compliance with regulations is more and more forgotten, and when I listen to the prophets who address our meetings for worship I say sorrowfully to myself sometimes, 'The very heart of the Gospel message as given by our glorious Apostle Paul will soon be utterly unknown.' Oh, how I wish that you could come back to us and rehearse the fullness of the truth you drew from the saying, 'The just shall live by faith'!

Then there is a third very small party which consists of four or five others and myself. We, like all the brethren, praise you for having brought us and our brothers the highest and truest religion in the world, for no reward braving unnumbered perils by land and sea. We, like all the brethren here, never cease praying God night and morning and every evening to spare you to us and all the churches. Wherever in your writings you say you are giving something from the Lord, my friends and I believe and obey without hesitation. Wherever you give a message of doctrine that strikes home to our hearts of itself without special claim on your part, we recognize the Spirit bearing witness with our spirit that there also sounds the Word of the Lord. And there also, need I repeat, we believe and obey without hesitation.

In regard to other passages, we for our part think you are right on some points and mistaken on others. I have mentioned some of the latter, and here I will only add I could wish you had not assumed the truth of what some of the Alexandrians and the Stoics have taught about demons dwelling in the lower heavens and working mischief. I hope it is not necessary for a Christian to believe in demons. I also wish you could have omitted what you say

about women's veils and women's hair. If the Lord come not for another hundred years, your words on this matter may be carried to quarters where they are sure to be misunderstood. In Abyssinia, I am told, veils are unknown among women. In one part of India, I am told, it is indecent for men to wear their hair short and for women to wear their hair long. The day may come when those who take your personal opinion as the Word of God will tell the women of those two lands and other lands that without veils and long hair they are offensive to God and cannot be saved. I feel sure you would regret such a use of your letter to Korinth.

In spite of these differences, we follow you and honor you and desire to learn more and more from you of the way of truth and love as it is in Christ. But because of these differences, which we think small, many of the brethren regard us with suspicion. Their principle seems to be that in all matters of worship and of personal conduct and of religious opinion all Christians should act and speak and think exactly alike. My friends and I, on the other hand, hold that, if brethren love and honor the Lord Jesus Christ with all their heart and with all their strength, they should be given their freedom in conduct and worship and belief so long as the freedom of other brethren is not injured, for, as you reminded the brethren at Rome, 'To their own Master they stand or fall!' But a different rule gains ground in Korinth. Here a man will say, 'For me to disobey any

regulation or differ from any generally received belief of the Church is a sin, therefore it must be a sin for everybody else.' I have great fear, beloved brother in Christ, that those who pursue this phantom of an impracticable and unlovely and unwholesome uniformity will tear the body of Christ into fragments, so that the day may come when the saints in one province will disown the saints in another, and it may be even in the same city there will be saints calling the same Christ their Lord and their Saviour who will refuse to call one another brethren.

May these fears be dissipated by the speedy return of the Lord Himself!

#### *Resurrection*

Of all your friends who have visited us I have been most comforted by Loukas. He and I read over together your wonderful discourse on Resurrection. I asked him about my father and mother, who were good people. It is twenty years since they died, not having heard of Christ. And Loukas said to me, 'Be of good cheer, Kallikrates, for God has no favorites and he who reverences Him and lives a good life in any nation is welcomed by Him.' And I asked him, 'Who said so?' And Loukas answered, 'Kephas.'

And I said, 'Blessed be Kephas for . . . [lacuna of three lines] baptized for my dear parents.'<sup>1</sup> But others said, 'No, for were it utterly futile to be baptized for the dead, Paul never . . .'

[The conclusion is lost.]

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 29, 30

## CAVEAT EMPTOR?

BY WILLIAM FEATHER

AT college I needed money, so I tried for a week to sell magazine subscriptions by supersalesmanship tactics. I rang doorbells and represented myself as bearing a message from the New York Central Railroad.

'May I see you a moment?' I asked.

The victim thought I might be bringing news of the untimely death of a relative, that I might be distributing passes to Yellowstone Park, that I might be offering to settle the claim of an ancestor.

This is what I said, once inside the office or the house: 'The president of the New York Central Railroad desires me to call your attention to a series of articles now being published exclusively in our magazine. Here is his letter.' (The letter was a photostat of the sort of letter a friendly reader often sends to an editor. The official complimented the editor on a recent article and expressed the hope that every citizen might read the series.) As the prospective victim gave his eyes to this precious message I reached into a small black bag strapped under my coat and brought out a two-foot strip of imitation leather which represented the backs of a set of books, a collection of short stories.

'Now,' I explained, 'we desire to give the president of the New York Central Railroad our fullest coöperation. Therefore we intend to present you with a free subscription to our magazine for one year. All that we ask is that you sign this card. By signing you not only get the magazine free for

a year, but by the payment of one dollar you will receive this beautiful set of books. They will be delivered by messenger to-morrow. You pay one dollar to me now. The balance of six dollars you can pay at your convenience on the first of each month when our collector calls. Here is the card, here is a pen, and that is the line where you sign your name.'

If the card was signed and the dollar collected, I kept the dollar. It was my commission. I gave the card to my boss. I was then permitted to forget the transaction.

In those days five dollars was considered fair pay for a day's work. Some of our men made as much as ten dollars. I could make about two dollars in an afternoon, but the work was so disagreeable and some prospects were so brutal that I gave up. My little experience was supersalesmanship in its lowest form.

My next experience came seven years later when I joined the forces of the National Cash Register Company. That was in 1915 and John H. Patterson was still alive and in command. Patterson was the first man to conceive and apply in a practical way the idea that the first principle of salesmanship is to measure the value of a device or a service not by weight or by cost of manufacture, but by its usefulness to the buyer. Time was when a salesman would talk about materials, gears, workmanship, finish. Patterson discarded all that and instructed his salesmen to sell cash registers as a tool of

business without which every merchant faced imminent bankruptcy. Measured by the protection and information a cash register afforded, Patterson showed that his device was cheap at any price.

'Is it worth ten cents a day?' we would ask the merchant who hesitated. 'Can you afford ten cents a day? Well, what is ten cents a day? It is \$2.40 a month, \$28.80 a year, \$288 in ten years. But you know the machine is worth more than ten cents a day to you. More likely it is worth ten cents an hour. Think of the possibilities of petty thievery, forgotten charges, and mistakes, due to the lack of records. Yes, ten cents an hour is a low estimate of what this machine will save. Ten cents an hour is one dollar a day, and that's \$300 a year. But that's only part of the story. Consider what this machine will do for you. The important fact is that it will put your accounting on a modern, up-to-date basis. At the end of each day you will know how much you have paid out, how much you have taken in, and you will know the total of the sales of each clerk. With such information you will be able to direct your business intelligently. Do you suppose this advantage is worth fifty cents a day? Yes? Well, fifty cents a day is \$150 a year. Add this to the \$300 which we obtained by a previous calculation and we have a net gain of \$450 a year, and the price of the machine which will last a lifetime is only \$150, and all I ask you to pay now is \$50, with the balance in small monthly installments.'

That is a sketchy summary of the sales method devised by Patterson and now used by every business house that prides itself on being modern. Every advertising man whose earning capacity exceeds \$75 a week understands the principle. Don't sell cigarettes, counsel

the deans of the advertising schools. Sell distinction, freedom from sore throat, delight. Don't sell antiseptics. Sell freedom from halitosis, dandruff, and disagreeable body odors. Don't sell long-lived motors. Sell a quick get-away, envy of neighbors, moonlight rides, gay picnics. Don't sell soap. Sell complexion, youth, beauty. Don't sell books. Sell love, intrigue, adventure, mystery.

Such is the essence of supersalesmanship. It stimulates sluggish brains. It supplies courage to timid souls. It gets action where otherwise there would be none.

No one can object to the supersalesmanship principle, provided it is not abused. If I am a manufacturer of bedroom scales I shall be stupid, indeed, if I discuss technical construction and neglect to play on a motive such as this: 'Ladies, control your weight! Fat can be eliminated by a simple diet. With each scale we supply a table showing the correct weight for each height. Weigh yourself every morning.' Common sense dictates the appeal.

But supersalesmanship often steps outside the bounds of honor and integrity. We are told that the old phrase, *caveat emptor*, is dead, that the buyer no longer needs to beware. It is true that the vast majority of business houses now conduct their affairs on the one-price system, and the buyer is fairly sure that on the day he purchases he will pay the same price as every other buyer. Department stores, for example, no longer haggle with individual customers, but all department stores haggle with the public. The season opens with all men's overcoats at \$35, \$50, and \$95. After January all prices are reduced 20 per cent. A month later prices are reduced another 10 per cent. 'Final Clearance Sale' brings prices down to \$22 for any overcoat in the store (former prices \$35

to \$95). In this sale somebody gets an overcoat for \$22 for which a November customer paid \$95. The defense of this practice is that the customers at the beginning of the season have the advantage of a wide selection of new goods and new styles. But so many customers have learned to beware of first showings that the stores now do their biggest trade at sales.

The buyer to-day must also beware of the supersalesmen and the super-advertisements. Price trickery has gone. All are treated alike on price, but all are treated pretty rough. The patent-medicine advertisers with their concoctions, often loaded with whiskey and laudanum, did positive harm with their quackery and exaggeration. Is there any harm in setting forth excessive claims for face creams, perfumes, antiseptics, cigarettes, automobiles, men's suits, automatic machinery, office systems?

I am a printer, doing a business large enough to attract the attention of salesmen for every new time-saving device for office or shop, yet small enough to have no profitable use for half of what is offered. Unless I beware, the supersalesmen every six months will trade me out of my check protector, adding machine, filing cabinets, letter folders, time clocks, and even my office desks and safe. Their pencils move fast, and they can multiply faster than I can talk or think. I have learned to beware, lest my solvency be jeopardized.

Whether it is fair to suggest that Cleopatra's beautiful complexion was due to washing her face with soap is a neat point in ethics. Whether it is proper to state that the reason for the success of certain women with men is the use of perfume of a peculiar scent is even neater. Whether it is right to affirm that a dull man can become a brilliant dinner guest by quoting odd

bits from a book of miscellany is puzzling.

I have often contemplated what an adventure the special-delivery stamp would afford to a supersalesman. Imagine for a moment that the post office sold the special-delivery business to a private enterprise. What an opportunity it would offer! The price would be raised at once to twenty-five cents. The messengers would be scrubbed and brushed and fitted out with neat blue uniforms and rakish caps. The appeal in the journals for ladies and gentlemen would be to pride, vanity, conspicuous waste. Personal messages by personal messengers. In the business journals the appeal would be speed, attention value, economy, adequately supported by testimonials from users. Supersalesmen calling at offices for orders for sheets of special-delivery stamps would demonstrate that letters bearing ordinary two-cent stamps have no more chance of being read than a last week's newspaper. They would show imposing lists of customers. The glue on the stamps would be delicately scented with perfume from the Orient, and the design and color of the stamps would be changed frequently to make excessive inventories obsolete. The 1929 designs would be announced June 1, 1928, and would be on sale July 1, 1928. Stamps in special shapes, designs, and colors would be offered for Valentine's Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. 'Will a special messenger deliver a letter from you on Mother's Day?' would be the challenge right up to midnight of Mother's Day. The possibilities are infinite. One wonders that the Government itself does not use such methods to lift the war debt instead of resorting to old-fashioned taxes.

The line between plain salesmanship and supersalesmanship is so exceedingly fine that one is never quite sure

what should be condemned and what should be praised. Was it a sense of supersalesmanship or good judgment that caused two youthful publishers to take a dozen nickel pamphlets, for which there had been a poor sale, and print the contents in a handsome book? The book, at five dollars, had a sale of over 200,000 copies. Shall we honor the advertising man who took a slow-moving breakfast food, selling at ten cents a package, raised the price to fifteen cents, devised an unusual method of presentation, and developed a market for several million packages a year? The food was healthful, but was the public charged too much for the information?

*Caveat emptor* is not quite dead. As long as women crave youth and beauty, despite advancing years, there will be clever advertising men who will take delight in exploiting them. As long as men are willing to believe that culture can be acquired by short cuts, there will be smooth, smiling book agents who will take their orders for just as many yards of books as they seem to require. As long as sales of any product sink below the level set by the board of directors, the sales manager will inject steam into his men

and attempt to convert them into 'go-getters.'

Let me conclude with just one more thought. Business in the United States is developing into a competition between entire industries. It's steel against wood. Concrete against brick. Cigarettes against cigars. Rayon against cotton. Leather against rubber. Books against magazines. Phonographs against radio. Meat against fruit. Bran against agar-agar. Candy against flowers. Varnish against lacquer. Dogs against children. Apartments against houses. Insurance against bonds. Cremation against real estate.

The battles are being waged through coöperative advertising, through sleek press agents, through beautiful and convincing brochures. Are you planning to build a new house? Free plans are offered by the makers of brick houses. Buy your bricks where you will, but do buy bricks. Are you thinking of having a few friends in for tea? The tea people will send you a pretty book of suggestions. Eat what you wish, but drink tea. It's all nice and dignified.

The consumer is the supreme court. Must he beware? Must a mouse beware of hungry cats?

## THOUGHTS AT THE WISHING WELL, BURNHAM MARKET

BY RODERICK MORISON

More than a hundred years ago,  
In days when you and I  
Were still at play adown the lanes  
Of God's Infinity,

Adown this lane, one summer time  
(As it were yesterday),  
There danced a little Norfolk boy,  
And sat him here to play.

Full many an hour he sat and sang,  
And sailed his fleet of shells,  
Until the twilight called him home,  
And Holme's vesper bells.

That night within the well the weeds  
Swayed sinuous and slow,  
And timeless Wisdom worked her will  
Under the quiet flow.

Slowly the slumbering seasons turned,  
And Fortune followed far  
The lad that laughed and sailed his shells —  
And died at Trafalgar.

## THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMANOVS

BY EDMUND A. WALSH

### I

THE reasons for the summary and unexpected transference of the ex-Tsar and his family to Siberia, entailing, as it did, fatal consequences that are now part of history, were explained by Mr. Kerensky to the ex-Emperor with careful precision, and have been similarly repeated to this day by apologists of the régime responsible for it. It was due, the Premier insisted, to the concern felt by the Provisional Government for the physical safety of the prisoners. The Cabinet had decided to suppress with a firm hand the increasing disorder in the country and come to grips with the growing challenge of Bolshevism. Such a step would very probably lead to popular rioting, which, in turn, would have to be met with armed force; should serious strife ensue, the royal family would be among the first victims demanded by the mob. He had experienced one such manifestation already. At Moscow, as early as March 20, extremists had interrupted Kerensky during his first speech in that city and demanded the execution of the Tsar. Kerensky had shouted in reply: 'I will not be the Marat of the Russian Revolution!'

One abortive attempt, moreover, had actually been made to kidnap the Tsar and imprison him in the Russian Bastille, the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. A certain Maslovsky, a Social Revolutionary of the Left, had presented himself one day, in the uniform

of a colonel, to Khobylinsky, the responsible officer in charge of the Summer Palace, and presented an order requiring the Commandant to deliver up Nicholas Romanov. The document purported to be issued by the Executive Committee of Workmen and Soldiers, bore an authentic seal, and was signed by Tcheidze, a member in good standing of the Duma. Maslovsky declared that he was empowered to conduct the Emperor immediately to St. Peter and St. Paul. Khobylinsky refused to acknowledge such authority; Maslovsky lost his head, stormed about, poured abuse on Khobylinsky, and threatened vaguely that blood would flow. But Khobylinsky held his ground and Maslovsky made off in a rage.

Those who have ever seen two Russians of the revolutionary period, each armed with class-consciousness and a 'mandate' arguing their respective rights and jurisdiction, will readily visualize this scene at the gate of the Summer Palace.

With a view to averting similar dangers in the uncertain future, Mr. Kerensky had dispatched two confidential agents, Verchinin and Makarov, to Siberia for the purpose of selecting a spot sufficiently remote from Moscow where the prisoners would not be exposed to the threat of mob violence. They chose Tobolsk, a town of twelve thousand inhabitants, on the right bank of the River Irtysh, near the mouth of the Tobol, some two

thousand miles from Petrograd. It was a tranquil spot, undisturbed by the revolution; then, too, it boasted a comfortable Governor's Palace which had been prepared for the ex-Tsar and his family.

But why, asks Nicholas Sokolov, the judge who conducted the judicial inquiry into the circumstances of the murder, did not Mr. Kerensky send the family to South Russia — to the Crimea, for example, where so many royalists had found safe refuge? If Mr. Kerensky was sincere in his protestations of concern for the safety of his charges, why did he not send them to the one region from which escape to a foreign land was still possible? All the relatives of the imperial family who reached the Crimea were eventually saved.

Mr. Kerensky replies that a voyage through the heart of Russia, then in the hands of revolting peasants and Bolshevik workmen, was impossible. But was not a journey by rail and water from Petrograd to Tobolsk equally perilous, counters Judge Sokolov. No, answers Mr. Kerensky: the regions to the east were not aflame with revolution and peasant uprisings as was South Russia. Judge Sokolov is not satisfied, and his final report indicates that there was but one reason for the choice of Siberia — the dethroned Autocrat of All the Russias must be made to taste the bitterness and dreariness of exile in Siberia, must be made to experience the icy blasts of that House of Dead Souls to which he and his ancestors had banished so many Russians!

On August 14, at 6.10 in the morning, the journey was begun, but not until the ex-Tsar had spent a dismal night sitting in a large salon on the ground floor, waiting patiently for the train which had been promised for the previous evening. The Tsarevitch celebrated his thirteenth birthday on the

eve of the departure. Forty-six court attendants voluntarily accompanied the family, making, in all, a party of fifty-three persons, exclusive of the military escort. It took two trains to accommodate the travelers, their baggage, the government representatives, the jailers and soldiers. By rail to Tiumen, thence by river steamer to Tobolsk, the trip consumed five days and ended at four o'clock in the afternoon of August 19. Pierre Gilliard, who accompanied the exiles, relates an incident that must have awakened memories that stabbed. On the eighteenth the boat passed Pokrovskoie, the birthplace of Rasputin. The house of the *starets* was plainly visible among the izbas. Did the Tsarina, standing an exile on the deck, recall the prophecy of Rasputin: 'My death will be your death'?

Life at Tobolsk during the first few months was another idyll of domestic calm and undisturbed tranquillity. The ex-Tsar breakfasted, studied, walked, lunched, exercised, dined, taught history to Alexis, and held family reunions in the evening to an extent never possible before. Special religious services were held for the royal family in the town church and they were permitted to leave the house for that purpose. The children prepared and enacted dramatic pieces in French and English. The townspeople showed themselves courteous and sympathetic, frequently sending gifts, particularly fresh food, and saluting the members of the family respectfully or blessing them with the sign of the cross when they appeared at the windows of the Palace. It was only the unending monotony, the drab Siberian monotony, that oppressed, together with the almost complete absence of news.

The first rift appeared in September 1917. Two new Commissars, Pankratov and Nikolsky, arrived, with authority

from the Provisional Government to supersede the humane Khobylinsky, who remained, however, in a subordinate capacity. Had his régime been too mild? In any case, the new Commandants, who were Social Revolutionaries, one of a genial but fanatical and the other of a vulgar mentality, instituted a propaganda which rapidly demoralized the guards and initiated a progressive persecution of the prisoners. Insulting inscriptions began to appear on the walls and fences. The soldiers now refused to return the salute which Nicholas scrupulously accorded each in passing. Permission to attend divine service in the outside church was withdrawn. Nicholas was ordered to remove his epaulettes. The harmless 'snow mountain,' which the whole family had built as a joint recreation and which gave them much distraction, was demolished.

It is not within the scope of the present article to trace, step by step, the declining fortunes of the Kerensky Government and the corresponding rise of the Bolshevik power. Suffice it to say, at this point, that the reasons for the increasing severity in the treatment of the royal hostages became apparent in distant Tobolsk about the middle of November. The Petrograd experimentation in democracy was at an end; Russia's one short summer of freedom had passed and a change of masters was at hand. While the Duma theorized and perorated interminably, Lenin mounted to the balcony of the Kseshinskaya Palace—owned by a ballet dancer once the favorite of Nicholas II—and shouted his political platform in four promises: '*Peace, land, bread, power.*' Magic words, easily understood by all! Under the irresistible appeal of universal formulae, never intended to be fulfilled, popular imagination, already surfeited with war and hungry for booty, was whipped to

easy mutiny. Petrograd seethed again. Russia was put on the auction block; Lenin simply outbid Kerensky. Constitutional Democracy was swept into the discard and Militant Communism emerged an undisputed victor. It was a second Russian Revolution, which left Nicholas Romanov and his family in the hands of his most relentless personal enemies.<sup>1</sup>

When a Bolshevik draws his sword in class warfare, he throws away the scabbard. *Vae victis!*

## II

The long-postponed liquidation of a three-hundred-years-old account was about to begin. The punishment started in the kitchen. First coffee, cream, milk, butter, and sugar were removed from the table of the prisoners at Tobolsk. News of the signing of the humiliating Treaty of Brest-Litovsk reached Siberia toward the middle of the following March. Nicholas was saddened and embittered. 'It is such a disgrace for Russia,' he said, 'and amounts to suicide. I should never have thought the Emperor William could stoop to shake hands with these miserable traitors. But I'm sure they will get no good from it; it won't save them from ruin.' The ex-Tsar indignantly repudiated the suggestion made in the newspapers that Germany had demanded that the Soviets hand over to them the person of the Tsar unharmed. 'That is either a manœuvre to discredit me or an insult.' Pierre Gilliard adds that the Tsarina said in a low voice, 'After what they have done to the Tsar, I would rather die in

<sup>1</sup> On February 9, 1918, the Bolshevik soldiers expelled the two representatives of the Provisional Government, Pankratov and Nikolsky, but permitted Khobylinsky, who seems to have been universally liked, to remain in charge pending the arrival of a new Commandant from Moscow. — AUTHOR

Russia than be saved by the Germans.' Then follows a most significant entry in Gilliard's journal of the captivity:—

*Friday, March 22:* At a quarter past nine, after the evening service, everyone went to Confession — children, servants, suite, and finally Their Majesties.

But it was not until April 22 that the real prologue to the tragedy began. On the evening of that day still another figure appears on the scene in the person of Vassili Vassilievich Jakolev, in command of a troop of one hundred and fifty horsemen, including an experienced telegraph operator. It was late and dark when he arrived; nothing could be done then, so the latest arrival from Moscow passed the night in the Kornilov house opposite the Tsar's prison. The next morning he introduced himself to Khobylinsky as an 'Extraordinary Commissar,' producing three documents from the *Tzirk*, the Central Executive Committee of the new Soviet Government. The first two papers, addressed to Khobylinsky and the guard, respectively, required entire and immediate submission to any order of Jakolev, who was authorized to shoot them on the spot should they disobey. The third document declared that Jakolev was charged with a mission of 'particular importance.' These orders were signed by Sverdlov, Chairman of the Central Executive Committee, and by another Soviet official, Ovanessov.

The nature of the particularly important mission was revealed at two o'clock on the afternoon of April 25, when Jakolev appeared before the ex-Tsar; having asked the Empress to leave the room (which she refused to do), Jakolev began:—

'I have to tell you that I am the special representative of the Moscow Central Executive Committee, and my mission is to take all your family out of

Tobolsk, but as your son is ill I have received a second order which says that you alone must leave.'

Nicholas replied: 'I will not go anywhere.'

Jakolev protested: 'I beg of you not to refuse. I am compelled to execute the order. In case of your refusal I must take you by force or resign. In the latter case they would probably decide to send a less scrupulous sort of man to take my position. Be calm; I am responsible with my life for your security. If you do not want to go alone you could take with you the people you desire. Be ready; we are leaving to-morrow at four o'clock.'

No indication was vouchsafed as to the ultimate destination; but Khobylinsky was able to deduce from certain hints let fall by Jakolev as to time and distance that it was Moscow. He communicated his belief to the royal pair. 'Then,' said Nicholas, 'they are trying to make me sign the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. I will let them cut off my hand rather than do it.' 'I will go with him!' cried the Empress, in a violent agitation. 'If I am not with him they will force him to sign something as they did before.' She mentioned Rodzianko, evidently referring to the abdication at Pskov.

Alexandra suspected a German intrigue and declared to Gilliard that afternoon, in a tempest of emotion: 'They will take him away, alone, in the night. . . . I cannot abandon him at such a moment. . . . I know they are preparing some ignominy. . . . They will make him sign a peace at Moscow. . . . The Germans are behind it, knowing that only a treaty signed by the Tsar has any value. My duty is never to permit that nor abandon him. But how can I leave Alexis? What would become of him without me?'

Torn between love of son and fear for the safety of husband, — or was it

apprehension that he might again show a weakness detrimental to the dynastic rights of Alexis? — she paced distractedly back and forth, like a caged tigress, wringing her hands and talking to herself. Gilliard makes the following record: —

I remember with precision the next phrase she spoke. 'Oh, God! What a ghastly torture! . . . This is the first time in my life that I am not sure what I should do.'

But she finally found herself and became the old Alexandra Feodorovna of the Rasputin days.

'Now I am determined.' . . . At that moment Nicholas entered, returning from his walk.

'I will not let thee go alone!' she cried. 'I will go with thee!'

'As you will,' he replied.

It was agreed that the Empress and the Grand Duchess Marie should accompany the ex-Tsar, while Alexis and the three remaining Grand Duchesses were to be entrusted to the protection of Gilliard. They left the Tsarevitch suffering from a cruel attack of his hereditary disease and bathed in tears.

But before their departure another messenger had slipped out of Tobolsk. It was a spy, of Jewish extraction, Zaslavsky by name, who, after insinuating himself into the favor of the local guards, had spread poisonous rumors as to the intentions of Jakolev and had, moreover, sent reports by wire to Sverdlov in Moscow. Now that the transfer was about to take place, he took a six hours' start and reached Ekaterinburg in time to play his part in the weaving of the complicated net of death.

The travelers began their journey on April 26. It was a horror. No conveyances were available except the

peasant tarantass, consisting of a large wicker basket resting on poles in place of springs. Passengers lie or sit on the straw-covered floor, at the mercy of every jolt. The roads were what all country roads in Russia are in early spring — quagmires of clinging mud. The horses floundered about, up to their knees in ooze and to their chests in water when crossing rivers. Wheels were broken, horses exhausted, and passengers bruised and sore. But at last the two hundred and eighty versts to Tiumen, the nearest railroad station, were covered in safety, and an assuring message came back to Tobolsk on April 28: 'Traveling in comfort. How is the Boy? God be with you.'

But dead silence thereafter until May 7. Then a letter, from Ekaterinburg, with the laconic announcement that they were well. Nothing more. Why Ekaterinburg? An agony of fear descended on the children at Tobolsk. Ekaterinburg was the headquarters of the Ural Soviets. What and who had diverted their parents to the stronghold of the Reds? The mystery remained unsolved — as, in fact, it remains to this day — until, on May 8, the officers and men of the guard who started out with Jakolev returned to Tobolsk and told a story which, while it does not explain, at least describes the occurrence.

Once on the open road, Jakolev manifested a feverish desire to hasten forward without losing an instant. He seemed possessed by some secret, driving fear. Despite the appalling condition of the roads, he would permit neither halts nor relaxation of speed. En route, the cavalcade passed the house of Rasputin in Pokrovskoie; the wife and children of the murdered starets were standing in the doorway and made the sign of the cross over the royal couple as they swept by. Arriving at Tiumen on the evening of the

twenty-seventh, Jakolev conducted his prisoners to a waiting train and started westward toward European Russia by the line passing through Ekaterinburg. But on approaching that city, with no intention of stopping, he learned, no one knows how, that the local authorities would not permit him to pass, but intended to arrest him. He doubled on his tracks and sped at full steam back to Tiumen and took the alternative, but longer, Cheliabinsk-Ufa route to Moscow. At the station of Koulomzino, the last stop before Omsk, his train was again halted, this time by a massed contingent of Red Guards who declared that the Soviet of Ekaterinburg had pronounced him an outlaw for having attempted to rescue Nicholas Romanov and transport him to a foreign land.

The spy, Zaslavsky, had arrived in time!

Jakolev then uncoupled his engine and rode into Omsk, where he spoke by direct wire with someone in Moscow. He was ordered to proceed via Ekaterinburg. This he did, with train and passengers. The convoy had barely steamed into the station of that city when this amazing game of hare and hounds came to an abrupt end. Jakolev was surrounded by Red soldiers, his guard disarmed and thrown into a cellar. Jakolev himself went to the office of the local Soviet for a conference; he soon came out, crestfallen, his authority gone. The three royal prisoners were conducted to a house that had been hurriedly requisitioned from a wealthy Siberian merchant named Ipatiev and there imprisoned. It was to be their death chamber. After a few days the soldiers imprisoned in the cellar, Jakolev's Tobolsk detachment, were released; Jakolev himself left for Moscow and from there sent a message to his private telegraph operator at Tobolsk:—

Gather together the company and come back. I have resigned. I take no responsibility for the consequences.

With the exit and disappearance of the mysterious Commissar charged with his mission of 'particular importance' vanished the key of that bewildering performance. He is never to be heard from again; report had it later that he had been killed in battle, fighting on the side of the Whites. At the end of this article I shall hazard a guess as to who Comrade Jakolev really was.

### III

On May 23 the Tsarevitch Alexis and his three sisters arrived at Ekaterinburg from Tobolsk; the entire family was thus reunited, never again to be separated. But the two foreign tutors, Gilliard and Gibbs, were not permitted to continue in attendance on their pupils. They remained in Ekaterinburg, however, until the arrival of the White troops.

The imprisonment which now began was far different in character and severity from the preceding periods. Brutality replaced respect; the thirst for vengeance became increasingly apparent in the attitude of the jailers. Two hoardings of rough logs and planks were erected around the Ipatiev house, the outer one a short distance from the first stockade, leaving a walking space between. These barricades reached to the level of the second-story window-tops, thus completely isolating the prisoners from sight and the outside world from them. To ensure a complete screen, the windows themselves were painted. The Grand Duchess Anastasia, driven desperate by the isolation, once opened her window and looked out. She was driven back by a shot from a sentry, the bullet lodging in the woodwork of the window frame.

A machine gun was mounted on the roof of the house directly opposite and trained on the Ipatiev house; guards were posted at every corner of the stockade as well as at the doors of the rooms where the prisoners ate, slept, and congregated. The first floor was occupied by the Bolshevik guards; the royal family was quartered on the second.

For the first time the prisoners were subjected to personal search. Avdeiev, the Commandant of the 'House of Special Designation,' rudely snatched a reticule from the hands of the Empress. Nicholas protested: 'Until now I have had honest and respectful men around me.'

Didkovsky, one of the searchers, retorted: 'Please remember that you are under arrest and in the hands of justice.'

Tchemodourov, the Tsar's faithful valet who accompanied the family throughout their imprisonment, has left, under oath, a deposition the bare recital of which makes comment superfluous: —

Night and day three Red guards were posted on the first floor, one at the door, one in the vestibule, and one at the door of the [only] toilet. The conduct of these men was gross; cigarettes hanging on their lips, vulgar and half-clothed, their looks, actions, and habitual manners inspired fear and disgust. . . . When the young Grand Duchesses passed on their way to the toilet room the guards followed, under pretense of watching them; they addressed indecent remarks to the girls, asking them whether they were going and for what purpose. While the girls were inside, the guards lounged against the door. . . . The food was bad, coming all prepared from a Soviet dining room. [Later they were allowed to have their own cook.] Their Majesties always ate in company with the domestics. . . . They would put a soup tureen on the table, but there would not be enough spoons or knives or forks. The Red guards sat by

our side and ate from the same dishes. One day a soldier plunged his spoon into the soup tureen, saying, 'Enough for you — I will be served.' Another day Avdeiev [the Commandant] kept his hat on and smoked a cigarette. As we ate our cutlets, he took his plate and, interposing his arms between the Emperor and the Empress, helped himself. As he took the meat, he managed to bend his elbow and strike the Emperor on the chin.

The very walls of the Ipatiev house, particularly in the lavatory, were made to contribute something to the mental suffering of the helpless victims. The guards, under the tutelage of a certain Bielomoine, covered them with ribald verses and gross sketches caricaturing the Empress and Rasputin. On another occasion Faya Safonov, one of the most offensive of the guards, climbed a fence to the level of the Tsarina's window and sang filthy songs at her. The girls had a swing in the garden; soldiers carved indecent words on the seat.

Under the moral torture and physical confinement — toward the end the prisoners were allowed but five minutes in the garden each day — the ex-Tsar maintained that astonishing external calm and passivity which characterized his whole life. His health did not seem to weaken, nor did his hair whiten. During the few minutes allowed for exercise in the open air, he carried the Tsarevitch in his arms, as the boy was unable to walk, and marched stolidly up and down until his precious five minutes were over. But the Empress never left the porch; she aged visibly, her health failed, and gray hairs appeared.

The first days of July brought important and ominous changes in the personnel guarding the prisoners. Avdeiev and his colleagues, Moshkin and all the peasant-soldiers who had been recruited locally from the Zlokazov and Sissert factories, were dismissed or removed to a position

outside the house. All 'key' stations were taken by 'reliable' guards, a sure indication that murder was contemplated. Three entirely new figures now glide into the picture — Jankel Mikhailovich Jurovsky, who assumed the duties of Commandant vacated by Avdeiev, Chaia Isaacovich Golostchekin, an active and influential member of the Bolshevik Party, and Alexander Georgevich Bieloborodov, the twenty-five-year-old peasant who served as President of the Soviet of the Ural region. Jurovsky and Golostchekin were of Jewish birth, while Bieloborodov was of purely Slavic origin. All three were leading spirits in the local organ of terrorism, the *Chrezvychaika*, commonly called the 'Cheka' or secret police, and had contributed their share to its final roll call of 1,800,000 victims. All, particularly Golostchekin, were in close relation with another Jewish Commissar, Jankel Sverdlov, who was at that time undisputed master of Moscow as Chairman of the Central Executive Committee of the All-Russian Congress. It was to Sverdlov that reports would be directed from Ekaterinburg.

The new arrivals were accompanied by ten Lettish soldiers — that is, by a detachment of those hardened shock troops whose ruthless brutality won for them the reputation of being the bashi-bazouks of the Russian Revolution. In the present instance certain circumstances would indicate that this group were really Magyars. In any case, the Cheka simply followed its common practice in thus removing all strictly Russian guards from immediate participation in the most comprehensive act of regicide in the history of a people whose annals reek with deeds of violence and bloodshed.

Golostchekin had been in Moscow for the two weeks preceding the night of the murder, remaining absent until the fourteenth of July. During that

time he was closeted in frequent conference with Sverdlov, with whom he lodged. Bieloborodov kept him informed by wire of events at the Ipatiev house. In the meantime, Jurovsky had been seen by townsfolk on several occasions surveying the woods in the suburbs of Ekaterinburg; a week before the murder he was discovered in the same occupation near the locality which subsequent investigation determined as the spot where the funeral pyre had been erected.

On July 14, the day of Golostchekin's return from Moscow, an Orthodox priest of Ekaterinburg, Storojev by name, was permitted to celebrate Mass for the prisoners. He testified later that Jurovsky had remarked: —

'You have said Mass here before?'

'Yes.'

'Well and good. You will do it once again.'

Storojev further deposed: —

According to the liturgy governing a low Mass, at a determined moment the following prayer must be read: 'May the souls of the departed rest in peace with Thy saints.' I do not know why he did it, but my deacon, instead of merely reading the prayer, began to chant it. [This prayer is never *sung* except at funerals.] I followed suit, though somewhat irritated at his violation of the canons. We had barely begun when we heard, behind us, the noise of the whole imperial family throwing themselves on their knees. . . . At the end of the service they all approached to kiss the Cross and the deacon gave the Blessed Bread to both Emperor and Empress. . . . The deacon and I left in silence. . . . Suddenly, in front of the School of Fine Arts, the deacon said to me, 'Do you know, something has happened to them.' As his words corresponded exactly to what I was thinking, I stopped and asked him why he thought so. 'I am sure,' he said; 'they seem so changed, and not one of them sang to-day.' He was right, because for the first time, on July 14, not one of the Romanovs accompanied us by singing.

On Monday, the fifteenth, four women were admitted into the death house and ordered to scrub the parquet floors. Their testimony, taken before the Commission of Inquiry, establishes the fact that the entire imperial family was alive on that day and in good health. On the same day, two lay sisters from a local institution, Antonina Trinkina and Maria Krokhaleva, presented themselves as usual with milk for the prisoners. Jurovsky himself received the charitable offering and informed them that on the morrow they should bring not only milk but fifty eggs, carefully packed in a basket. This the good Samaritans gladly did on the sixteenth, all unconscious of the cynical preparation Jurovsky was making to ensure a luncheon for his executioners in the woods after the deed of blood was done and the traces removed. During the minute examination of the ground in the forest at the spot where the bodies were cremated, the indefatigable Nicholas Sokolov discovered a mass of broken eggshells.

Final preparations seem to have been completed by Tuesday, July 16. On that day the boy Leonid Sednev, a playmate of the Tsarevitch, was removed from the house and transferred to an adjoining building. He was never seen again, except for a brief moment next day as he sat in tears at an open window. Five motor lorries were requisitioned from the official Bolshevik garage and the chauffeurs were instructed to have them in readiness outside the Ipatiev house at midnight. On one of these trucks were placed two barrels of benzine and a few smaller jugs containing a supply of sulphuric acid. The Commission of Inquiry which gathered and laboriously analyzed every scrap of evidence bearing on the gruesome happenings of those twenty-four hours was able to establish, from the confiscated receipts

delivered by Jurovsky for these supplies, that the barrels held more than three hundred litres of benzine and the jugs one hundred and ninety kilograms of the deadly acid. These destructive precautions had been obtained on mandates signed by Voikov, who paid for his zeal with his life; he was assassinated by a Russian exile at Warsaw, in June 1927.

The instruments of death were provided; the grave was ready; the executioners were resolved, and the victims were asleep in their beds. It was Tuesday night, July 16, 1918.

#### IV

The knell sounded shortly after midnight, when Jurovsky knocked at the door of the ex-Emperor and bade Nicholas arise and dress. The same summons was delivered to the Tsarina, the children, and their suite. Jurovsky explained to Nicholas that the Siberian Army, under Admiral Kolchak, and the Czechoslovak troops, those former prisoners of war who had succeeded in arming themselves and were now a serious menace to the Soviet régime in Siberia, were approaching Ekaterinburg; an engagement was imminent, and bullets would be flying in the streets. In his solicitude for the safety of the royal family he must insist that they come below stairs, where they would be secure from accident or injury. The ex-Tsar, seemingly, was satisfied, credulous as always, and did not appear to suspect a trap. The women dressed and washed, not omitting, however, to put on the specially prepared clothes into the lining and hems of which they had previously sewn jewels and banknotes against the hoped-for day of escape. Several cushions had likewise been filled with precious stones and money; in all, one million rubles, something over \$500,000, had been secreted.

To reach the safe place designated by Jurovsky, they descended a flight of steps, passed into the open courtyard, and thence approached a semi-basement, eighteen by sixteen feet in dimensions. The single door was open, awaiting their coming; there was no other exit, as the inside door entering into a farther room was barred and obstructed on the other side. The only window, opening on to the Vosnesensky Lane that traversed the back of the house, was protected by a heavy iron grille. Outside this window stood sentries, their faces pressed against the grimy glass, able to see all that passed within, especially as the room had been lighted, for the better aim of the executioners. The testimony of these on-lookers forms one of the strongest elements in the convincing depositions gathered during the inquiry. There was, moreover, another window, opening not directly into the room, but into a lobby before it; this window commanded a view of the interior, and here too stood a sentry who witnessed the butchery. The deposition of Medvedev, one of the actual participants in the murder, later captured by the Whites; the description given to Yakinov by Klescheev and Deriabin, the sentries who gazed spellbound through these windows; and the account of Proskouriakov, the Red guard who removed the bloodstains from the floor with water, mop, and sawdust, make it possible to reconstruct the tragedy in all its hideous detail.

The midnight procession, in passing through the dim courtyard, must have seen the motor trucks silhouetted against the summer sky. In that northern latitude it is light until after 10 P.M.; it is never wholly dark, especially on clear nights, and dawn appears as early as two in the morning. They doubtless imagined the vehicles were for their escape in case of danger, or

possibly for the baggage. Not one of the victims seems to have suspected what lay beyond that open door through which light was streaming into the courtyard. Above, nothing to be seen but sharp points of light, like a myriad watching eyes in a clear blue sky; below, shadowy figures lurking at corners and along the inner stockade; no sound, except the shuffling of many feet on the dirt walk. Jurovsky marshaled them, leading the way and beckoning toward the open door; behind followed Medvedev and the scowling Letts, eleven men, fingering their pistols as they closed in on their unsuspecting victims.

As it is the last time we shall look upon their faces before the fiery acid eats away all traces of a human countenance, let us note them carefully as they pass into the shambles:—

1. *Nicholas Romanov*, fifty years of age, late Tsar of All the Russias, carrying in his arms
2. *The Tsarevitch, Alexis*, a boy of fourteen years, heir to the throne;
3. *Alexandra Feodorovna*, forty-six years old, late Empress, born Princess Alice of Hesse, favorite granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England;
4. *The Grand Duchess Olga*, eldest daughter, twenty-three years of age;
5. *The Grand Duchess Tatiana*, daughter, twenty-one years of age;
6. *The Grand Duchess Maria*, daughter, nineteen years of age;
7. *The Grand Duchess Anastasia*, youngest daughter, seventeen years of age;
8. *Dr. Eugene Sergeievich Botkin*, physician to the royal family, a stout, gray-haired man, between fifty-five and sixty years of age;
9. *Anna Demidova*, a chambermaid, tall, thin, dark, about forty years of age;
10. *Ivan Haritonov*, cook to the imperial family, a short man, slightly

bald, with black hair and moustache, aged forty years;

11. *Alexis Troupp*, a footman, tall, thin, dark, thirty-five years of age.

Once having entered, exit for them is barred by the executioners, who mass themselves before the door, awaiting the prearranged signal. Nicholas, still believing that the family is about to be conveyed to a place of safety, requests that chairs be brought for the Empress and the children. It is done. They rest, waiting in simple expectation, hats on and clad in traveling clothes.

At this point the available testimony, which covers volumes, diverges slightly, but only in unimportant chronological details. According to some witnesses, Jurovsky, standing at the head of his file, suddenly produced a paper and read what purported to be a death warrant which authorized him to execute 'Nicholas the Bloody and all his family'; others, not mentioning the death warrant, depose that Jurovsky suddenly addressed Nicholas thus:—

'Your relatives have sought to rescue you, but it could not be managed by them and so we ourselves are obliged to kill you.'

The ex-Tsar did not seem to understand and asked: 'What do you mean?'

'This is what I mean!' cried Jurovsky, firing point-blank at the Emperor with his automatic revolver, killing him instantly.

The scene that followed must await its own proper Dante. Twelve revolvers bellowed thunder and spat tongues of fire; the hollow chamber, reverberating with the explosions, filled up with smoke and acrid fumes; not once nor twice, but again and again each Lett, frenzied with primeval blood-lust, fired, choosing his own particular victim. With twelve men letting loose the pent-up hatreds of three hundred years, it is not unreasonable to expect that each emptied the clip of his

automatic, which would make nearly a hundred shots. Medvedev, a participant, confessed that the sight, with the blended smell of blood and powder fumes, nauseated him. The petrified onlookers at the windows were harrowed by the shrieks of women and the groans of men; Alexis, the Tsarevitch, was not killed outright, but moaned and writhed over the bodies of his dead parents. It was Jurovsky who finally dispatched him with his revolver. Those who still breathed were bayoneted to death. The floor was chipped and torn with bayonet thrusts driven through the soft bodies. A little dog, a King Charles spaniel, pet of the Grand Duchess Anastasia and brought down by her in her arms, ran hysterically about, darting between the legs of friend and foe, barking furiously. Floor and walls were spattered with blood and bits of clinging flesh.

Twenty-three living persons had entered that narrow cellar—eleven prisoners and the twelve guards conducting them to a place of greater safety. As dawn began to streak the sky, twelve persons came out, leaving eleven corpses safely within, lying in pools of blood that spread in widening circles out into the corridor. Such evidence must be removed; Jurovsky called for Proskouriakov to mop up the floor, scatter sawdust about, and cleanse the walls. Sheets were then brought from upstairs; into them the bleeding bodies were rolled and then piled pell-mell into the waiting motor truck, precedence no longer observed.

## V

Twelve miles northwest of Ekaterinburg, on the shores of Lake Isset, stands the secluded little village of Kopchiki, in the centre of a heavily wooded forest. Once the site of extensive mining operations, it was now

deserted, save for the scattered peasant families, who remained unaffected by the coming and going of miners and engineers. Off the beaten track, forgotten and insignificant, the Siberian hamlet slumbered in obscurity — until July 17, 1918.

Early that morning, Anastasia Zykova, a peasant, accompanied by her son Nicholas and her daughter-in-law Maria, started before sunup for Ekaterinburg, with horse and cart, to sell their catch of fish. They had barely passed one of the abandoned mines,— the one known as 'Four Brothers' because of the four pine trees that once stood there,— when they perceived a procession of some sort approaching them. It took the form of several vehicles guarded by Red horsemen. Barely recovered from their surprise at the early morning apparition, they were further dismayed when two of the horsemen galloped swiftly forward to intercept them. The soldiers reined up before the Zykovi, ordered them curtly and with menace in their voices to turn back to their village, and, above all, not to dare to look behind. The simple peasants obeyed, turned their horse's head toward home, and retreated. But one of the women looked back, whereupon the two Red guards galloped in pursuit and with drawn revolvers accompanied the party nearly a mile, threatening them with instant death if they attempted to see what was going on behind them.

In a short time the village of Kopchiki was buzzing with excitement. Men crept out on all fours across the fields in the direction taken by the motor truck and carts of the cortège; the tracks led across open ground toward one of the shafts of the old Isetsky mine. But the village scouts found that sentries had been stationed in a wide circle, completely isolating the locality; frightened and wondering, they crawled

back and awaited developments. Toward evening they saw in the heavens glowing reflections from a great bonfire kindled on the spot where the Bolsheviks had finally halted. The hidden rite, whatever it was, continued throughout the next day; only on Friday, July 19, were the woods deserted and silent.

Then, and only then, did a group of peasants venture to approach the scene. They found the space around the shaft littered with débris of various kinds— disturbed foliage, remnants of a fire, charred wood, and piles of ashes. But on poking under the ashes with sticks they encountered a collection of burnt objects that gave rise to horrible suspicions: first, a Maltese cross set with emeralds, six corset steels from women's corsets, a miscellaneous collection of charred buttons, buckles, parts of slippers, hooks and eyes, beads, parts of women's clothing, and a number of small, dirty pebbles which, on being cleaned and treated chemically, turned out to be pure diamonds. Francis McCullagh, that brilliant and supremely daring journalist who visited these scenes a few weeks after the murder and interrogated the peasants and even Jurovsky himself, spent many weeks — trying weeks — with the present writer in Moscow. He recounted his findings at Ekaterinburg in considerable detail. It was the discovery of that Maltese cross that led to the ghastly truth. Such a decoration was worn only by personages high in the Imperial Service. Pometkovsky, one of the searchers, who was in reality an escaped royalist officer in hiding, knew that there was but one such person in Ekaterinburg. As other metallic and stone objects that had resisted the fire, but plainly revealed their late owners, were placed before him, he cried aloud: 'God Almighty! Can they have burned the whole family alive?'

He was right, but not entirely so; they had burned them, but not while alive.

The spot for the cremation of the bodies had been chosen in advance by Jurovsky and extraordinary precautions taken to destroy the *corpus delicti*. Subsequent events, however, have proved that, though the bodies of the victims can never be produced as primary evidence of the crime, the boast of Voikov, 'The world will never know what we have done with them,' has not been justified. The elaborate technique of concealment overshot its mark and ignored a number of obvious possibilities. Jurovsky had added to his staff two new assistants whose particular function seems to have been to dismember the bodies. Arrived at the pit, which was thirty feet deep, the regicides set to work to finish their gruesome task. The corpses were drenched with benzine, the countenances having probably first been destroyed by the sulphuric acid, and the human bonfire was then ignited. Acid was likewise used to dissolve the larger and tougher bones which were likely to resist the flames. When fire had consumed all the flesh and reduced skulls and skeletons to ashes, the débris was swept up and cast into the yawning mouth of the iron pit. An attempt was made to rearrange the scarred face of nature by scattering the embers and foliage carelessly about, so as to simulate the appearance of an ordinary camping ground or picnic place. But the wound was too deep; the executioners were tired and probably hurried. They sat down at last beneath the pine trees to eat their lunch, letting fall the telltale eggshells.

The Commission of Inquiry found hundreds of clues and articles definitely identified as belonging to the imperial family: the six sets of corset steels, exactly the number for six women; precious stones in great numbers; the

belt buckles of both Tsar and Tsarevitch; the buckles from the women's shoes; hooks and eyes and other metallic parts of feminine wear; the broken lenses of the Empress's eyeglasses; a set of artificial teeth identified as those of Dr. Botkin; fragments of chopped and sawed human bones; and one human finger, long, slender, well-shaped, probably cut from the Empress's hand to get at a ring. This pathetic collection of relics, the meagre remnants of a fallen dynasty, this admixture of human bones and ashes, corset steels and diamond dust, was transported in a single trunk to Harbin and from thence to 'a sure place.' That is all the record shows; where or how far they wandered after crossing into Mongolia I know not.

So passed Nicholas II and the Romanovs, to be followed by a third Nicholas, called Lenin, and the House of the Soviets.

Eight days after these events, on July 25, 1918, Ekaterinburg was evacuated by the Bolsheviks, and the combined Kolchak and Czechoslovak troops entered the city. Five days later, on July 30, an orderly investigation, conducted in a scientific and judicial spirit, was instituted, first under the direction of Judge Nametkin, of that territorial jurisdiction, but later—and fortunately—committed to the very capable hands of Judge Nicholas Sokolov of the Omsk Tribunal. On the evacuation of the town by the Bolsheviks, someone had the presence of mind to rush to the telegraph office and secure possession of the official telegrams that passed between Moscow and the Ural capital during those eventful days; from these records, fortified by the sworn statements of the scores of witnesses and the mute testimony of the hundreds of recognizable clues that had been trampled into the clay in the forest or found

at the bottom of the shaft, Sokolov was enabled to publish to an expectant world in 1925 his precious report of 295 pages, totaling 120,000 words. With infinite difficulty, patience, and hazard, he managed to smuggle his material out of Russia to Western Europe, where in peace and safety he edited and published his findings. His work done, he died of hardship and exhaustion.

These documents, of inestimable importance for students of the Russian Revolution, are a monument to the painstaking judicial mind of their author. They set at rest, definitely, all doubt as to the fate of the Romanovs, not only with respect to the immediate family of the Tsar, but also his near relatives, the Grand Dukes and Princes who were murdered about the same time, either at Petrograd or in the environs of Perm.<sup>2</sup> The murders at Alapaevsk, near Perm, bear a striking resemblance to the Ekaterinburg tragedy. Twenty-four hours after the death of Nicholas, six other Romanovs were officially murdered in that city by the Bolsheviks, their bodies thrown down the shaft of an unused mine, and hand grenades dropped down to ensure complete destruction of life. But the bodies of the Perm victims were eventually recovered and identified.

<sup>2</sup> Following historical precedent, claims are now being made in monarchist circles that not all the family perished. At Castle Seeon, in Bavaria, a certain young woman called Frau von Tchaikovsky has been proclaimed as the Grand Duchess Anastasia, who, it is pretended, managed to escape from Ekaterinburg to find refuge eventually in Germany. Similarly, a young man calling himself Eugene Mikhailovich Ivanov, resembling Alexis, — he is even afflicted with haemophilia, — has been discovered in Bydgoszcz, Pomerania, Poland, and hailed as the true Tsarevitch. According to the legend, he too escaped the slaughter, his place having been taken by the son of a cook. This is not the place to subject these claims to minute investigation. Royalist circles are divided. The evidence is far from being convincing and shows glaring inconsistencies. — AUTHOR

## VI

The moral responsibility for the wholesale butchery of the imperial family would now seem to rest fairly and squarely on the shoulders of the Soviet Government, and can no longer be charged off to an alleged uncontrollable fanaticism on the part of local Ekaterinburg authorities. It was decided upon, approved, and arranged by Jankel Sverdlov at Moscow; Bieloborodov, Golostchekin, and Jurovsky were merely the executors — most willing executors — of a matured governmental policy. To be sure, contrary protestations have been made and pretexts advanced as fictitious as the inhuman charge of incest brought against Marie Antoinette by Hébert during her trial. But, in the copious light shed upon events by the official telegrams confiscated at Ekaterinburg, such evasion is no longer tenable.

There was but one telegram sent by the Ekaterinburg authorities on the day following the murder; it was for Moscow and signed by Bieloborodov, President of the Ural Soviet. Written in code, the combinations of numbers defied the best cypher experts of Europe for two years. But when human ingenuity had unraveled what other human ingenuity had contrived, the cryptic groupings of numbers fell into the following indictment of Moscow as having had a clear understanding with Ekaterinburg before the murder: —

To MOSCOW, KREMLIN, for GORBOUNOV, Secretary of Council of People's Commissars

*Please confirm receipt*

Tell Sverdlov that the entire family has met the same fate as its head. Officially, they will perish during the evacuation.

BIELOBORODOV

In an earlier paragraph of this article I promised to hazard a guess as to the

identity of Commissar Jakolev and the nature of his mission of 'particular importance.' It will be only a deduced conclusion, in the realm of conjecture, quite distinct from the facts before narrated, which have been juridically established and historically authenticated. The only persons capable of fully substantiating my thesis are dead; the remaining principal actors in that unsuccessful episode are still dumb, though they have contributed valuable hints.

It will be necessary to recall the military history of the Great War and to visualize the situation on the Western Front at that time. Germany had suffered a fatal check by the entrance of the United States into the arena on the side of her adversaries. With fresh and seemingly unending American forces pouring into the trenches and massing before Saint-Mihiel, the German High Staff prepared for that supreme drive on Paris that caused the world to hold its breath in agonized expectation. The scales of war hung even.

The disappearance of Russia from the Allied line was followed by the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which reduced Bolshevik Russia to the status of a sullen vassal of the Teutonic Powers. The interpreter of Germany's will and the virtual dictator of Russia's policy was Count Mirbach, the German Ambassador in Moscow. Fully aware of the fundamentally revolutionary character of Bolshevism, with its threat to German monarchism as well as to Russian autocracy, and perfectly willing to crush this Frankenstein monster which military necessity had obliged her to introduce behind the Russian lines, Germany decided on a bold move. She would restore monarchy in Russia and place Alexis on the throne — provided the Tsar would consent to sign the treaty of Brest-Litovsk and align

Russia with the Teutonic Powers! The Tsar's spontaneous and indignant reaction to Jakolev's very first proposals and his outspoken resentment against Germany support this view: 'I will let them cut off my hand before I do it.' The coachman who drove the team to Tiumen reported that Jakolev had sought in vain to win the Tsar over to some weighty project. Although unable to hear the exact words, the driver made out that Nicholas always refused; he did not 'scold the Bolsheviks, but somebody else.'

General Ludendorff, in his *Memoirs*, gives solid ground for a similar surmise. Guardedly, vaguely, as if unwilling yet to admit the full truth, he says: —

We could have deposed the Soviet Government, which was thoroughly hostile to us, and given help to other authorities in Russia, which were not working against us, but indeed anxious to coöperate with us. This would have been a success of great importance to the general conduct of the war. If some other government were established in Russia, it would almost certainly have been possible to come to some compromise with it over the Peace of Brest.

These are significant words. If Mirbach was authorized to sound out Nicholas on this important possibility, he must get the Tsar back to Moscow, or, better still, out of Russia. Sverdlov, already under the domination of Mirbach, may have been obliged to acquiesce — or feign acquiescence — in the plan to move the Tsar. It was noted at Tobolsk that Jakolev was not the usual type of Bolshevik Commissar: he was suave, well spoken, versed in foreign languages, showed breeding, — 'had clean hands and thin fingers,' in the words of Khobylinsky, — and treated the former monarch with courtesy and deference. He did not omit to salute Nicholas as the Emperor entered the cart for the trip to Tiumen.

His nervous haste and ill-concealed anxiety to get his prisoner out of the danger zone indicate knowledge of some coup d'état ahead.

But something went wrong. Either the Tsar refused point-blank to accede to the Teutonic advances, as we may reasonably assume from his own condemnatory utterances, and was flung back into the hands of the Soviets by the infuriated Mirbach, or Mirbach himself was double-crossed by Sverdlov, who permitted the escape as far as Omsk and then ordered the farce to be ended at Ekaterinburg. In any case, the decision was abrupt and unexpected; no preparation had been made for the imprisonment at Ekaterinburg

and Ipatiev's house was requisitioned at a moment's notice; no properly constituted guard was on hand, but had to be recruited from a local factory; the encircling stockade was hurriedly erected after the arrival of the prisoners. Neither Sverdlov nor Mirbach is available to affirm or deny; they were assassinated too soon.

If my main hypothesis be true, which only time and the opening up of more European archives can determine, then Comrade Jakolev was an agent of the German High Staff; and Nicholas II, redeeming an inglorious past by one heroic choice, was murdered because of his unshakable loyalty to the cause of the Allies.

## OUT OF THE PAST

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

A RARE occupation it is to vex our minds with trying to re-create a living, visible background for the storied events in our country's history, a rare thing to envisage with undimmed mental eye just exactly how the chalk cliffs of England looked, with thyme and viper's bugloss in flower, when Cæsar visited our island; to recapture in retrospect the very smells of the great Hampshire forest on the morning of William Rufus's death; to hear across fields enclosed for hay the sound of the rebeck as the country villages rejoiced over the return of Charles Stuart.

But quite apart from such imaginative pastimes, which are, indeed, common to all of us, each family, however modest its origin, possesses its own particular tale of the past — a tale

which can bewitch us with as great a sense of insistent romance as can ever the traditions of kings and princes. The years lived by our father before he begot us have upon them a wonder that cannot easily be matched. Just as we feel ourselves half participant in the experiences of our children, so in some dim way do we share in those adventures of this mortal who not so long ago moved over the face of the earth like a god to call us up out of the deep.

Often it is the name of some particular place, some historic city with tilted roofs and clustered chimneys, some market town or wintry hamlet, that is associated with this transfigured world before we were born. We grow up with scraps of hearsay about the place forever in our ears,

the very repetition of the accustomed syllables creating presently an assured legend, a legend that takes soon an important part in the substance of our minds.

In the annals of my own family it is the Dorset village of Stalbridge that has held our imaginations in fee. Ever since the days when our father would visit the nursery before going down to his tea in the dining room, the word 'Stalbridge' has carried in its utterance a significance outside the commonplace. Stalbridge! The old china tea set came from Stalbridge. It was at Stalbridge that a cup of coffee used to be left in the oven overnight so that it might be warm for my father in the early hours of the morning when, as a boy, he set out to fish for pike in the still black river pools of the Stour. It was in Stalbridge Vale that my father had found all the rarest specimens in his collection of birds' eggs, in that collection which he preserved so carefully all through his long life in the three lower drawers of the cabinet in his study. It was to Stalbridge that he had gone, half across the county, in his great age, when, rendered dumb as an animal by the merciless years, he had suddenly, without warning, left his servants in his house at Weymouth. Hour after hour passed and still he did not return, this aged, inarticulate clergyman, who was so old that he had almost forgotten how a man puts bread into his mouth. It was to Stalbridge that he had gone, to the beloved rectory where he had played with his brother.

What manner of call had he received, imperative and not to be denied, to return unto that place from whence he came? Far away over the seas as I was at the time, I have often wondered whether I could have borne to have found him, this old man, my father, advancing with deliberate purpose, with intellectual purpose, along

the green leafy lanes of Dorset. Should I have had the temerity to divert him from his dedicated pilgrimage with the cry of 'Father!' as he went forward, this octogenarian who was lost and yet who knew every stile, every ditch, every shard, along the way he was taking?

It is exactly ninety years since my grandfather, who himself was born in the eighteenth century, — was born, indeed, but five years after the death of Dr. Johnson, — came first to Stalbridge to take possession of the fattest of all the *Corpus* livings. And in the circle of those years my father has lived to a great age, and to-day lies buried hip bone to hip bone by the side of my mother in Somersetshire clay.

For the first time in my life I visited Stalbridge last Whitsuntide. With the dear companion of my days I set out upon my adventure in bright June sunshine. Hardly had we descended upon the deserted village platform when we felt come over us a strange glamour. Although for sixty years no member of my family had lived in the village, yet as we came up the street each crooked, mute paving stone seemed to keep back a memory. We entered the churchyard, and there under the tall holly, with rose trees at its foot, was the flat stone marking my grandfather's grave. There he was lying, this other octogenarian, hip bone to hip bone with *his* wife. Presently we opened a side gate and entered Stalbridge Park. It was noon. We found ourselves in a hayfield. Then it was, as we ate our fruit, under the shadow of a group of West Country elms, that ninety years seemed to us to shrink to the proportions of a day.

With the ancient timber standing in the mown grass, with the protecting wall of quarried slabs set up like tombstones about the meadow, familiar

to me from many an old faded water color in the album at home, the prospect before us was exactly the same, and we knew it, as it must have been when, as a young girl, Queen Victoria sat upon the throne of England. Here through these sweet-smelling pastures my grandfather must have walked on many a summer evening, here my father must have come as a boy on many an early spring morning in search of the brittle eggs of the far-off ancestors of the birds which crossed and re-crossed our vision in the trembling gnat-burdened air between tree and tree. Out of the stones of the old sheep-washing pool, now fallen into decay, grew herb Robert and silver-weed, flowers so familiar, so actual and inevitable to the experience of my own life, that it seemed impossible that these simple tokens of the countryside as we knew it could ever have adorned in the same matter-of-fact way the nooks of this pastoral structure on those occasions when my uncle and my father had stood to watch the busy activities that used to take place here in the old days.

We left the park and entered Wood Lane, a hesitating narrow lane which runs above the village. We knocked at the door of a thatched cottage. The woman who answered us gave us cool water to drink from her mossy well. She knew nothing of my grandfather, but told us to go to an aged woman named Maria at the end of the street. Old Maria had nearly lived out a century and yet her mind was still clear. She took down a book, a thin book on religion, kept carefully all these years, with my grandfather's writing on it. 'You yourself be terribly like to him,' she said. 'I can mind the old gentleman as though 't were yesterday; I can most see 'an now come down the street with half crown in flat of hand. On one of the young gentlemans' birthdays we

would go up to the house and dance before 'en. I do carry the ditty in head to this day.' And this old woman, whose face had retained through all her years so much refinement, sang to us these simple words:—

'Children go to and fro  
In a merry, pretty row.  
Footsteps light, faces bright,  
'T is a happy, happy sight.  
Swiftly turning round and round,  
Do not look upon the ground.  
Follow me, full of glee,  
Singing merrily.'

And as I gazed upon this frail human being, so purely winnowed by the harsh flails of life, I felt a deep love surge up in me for the old creature who still carried in her head the memory of the dancing days of her childhood under the mulberry tree in the rectory garden of Stalbridge eighty years ago. There she stood before us, backed by her cottage ornaments, her small head swaying a little as she repeated the words of the rhyme. When we turned to go tears were falling down her cheeks and were in my own eyes. Had we not both of us been plunged into the deep waters of the past that are forever flowing toward an ocean without marge or bottom?

From Maria we went to the cottage of Mrs. Duffet, another old woman. She required no prompting. She remembered Mr. Powys. Had not her mother come to the very house in which she now lived so as to be nearer to the rectory? A duty had been required of her — the duty, namely, of twice a day suckling my father. Here, then, I was talking to my father's foster sister — this old woman and my father had been held up to the same fountain, had drunk from the same life-giving well. This was the daughter of the woman who had put wormwood to her dogs, sitting in the sun under Stalbridge Cross!

How would it be possible to catch, to hold for a moment, the quality of those magical hours of June sunshine, of June moonlight, down in that Dorset village? At night we wandered along Drew Lane far into the vale. On all sides of us recumbent cattle dreamed away their animal existence under hedges festooned with dog-roses already in bud. Barn-door owls with unfilmed eyes called to each other out of the hollow bodies of listening trees. One by one the lights of the village above the valley were put out. The old men dreamed, the old women dreamed, the boys and girls dreamed, and a grace, the solace of antiquity, sustained in Christian peace these ancient meadows.

The next morning we were waked by the treading of cows being driven through the street. All was once more astir. Above each little back garden, with its produce so neatly set out in rows, innumerable larks trilled. We left our hostess early and made our way in the direction of the next village. Often had I heard my father speak of a certain halter path which led to Sturminster Newton, and I now had a mind to follow it. More like a lane than a path it turned out to be. Sturdy oaks flourished on each side of it. We

presently realized that we were overtaking a bowed figure, who, with a stick in her hand, was picking her way over the ruts. We spoke to her. She had lived in Stalbridge all her life, she said. When she heard who I was she laughed aloud. She remembered my uncle Littleton well. 'He used to run races along be I. He used to give I star cakes; they star cakes were as big round as a frying pan and had currants in 'em.' And then as the old woman gathered her memories about her, like starlings collecting on a bare January field, it was as though in that ancient mind time became discounted. The bracken that was uncurling on upright stems in the ditches belonged to the year 1927, but to the old cottage woman it opened upon a world where death itself was forgotten. 'Tell them, tell them,' she cried with excitement, 'that ye met Nancy Curtis in the halter path, the girl what used to run races for they star cakes — that will bring I back to the mind o' 'em.'

I asked for her blessing and hurried on. How could I explain that she had given me a message to a soldier who had been lying dead in the dry soil of India already for half a century!

## THE MUSICAL MIND

BY CARL E. SEASHORE

THE late Horatio Parker once said, in the way of a witticism, 'There are no musicians in this country'; and to my intimation that there must be some near-musicians he replied, after some deliberation, 'Well, there is one.' On inquiry as to what his particular merits were, it came out that he was a composer. 'But,' I asked, 'how about our great singers and instrumental performers?' 'Ah, they are technicians.' From this conception of the musical mind to that of Blind Tom there is room for recognition of countless varieties of musical minds.

Avoiding as much as possible the account of technical methods of approach, analysis, and measurement, I shall aim to set up a skeletal structure in terms of which musical minds may be described and interpreted.

The outstanding feature in the point of view which I desire to present as a result of laboratory experience is the basing of the analysis of the musical mind upon the analysis of the musical medium, the physical sound. This rests upon the assumption that a musical mind must be capable of sensing sounds, of imaging these sounds in reproductive and creative imagination, of being aroused by them emotionally, of being capable of sustained thinking in terms of these experiences, and ordinarily, though not necessarily, of giving some form of expression in musical performance or in creative music. In presenting this object of approach, I desire to keep in the foreground the fundamental fact that the

musical mind is not its dissected parts, but an integrated personality, and in its evaluation we must always have regard for the total personality as functioning in a total situation.

Musical talent is not one talent but a hierarchy of talents, branching out along certain trunk lines into the rich arborization, foliage, and fruitage of the family tree which we call the musical mind. The normal musical mind is first of all a normal mind. What makes it musical is the possession, in a serviceable degree, of those capacities which are essential for the hearing, the feeling, and ordinarily the expressing, in some form, of music, with a resulting drive or urge toward music.

### I

The psychological attributes of sound — namely, pitch, intensity (commonly called 'loudness'), duration, and extensity ('bigness' as in the comparison of a high and a low tone) — rest upon the physical characteristics of the sound wave — namely, frequency, amplitude, and duration. In terms of these attributes of sound we can account for every conceivable sound in nature and art — vocal or instrumental, musical or nonmusical. We therefore recognize that the musical mind must be capable of apprehending these four attributes of sound to a serviceable degree. These capacities, the sense of pitch, the sense of intensity, the sense of extensity, and the sense of time, can be measured with

a high degree of precision. For the present purpose we may set aside the sense of extensity, because, although it is of very great significance musically, it is perhaps, from the psychophysical point of view, fixedly coöordinated with pitch, and therefore varies approximately with the sense of pitch.

These four capacities are, then, the four 'windows of the musical soul.' But in the combination of them we find an inner screen which is more significant musically, being composed of the four fundamental sensory capacities in the complex form — namely, the sense of timbre, the sense of consonance, the sense of volume, and the sense of rhythm. The four complex forms of capacity must be measured by themselves and not in terms of their elemental components; for example, rhythm depends upon the sense of time and the sense of intensity, but it also involves other factors and must therefore be measured by itself. So timbre is a pitch-complex, but the experience is unitary and involves the other attributes of sound.

We can, then, offer a complete account of the sensory capacities for hearing music in terms of the four elemental capacities, the sense of pitch, the sense of time, the sense of intensity, and the sense of extensity, and the four derived or complex forms of these capacities, the sense of timbre, the sense of consonance, the sense of volume, and the sense of rhythm. The complex forms may, however, in turn be analyzed experimentally into more specific components; for example, the sense of volume may be regarded in turn as intensity volume, extensity volume, and reduplication volume; or rhythm may be attacked in terms of time or in terms of stress.

This classification of sensory capacities is probably complete, because it is

based upon the attributes of the sound wave, and it must be borne in mind that the sound wave is the only medium through which music is conveyed from the performer to the listener, and everything that is rendered as music or heard as music may be expressed in terms of the concepts of the sound wave. As in good reading we are not aware of letters or phonetic elements as such, but read for meaning, so in music we are as a rule not conscious of specific tonal elements, but rather of musical design or impression as a whole.

On the basis of our experiments in the measurement of these sensory capacities, we find that the basic capacities, the sense of pitch, the sense of time, and the sense of intensity, are elemental, by which we mean that they are largely inborn and function from early childhood; after comparatively early age they do not vary with intelligence, with training, or with age, except in so far as the exhibition of these capacities is limited by the child's inability to understand or apply himself.

This fact is of utmost importance in that it makes diagnosis of talent possible before training is begun, and points to certain very radical principles of musical education. We can measure these capacities reliably by the age of ten in the normal child; and this measure is likely to stand throughout life, except for the numerous vicissitudes of life which tend to cause deterioration.

To take an example, the sense of pitch depends upon the structure of the ear, just as acuity of vision depends upon the structure of the eye. As no amount of training or maturing tends to increase the acuity of the eye, so no amount of training or maturing can improve the pitch acuity of the ear. However, training and maturing in

both cases have unlimited range for the enrichment of the functional scope of these capacities. The ear, like the eye, is an instrument; and mental development consists in the acquisition of skill and the enrichment of the stock of experience through this channel. This is analogous to the fact that touch and acuity of hearing are on the whole as keen in seeing persons as in the blind, who show apparently marvelous power of orientation through these senses.

The complex forms of sensory capacities also tend to be elemental to a surprising degree. That is, the child from early infancy has the sense of timbre, the sense of volume, the sense of rhythm, and the sense of consonance, long before he begins to sing or to know anything about music. It is the meaning of these forms of impression that we develop, and this meaning matures with age and enlarges in compass in proportion to the degree of intelligence.

There seem to be three taproots of the musical mind, or, to change the figure, three large trunks in the family tree of musicality, each of which may develop and ramify to a large extent independently and out of proportion to the others. They are the tonal, the intensive, and the temporal. Each is the main trunk of a musical type. The tonal are peculiarly sensitive to pitch, and dwell upon music in all its tonal forms — melody, harmony, and all forms of pitch inflection; the dynamic have a fine acuity of hearing and sense of intensity, and dwell by preference upon musical 'touch' as the intensive aspect of music in all forms and modifications of loudness; the temporal are peculiarly sensitive to time and rhythm, and dwell by preference upon the rhythmic patterns and all other media for the temporal aspect of music.

Of course, a great musician, or a balanced musician of any degree of greatness, tends to have these three trunks of capacity branch out in balanced and symmetrical form; but such cases are comparatively rare. Many distinguished musicians are dominantly of one of these types; their performance and appreciation and their musical creations all give evidence favoring dominance of one of the trunk lines. Furthermore, high capacity in each of these three trunk lines of talent is not essential to marked distinction in musical achievement, and very extreme sensitivity in one or more of these capacities may even be a drawback to balanced musical development.

Let me give a very striking illustration on this last point. In measuring certain phases of musical talent in all of the available living members of six of the foremost musical families in the United States, Dr. Stanton found that the brother of one of the protagonists of these musical families said he had no musical talent whatever, and this seemed to be the opinion of the family; but the experimenter found that in the four basic capacities which were measured (the sense of pitch, the sense of intensity, the sense of time, and tonal memory) he was most extraordinarily keen — indeed, conspicuously keener than his brother, the famous musician. The interesting confession came out that the reason he was not musical was that practically all the music he heard was to him so bad that it jarred upon him and was intolerable. That was why he was not musical in the conventional sense of the word; he was so keen that the ordinary humdrum of music, even in a musical family, continually jarred him. Is he in reality musical or is he not? The psychologist would say, 'In terms of all the evidence at hand, he has

extraordinary musical capacities.' Yet in his family he was the one who had not 'amounted to anything' in music.

Generalizing on the basis of all types of record available, we may say that so far as the sensory capacities are concerned a balanced and distinctly gifted musical mind is one which in these capacities measures in the highest ten per cent of the normal community, but that great musical achievement is attained by persons who may have a low average sensory capacity in one of these three main lines.

But here it must be pointed out, of course, that success depends upon following the lead of natural capacity. For example, a person who has only an average sense of pitch can never become a good violinist or a great singer, but with the other two trunk lines well developed he may become a pianist or a composer of great distinction.

## II

Granting the presence of sensory capacities in adequate degree, success or failure in music depends upon the capacity for living in a tonal world through productive and reproductive imagination. The musician lives in a world of images, realistic sometimes even to the point of a normal illusion. This does not mean that he is aware of the image, as such, any more than he needs to be aware of sensation in seeing an object. But he is able to hear over a musical programme which he has heard, as if it were rendered in the present. He creates music by 'hearing it out,' not by picking it out on the piano or by mere seeing of the score or by abstract theories, but by hearing it out in his creative imagination. That is, his memory and imagination are rich and strong in power of concrete, faithful, and vivid tonal imagery; and

this imagery is so fully at his command that he can build the most complex musical structures and hear and feel all the effects of every detailed element before he has written down a note or sounded it out by voice or instrument. This capacity, I should say, is the outstanding mark of a musical mind at the representation level — the capacity of living in a representative tonal world. This capacity brings the tonal material into the present; it colors and greatly enriches the actual hearing of musical sounds; it largely determines the character and realism of the emotional experience; it is the familiarity with these images which makes the cognitive memory for music realistic. Thus tonal imagery is a condition for learning, for retention, for recall, for recognition, and for the anticipation of musical facts. Take out the image from the musical mind and you take out the very heart.

No one maintains at the present time that a person can be of a single imaginal type, but in natural musicians with a rich feeling for music the auditory type dominates, and perhaps largely on account of the fact that realistic imagery is always intimately associated with organic responsiveness. The motor imaginal type is ordinarily also well developed. It is not necessary for us to quarrel about the relation of kinæsthetic imagery to kinæsthetic sensation, but we can agree upon this — that the motor tendency to image the tone or execute it in inceptive movements is highly developed in the musical mind. The auditory and the motor images are normal stimuli for organic reaction in musical emotion.

This fact of the necessity of living in a world of representation tends also to bring out vivid visual imagery as well as imagery in the other senses; because there is a general tendency to reinstate, in the representation of a sensory

experience, the whole of the original setting. Thus a musician not only hears the music, but often lives it out so realistically in his imagination and memory that he sees and feels a response to the persons, instruments, or total situation in the rendition represented. Without this warmth of experience music would lose its essential æsthetic nature.

It is a well-known fact that many persons who ply the art or business of music report having no developed imaginal life or concrete imagination, and it has been very interesting to observe in many such cases that, although they are engaged in the practice of music, their musical life is quite devoid of the genuine musical experience.

The power of mental imagery may be developed to a marked degree with training. There is also good evidence to show that the power of vivid imagery deteriorates with nonuse. A comparison of musicians and psychologists shows the musicians to stand very high in auditory imagery and the psychologists, as a class, comparatively low. This marked difference is probably due partly to selection and partly to training. There seems to be no doubt that there are very great differences in the nature of children in this respect. We have no exact method of measuring the degree of imagery, its vividness, adequacy, stability, and so forth, but the introspective method quite generally employed is fairly adequate for practical purposes.

But mere strength or fidelity of imagery is of little value except in so far as it is the medium for imagination. Music is an art, and he who plies it successfully has the power of creative imagination. This may be of the sensuous type, which is characterized by luxuriant and realistic imagery without much reflection; it may be of

the intellectual type, in which creation takes the form of purposes, theories, postulates, as the material of musical content; it may be of the sentimental type, in which the flow of imagery is under the sway of the higher sentiments which are often nursed into æsthetic attitudes sometimes called musical temperament; it may be of the impulsive type, in which the drive or urge of emotion flares up but is not long sustained; it may be of the motor type sometimes called architectonic, which takes the form of a realistic experience of action or of mere performance. Accordingly as a person is dominantly of any one type or of a combination of these types, his personality as a whole may in large part be designated by such a pattern. Thus among others we may have as types the sensorimotor, the sentimental, the impulsive, the reflective, the motile, or the balanced musician.

While retentive and serviceable memory is a very great asset to a musical person, it is not at all an essential condition for musical-mindedness. A person may have naturally very poor memory of all forms and get along well in music, just as an absent-minded and forgetful philosopher may get along very well in his field. Furthermore, the possibility for the development of memory has such a very large range that with careful training a person with very poor memory capacity may improve this many fold and attain fairly serviceable command in memory. The musical mind that can reproduce several full programme repertoires with precision is, however, a different mind from one which has neither large scope nor fidelity in retention or reproduction. But both may be musical. The personal traits in memory and imagination color and condition the musical life and often set limits to achievement in music.

## III

So far as the power of reflective thinking is concerned, musical intelligence is like philosophical, mathematical, or scientific intelligence; it is good reasoning power. Intelligence is musical when its background is a storehouse of musical knowledge, musical interests, musical tasks, and a warmth of musical experience.

Here, as in the case of imagination, the type and the degree of intelligence may characterize or set limits to the musical achievement. The great composer, the great conductor, the great interpreter, live in large intellectual movements. They have the power of sustained thought, a great store of organized information, and the ability to elaborate and control their creative work at a high intellectual level. At the other extreme are the various kits of small musicianship in which reflective thinking does not function: the experience and the performance are on a sensorimotor level. Such music is to real music as phantasy is to creative imagination. Between these extremes we may sort musicianships into markedly different qualities and levels in terms of some sort of intelligence quotient. Thought is, however, not limited to the difficult and ponderous in music. For, as in all other realms of reflection, the highest and most beautiful achievements of thought often have the charm of simplicity.

We should not infer from this that a great mathematician or philosopher, for example, who plays the violin or sings beautifully does so as a great thinker. The violin and the voice are often a relief to him from the dull strain of sustained cogitation. He may not create music at all; he may not even interpret at the level at which he philosophizes; yet his sensuous and his imaginative experience are chastened,

mellowed, and balanced by the fact that he is a contemplative man.

Again, the great intellect in music may dwell so exclusively upon the musical forms and upon conceptions of new musical structures as to become calloused to the more spontaneous appreciation and expression of music. He becomes hypercritical and may even lose the sense of enjoyment of music. The penetrating critic often derives more pain than pleasure from music as it is.

My main point, however, is that, as is the intelligence of a man, so is his music. If he is in a school for the feeble-minded, his music may be spontaneous and appealing to a high degree, but it will be, nevertheless, feeble-minded. If it is the expression of the philosophical and highly trained composer or conductor, it will be a thought creation whether or not it has the more elemental musical appeals which reach the masses.

## IV

Music is essentially a play upon feeling. It is appreciated only in so far as it arouses feeling, and can be expressed only by active feeling. On the basis of the degree and the kind of feeling, we may again classify persons into characteristic types. The emotional responsiveness of the musician may be regarded from several points of view. In view of the fact that everything that the musician conveys to the listener as music is conveyed on the sound wave and that we now have methods of intercepting the sound waves by the camera and reproducing them with as fine detail as we may wish, it is possible to represent in scientific terms every shade of feeling, sentiment, or emotion as expressed in music.

As a fundamental proposition we may say that the artistic expression of

feeling in music consists in aesthetic deviation from the regular — from pure tone, rigid pitch, rigid intensity, rigid time, rigid rhythms, and so forth. All of these can be measured so that we can now compare singers quantitatively in terms of their use of a particular one of the countless devices for deviating from the regular or rigid, including also adherence to the regular as a means of expressing emotion in music.

In other words, expression of musical feeling is effected through the countless possible changes in sound waves; and all of these are recordable and measurable. The emotional medium at one moment may be primarily tonal timbre, at another moment rhythm, at another moment dynamic value, and each of these in countless forms of sublimation. In the ensemble of such deviation from the regular lie the beauty, the charm, the grandeur of music. When Tetrazzini catalogues, among the chief faults of singing, 'faulty intonation, faulty phrasing, imperfect attack, scooping up to notes, digging or arriving at a note from a semitone beneath,' she is of course right, but may fail to realize that in just such variables lie the resources for beauty and power of music.

In other words, our concept of feeling as expressed in music may become concretely scientific; so that, if the musical critic praises or blames a singer for a certain emotional quality, it need no longer remain a question of dispute or opinion; for, just as we could snap the profile of the singer with the camera, we can get the profile of the sound wave and settle the dispute about the musical quality. The musical critics have, of course, not yet adopted this technique; but the next generation will make a beginning. The expression of feeling in music, that mysterious and enchanting retreat for all things

musical, is being explored; trails are being blazed, and the musical critic will soon talk about the expression of feeling in music in terms of precise and scientific concepts.

This very sweeping assertion about submitting the expression of aesthetic feeling to scientific analysis and measurement is so radical and far-reaching that it deserves some illustration of proof in support. Bearing in mind that scientific procedure ordinarily requires the isolation and control of one specific factor at a time, — not feeling as a whole, but specific factors in turn, — I may cite as an example the definition, description, and evaluation of the *vibrato*. This quiver of the voice is one of the countless media for deviation from the regular for aesthetic effect. It is distinctly an expression of feeling.

What is the *vibrato*? What causes it? Is it desirable? If so, what form is desirable? Is it spontaneous? Can it be taught? Can it be eradicated? Can we establish norms of beautiful *vibrato*? What does it mean in the language of emotion? How does it develop from childhood? Do primitive singers have it? In what respect does the *vibrato* vary with each type of emotion? How does it vary with register, with sex, with emotionality and temperament? What is its relation to emotional instability? How do different singers differ characteristically in their *vibrato*? What are the typical faults or shortcomings of the *vibrato*? Answers to all these questions and many other questions about this specific medium of expression of emotion have been sought boldly, confidently, and with success in the laboratory in terms of measurements as recorded on sound waves. Thus in answer to the first question, calling for a definition of the *vibrato*, we find that, generalizing from a vast variety of concrete data at

hand, we can express it in scientific terms. In calm and beautiful singing the vibrato is a synchronous pitch and intensity oscillation, ordinarily at the rate of from five to eight oscillations per second, in which perhaps the most beautiful effect is obtained when the pitch oscillation does not exceed one fourth of a tone and the intensity oscillation is as barely perceptible as the pitch oscillation and both take the form of a smooth sine curve.

Countless descriptive features may be added to such a definition for specific purposes, and qualifications may be added as new information accrues. The point is that we are now enabled to define, describe, measure, and control such a subtle aspect of the expression of tender emotion as the slightest change in the character of a vibrato.

When Madame Kurenko, who seems to have a beautiful vibrato in all registers, sings in New York and the critics opine about the technique of quivers in her voice, we may have at the footlights a recording instrument which photographs every sound wave and enables us to preserve for all time the form of her expression of emotion. Not only so, but when she sings in New York I can now sit in my home in Iowa City and hear her, through the marvelous performances of the radio, or go to my laboratory and take moving pictures of her song, and preserve and make an objective study of any specific aspect — for example, her vibrato. Ages of opinions and quarrels about what the vibrato is have taken us nowhere. Five years in the laboratory have laid the foundations of a science of the vibrato which, in turn, will lay foundations for the pedagogy and the aesthetic appraisal of this specific phase of the expression of feeling.

We are, of course, here not thinking about that mystic inner something

which is spoken of as feeling as such, but of the *expression* of feeling; and, in modern psychology, to feel is always to do, to express something — action of the organism. The expression does not take ethereal, magical, or even mystic forms, but comes to us through the media to which our senses are open.

There are two other aspects of feeling in music. One is the nature of æsthetic experience, and the other is what we may call the creative feeling as it operates in the composer. It is evident that both of these will stand out in an entirely new light the moment the conception of the concreteness, describability, and tangibleness of the expression of emotion in music is recognized.

## V

Musical performance, like all other acts of skill involving unusually high capacity, is limited by certain inherent and inherited motor capacities. For example, a child is slow and sure, quick and erratic, or may be found in any other combinations of the two series from the extremely slow to the extremely quick, the extremely precise to the extremely erratic. And, as a child is found, so will be the youth and the man. It is often like stature or a color of hair, a personal trait.

Singing involves the possession of a favorable structure of the vocal organs and motor control. Playing various kinds of instruments calls for a high order of natural capacity, for speed and accuracy in control. Motor capacities can be measured before musical training is begun. Musical action is, of course, also limited by limitations in each and all of the talents heretofore discussed — for example, a person who is low in sense of rhythm will of necessity be low in rhythmic performance. In the next generation the music

student and the music teacher and theorist will rate progress and quality in musical performance in relation to capacity, just as at the present time we are beginning to consider it reasonable not to expect as much from a moron as we do from a philosopher.

It is quite possible to recognize fundamental types of motor resourcefulness in musical performance, but for the present purpose the main thing to be stressed is that there is nothing indescribable about it and that individual motor *fortes* or faults of a basic character often determine the character of the musician.

## VI

This, in brief, is the skeletal structure I promised. In many respects it is but dangling and rattling dry bones. 'Atomistic!' some of my confreres will say. Now, atoms are not roses; but with atoms, and with atoms alone, Nature flushes roses, resplendent in bloom, fragrance, and *Gestalt*—living roses! The *aesthete*, whiffing and raving about the beauty of the rose, can ignore the atom, but the botanist cannot. It is to the botanist that we look for a true revelation of the origin, the growth, the essential character, and the rôle of roses in the economy of Nature. It is the botanist that can make verifiable and permanent distinctions among roses.

Forty years ago Wundt was asked, 'What have you learned from the reaction experiment?'—to which his whole laboratory force had devoted its first three years. His reply was, 'It has given me a new conception of the human mind.' Speaking for those who take the scientific point of view for a psychology of music, I may say that experiment has given us a new conception of the musical personality as a whole—its infinite richness in capaci-

ties, the intimate relationships among these capacities, the marvelous range of possible training, growth, and substitution, the sublimation of musical interests in daily life, the necessity of viewing the personality dynamics as a whole.

Does this point of view oversimplify the musical mind? The argument I have made is that it can and should vastly enrich and deepen the concept; for, if you ask one question of Nature in the laboratory, Nature asks you ten, and each of these when pursued in turn multiplies into tens of tens of tens. For laboratory procedure is but the setting of conditions for more and more precise observations of specific, concrete, verifiable facts or features. What I have said is after all merely a point of view. The details remain to be worked out, filled in, modified as science progresses. My whole appeal is to and for verifiable facts.

What shall it profit? Perhaps I may bring together in a constructive way some of the features which seem to me to be involved in the acceptance of scientific procedure in the interpretation, evaluation, and education of the musical mind.

It gives us a psychology of music in that it furnishes describable and verifiable facts as a basis for classification. The particular data I have presented are just plain psychology; not any particular brand, but rather an attempt to select and consolidate what is usable in the various modern points of view and from all investigators.

It furnishes us a technique for the development of musical aesthetics. The armchair deductions about the nature of beauty in music must give way to experiment, and conclusions must be limited to factors under control. Musical aesthetics will soon loom up as one of the applied and normative sciences.

It forms a basis in individual psychology for the analysis and evaluation of musical talent and will furnish helpful data for vocational and avocational guidance in music.

It develops an intimate relationship between music and speech. It may be that speech, a long-lost art, may gain recognition in aesthetics on the ground of its close relationship to music.

It lays the foundations for musical criticism, musical biography and autobiography, and musical theory in general — even for intelligent parlor conversation about musical thrills.

It furnishes the foundation for the psychology of musical education in that it furnishes essential facts for the construction of the curriculum, for the

selection and motivation of the musically educable, for the evaluation of progress in training, and for countless improvements in the technique and economy of teaching. If a committee of scientifically trained musicians should make a survey of the economies or wastes involved in current methods of teaching music and should be free to set forth the pedagogical consequence of facing the new scientifically known facts about the musical mind, very radical changes would follow.

It helps to give music its true place and influence by enhancing the musical life for the musically gifted and thereby furnishing a natural drive for the effective functioning of music in the life of the people.

## DISILLUSION WITH THE LABORATORY

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

### I

DURING the second half of the nineteenth century Thomas Henry Huxley delivered a number of lectures, evangelical in character, to popular audiences, and his purpose was a double one. He wished to arouse in his hearers an enthusiasm for the truths of the laboratory equal to his own, but he felt at the same time the necessity of quieting certain fears which had been aroused when Darwinism had exploded in the midst of English society. He was anxious to convince his hearers that the moral fabric of their world was not, as they supposed, put in jeopardy, and he went even so far as to assure them, in effect, that he could give them good

human reasons for obeying most of the Ten Commandments even if they should be compelled, as a result of his other teachings, to doubt that these commandments had been handed down to Moses by God Himself.

But there were moments at which he felt himself hard pressed by those of his opponents who doubted the utility, even more than they doubted the truth, of the hypotheses he was expounding. He had received letters from well-meaning old ladies who asked him what *good* it would do to go about assuring people that they had apes rather than angels for cousins-german — even though he himself were sure

of the fact — and sometimes he felt the inconvenience of being always compelled to defend his beliefs upon the double ground of their truth *and* usefulness. This inconvenience he did not, however, usually admit in public; but once, just after his wife had died and when Charles Kingsley had written him concerning the possibility of a future life, he did, in a private letter, renounce one half of the obligation he usually assumed and, taking his stand upon a dogmatic allegiance to truths of the order which particularly concerned him, he wrote: 'Sit down before fact as a little child . . . follow humbly and to whatever abysses Nature leads, or you shall learn nothing.'

Now to us of a later day there is something ominous in this sentence. Since the time when first it was defiantly uttered we have listened to the accounts of many explorers who have followed Nature and have returned with tales not wholly reassuring, but we shall miss the contrast between the temper of Huxley's day and our own if we fail to perceive that the words sprang from a heart more confident than the words seem to imply, and that, indeed, no utterance of his is more characteristically Victorian. Not only is it marked by a certain rhetorical grandeur which gives it an heroic ring foreign to the best expression in an age like our own, when men have grown a little distrustful of such rotundities, but also, for all the desperation of its rhetoric, it is replete with an unmistakably Victorian optimism. Huxley did not in his heart believe that Nature had any 'abysses' very deep or very dark, and he did not really admit the possibility that they might exist. Formally, and for the sake of argument, he declared his willingness to know the worst about man and the universe, but he was serenely confident that that worst was not very bad. He loved

what he called Truth, and he believed that all he valued could be established upon it.

This optimism, characteristic of Huxley's age, was the natural accompaniment of a fresh enthusiasm for a new method. Together with those of his contemporaries who had, like him, reflective minds, he perceived that Darwin's discoveries were more than isolated facts, and he saw in them a missing link in the chain of reasoning which was leading him to the conclusion that all human problems were ultimately solvable. The sciences had already demonstrated their power to understand and deal with the forces of Nature, and now that Darwin had proved that man was not something essentially different from, but actually a part of, this same Nature, it seemed fair to conclude that they might hope for an equal success in dealing with human things. Doubtless he foresaw a part of all those painstaking studies which have since been made into the genesis of the arts, religions, and civilizations, and like those who undertook them he supposed that they would be as fruitful in both truth and utility as those of Darwin upon which they were modeled. He had seen so many problems solved in the laboratory that he was little disturbed by any doubts as to what the limits of the method might be, and, while some were left desolate by theories which seemed to deny them their trailing clouds of glory, he saw no cause for anything but hope in an hypothesis which made man part of that Nature which was so rapidly yielding up its secrets.

In the light of his knowledge and experience Huxley's optimism was not, perhaps, unjustified, but those of us who look back over the fifty-odd years which have passed since it expanded in its full flower are aware of a buoyance which has somehow passed away and of

a sense that the possibility of certain ultimate solutions has rather receded than approached as the years went by. All prophecies make sad reading when their term has elapsed, but in this particular case we are not quite sure why it should be so, since in so many respects the optimism of Huxley seems more than justified. Knowledge *has* marched on — more rapidly perhaps than he hoped — and this knowledge *has* brought with it that increased capacity to control the accidents of our lives which he predicted. Ingenuity has devised subtler instruments to investigate the secrets of Nature and to direct her forces than any he dreamed of; already we know more and can do more in certain directions than he would have supposed possible for a generation as close as ours is to his own; and yet, in spite of so much success, we are aware of a certain disappointment and of a hope less eager than his, as though our victories were somehow barren and as though the most essential things were eluding us. We do not, we cannot, actually doubt even the most fantastic of the verities which the scientist announces, since his boasted power to foretell and control upon the basis of his hypotheses has been too often vindicated to permit a skepticism, and when he tells us that soon we shall be doing this or that we know from experience that we had best believe him. Yet our belief is without enthusiasm — even, perhaps, a little perfunctory or impatient — because all his successes seem to achieve and to promise less than once they did.

Doubtless this disillusion is due in part to a clearer and clearer penetration of the ancient fallacy which consists in basing an estimate of our welfare upon the extent to which our material surroundings have been elaborated. This fallacy, born at the same

moment with scientific method itself, runs all through the *New Atlantis* of Bacon, where it leads him to accept without question the assumption that we shall be wise and happy in proportion to the ingenuity of the machinery which surrounds us, and it is still the very foundation stone in the faith of the more naïve of contemporary materialists who assume that we have, for example, indubitably bettered ourselves when we have learned, first to say things over wires, and then to dispense even with them. A wider and wider experience with inventions has, however, convinced the more thoughtful that a man is not, as once was said, twice as happy when moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour as he would be if he were proceeding at only half that speed, and we no longer believe that the millennium presents merely a problem in engineering. Science has always promised two things not necessarily related — an increase first in our powers, second in our happiness or wisdom, and we have come to realize that it is the first and less important of the two promises which it has kept most abundantly.

Yet this explanation is not in itself complete, and we cannot deny, either, that the better sort of scientist has always realized that the ultimate value of science must depend upon its human value or that his researches into the mind and institutions of man have been less remarkable than those he has conducted into inanimate Nature. Huxley himself was fond of pointing out the danger which lay in the error of assuming that a pump was the most important result of our knowledge of the fact that air has weight, or that Galileo was great because he made good clocks possible. He had a Lucretian faith in the power of the light of knowledge to banish the fears which had oppressed the soul of man, and he

had, beside, a faith that that same light would so illuminate the moral world as to enable us to see more clearly than we had ever seen before our capacities, our obligations, and our aims. Nature he thought was important chiefly because man was a part of it, and because by knowing Nature he would come to know himself. And yet, though the eagerness which the scientist has shown to draw conclusions sociological, ethical, and philosophical from his discoveries is sufficient proof that this aspect of the laboratory has not been forgotten, it is precisely here that our disillusion is keenest.

The more we learn of human nature, the less sure a foundation it seems to be upon which to build; and the more we know of the origins of the arts and faiths which have made the human race seem heroic, the less we see how they can be carried on to any perfection. If the proud confidence of Huxley has oozed away, it is in part because the abyss of Nature is darker and deeper than he supposed, and in part because the light which illuminates it does not reveal as clearly as he had anticipated what our bearings are as we wing our way, like Milton's Satan, through a vast emptiness. Science, though it fulfills the details of its promises, does not in any ultimate sense solve our problems.

## II

Certainly the spread of scientific method to fields of inquiry which had not been thought of as subjects thereto was no less rapid or complete than Huxley had anticipated. Within a generation people had come instinctively to assume that the universe was a single continuity whose phenomena, from the crystallization of a salt on through the transports of romantic love or the profoundest experiences of

mystical religion, were all part of the same great system and all natural in the sense that they were all subject to investigation by the same methods. Anthropology, defined as the science of man considered as an animal, was born; and, though the designation came to be used in a narrow sense, this definition is sufficient to describe the subject matter of practically every study undertaken during half a century. History, philosophy, and even theology became chiefly the search for origins and the study of processes by which things were evolved, so that even when a man as sympathetic as William James toward religious experiences undertook to study them they could only be approached through the method of documentary comparisons.

First man's body and then his soul were dragged into the laboratory to be measured, tested, and made the subject of experiment. His desires, his beliefs, and his impulses were tracked down, catalogued, and mapped. The history of morals was written, the physiology of love was described, and the functions of faith were analyzed. A vast mountain of data, much of it accurate and incontrovertible, upon every activity of the human spirit, was gathered, and always we were promised the great illumination which was to follow its absorption. Knowledge, we had learned, was power. When one had come to understand the laws of physics one was able intelligently to arrange for one's physical well-being, and so when one had learned the laws of the mental world one would be able in the same way to assure one's spiritual state. Once we had come to grasp the principles of art, we should know how to produce it; once we had unraveled the complexities involved in the history of morals, we should be able to devise and practise a really intelligent

moral code; and once we thoroughly understood the functions of religion, we should be able to embrace one capable of perfectly fulfilling those functions.

And yet, for some reason not easy at first to comprehend, the analogy has failed to hold, and a laboratory knowledge of what, for want of better terms, we must still speak of as the soul and its activities does not result in any greater mastery of them. Though the 'I' in each one of us is the thing of whose reality we seem to have the directest possible evidence, yet in the laboratory it dissolves into an unstable agglomeration of sensations and impulses which we cannot recognize as ourselves, while the will, which seems to us to inform this nonexistent entity, is revealed as a pure illusion. And if science thus illuminates the problems of the soul by assuring us that it cannot find any of the things we are talking about, its efforts are not much more satisfactory when applied to the study of ethics. A Westermarck, having adopted the genetic methods consecrated by Darwin and having armed himself with the detachment of science, plunges into the study of morals. We eagerly await the exact and positive conclusions which science seems to promise, and he returns with three fat volumes which prove—that morality does not exist. In the laboratory there can be found no trace of the soul except certain rather undignified phenomena which give rise to the illusion that we have one, no sign of the will except that conditioned preponderance of one impulse over the other which leads us to feel as though we were exercising a choice, and no evidence of the existence of any such thing as morality except customs—more or less fixed in certain times or places, but in the large extremely variable—which familiarity leads us to regard as

absolute. And yet we act and must act as though these things were realities and the problems which we looked to science to solve were problems predicated upon the real existence of the entities it denies. They are a part of that world—illusory, perhaps—in which our consciousness has its being, even though not part of any which the laboratory can investigate.

The origins, evolutions, and relativity which the latter does reveal are in part disconcerting and in part irrelevant. It has shown itself most competent and most decisive in dealing with those aspects of life which, when contemplated, are the most likely to disturb the equanimity of our souls. It has, that is to say, been most fruitful of result when it has attempted to trace our most exalted feelings back to their basis in some primitive physiological urge; to analyze our art into the elements which serve to excite and satisfy some appetite which seems, when so examined, trivial enough; or to demonstrate how completely our reason—which Shakespeare thought godlike and in which Spinoza thought he had found the realm which he could denominate as 'Of Human Freedom'—is in reality also in bondage to our passions and to be adequately described as a mere 'rationalization' of them. It has, then, humbled our dignity and clipped the wings of our aspirations, but its disconcerting revelations are more easily borne than the irrelevancies which result from the fact, mentioned above, that the stream of consciousness, and the conditioned preponderance of one impulse over the other with which it replaces the 'I' and the 'will' of our intimate experience, do not correspond with that experience or help us to understand its problems. To the man in the grip of a romantic passion and uncertain whether 'love is all' or merely an

infirmity of mind, the modern cure of souls can say no more than that the victim is suffering, perhaps, from a fixation; and the person in search of moral guidance who goes to the scientific studies of morality to get it will be vouchsafed the information that among certain of the South Sea Islanders modesty consists in taking care that the body is tattooed, or that in some other time and place the murder of one's superannuated grandparents was considered a duty. Doubtless the facts in both cases are true, but they are not recognizable in the experience with which the individual is called upon to deal, and they are in that sense irrelevant.

We went to science in search of light, not merely upon the nature of matter, but upon the nature of man as well, and though that which we have received may be light of a sort, it is not adapted to our eyes and is not anything by which we can see. Since thought began we have groped in the dark among shadowy shapes, doubtfully aware of landmarks looming uncertainly here and there — of moral principles, human values, aims, and ideals. We hoped for an illumination in which they would at last stand clearly and unmistakably forth, but instead they appear even less certain and less substantial than before — mere fancies and illusions generated by nerve actions that seem terribly remote from anything we can care about or based upon relativities that accident can shift. We had been assured that many troublesome shadows would flee away, that superstitious fears, irrational repugnances, and all manner of bad dreams would disappear. And so in truth very many have. But we never supposed that most of the things we cherished would prove equally unsubstantial, that all the aims we thought we vaguely perceived, all the

values we pursued, and all the principles we clung to were but similar shadows, and that either the light of science is somehow deceptive or the universe, emotionally and spiritually, is a vast emptiness.

Hopes are disappointed in strange and unexpected ways. When first we embrace them we fear, if we fear at all, some miscarriage in the details of our plan. We are anxious lest we should not be able to go where we hope to go, acquire what we hope to own, or gain the distinction we hope to win. But it is not thus that we are most frequently or most bitterly disappointed. We accomplish the journeys, assume the possessions, and receive the distinctions, but they are not what we thought them, and in the midst of success it is failure that we taste. It is not the expected thing but the effect that is lost, the advantages of possession or the joys of achievement which fail to materialize, in spite of the fact that it was never at that point that we feared a failure. And so it has been with modern science. It has marched from triumph to triumph, winning each specific victory more completely and more expeditiously than even its most enthusiastic prophet predicted, but those specific victories do not bear the fruits expected. Less follows than once seemed inevitable and we are disillusioned with success.

### III

Your scientist, impatient and a little scornful of the speculations, dreams, and fancies which have occupied the man ignorant of the laboratory and its marvels, is inclined to feel sure of his superiority when he insists that it is with *realities* that he deals; but it may be that by that statement he is destroying himself, since the contact of the human mind with reality is so slight

that two thousand years of epistemology have not been able to decide exactly what the nexus is, and it is easier to argue that our consciousness exists in utter isolation than to prove that it is actually aware of the external phenomena by which it is surrounded. Nor need we, in order to demonstrate this fact, confine ourselves to the consideration of such intangible things as those which have just been discussed, since the physical world of which we are aware through the senses is almost equally remote from that which the laboratory reveals.

The table before which we sit may be, as the scientist maintains, composed of dancing atoms, but it does not reveal itself to us as anything of the kind, and it is not with dancing atoms but with a solid and motionless object that we live. So remote is this 'real' table — and most of the other 'realities' with which science deals — that it cannot be discussed in terms which have any human value, and though it may receive our purely intellectual credence it cannot be woven into the pattern of life as it is led, in contradistinction to life as we attempt to think about it. Vibrations in the ether are so totally unlike, let us say, the color purple that the gulf between them cannot be bridged, and they are, to all intents and purposes, not one but two separate things of which the second and less 'real' must be the most significant for us. And just as the sensation which has led us to attribute an objective reality to a nonexistent thing which we call 'purple' is more important for human life than the conception of vibrations of a certain frequency, so too the belief in God, however ill founded, has been more important in the life of man than the germ theory of decay, however true the latter may be.

We may, if we like, speak in conse-

quence, as certain mystics love to do, of the different levels or orders of truth. We may adopt what is essentially a Platonistic trick of thought and insist upon postulating the existence of external realities which correspond to the needs and modes of human feeling, and which, so we may insist, have their being in some part of the universe unreachable by science. But to do so is to make an unwarrantable assumption and to be guilty of the metaphysical fallacy of failing to distinguish between a truth of feeling and that other sort of truth which is described as a 'truth of correspondence,' and it is better perhaps, at least for those of us who have grown up in an age of scientific thought, to steer clear of such confusions and to rest content with the admission that, though the universe with which science deals is the real universe, yet we do not and cannot have any but fleeting and imperfect contacts with it; that the most important part of our lives — our sensations, emotions, desires, and aspirations — takes place in a universe of illusions which science can attenuate or destroy, but which it is powerless to enrich.

But once we have made that admission we must guard ourselves against the assumption, hastily embraced by those who make the admission too gladly, that we have thereby liberated ourselves from all bondage to mere fact and freed the human spirit so that it may develop in its own way. The human world is not completely detached and autonomous. Since mind can function only through body, the one world is interpenetrated by the other. The two clash from time to time, and when they do so it is always the solider which must prevail, so that we dare not attempt to deny its existence. The world which our minds have created to meet our desires

and our needs exists precariously and on sufferance; it is shadowy and in-substantial for the very reason that there is nothing outside itself to correspond with it, and it hence must always be fragile and imperfect.

Science, to be sure, has sometimes imagined a wholly scientific man of the future, and the more thoroughgoing sort of scientist has sometimes predicted that the time would come when the world of the human mind would be precisely the world of the laboratory and nothing more. Conceiving a daily life far more thoroughly mechanized than that of to-day, — of a society that sped through the air at incredible speed, that took its nourishment in the form of concentrated pellets and generated its children from selected seeds in an annealed glass womb, — he has imagined man as possessed of a soul fit for such surroundings. To him the needs and emotions referred to in this essay as distinctly human are merely troublesome anachronisms destined to pass away when we have accustomed ourselves more completely to things as they are, and it is our business to get rid of them as rapidly as possible in order to hasten the coming of the happy being to whom the roar of wheels will be the sweetest melody and a laboratory the only tabernacle for which he feels any need.

But it must be remembered that before such a creature could come into being changes more fundamental than are sometimes imagined would have to take place, since, even if we confine our attention to his physical surroundings only, he would have to be one who lived no longer, as all of us do, in the world of appearances, but one for whom vibrations were more real than colors because the spectroscope and the interferometer were more natural than the eye. For him the table in its most intimate aspect would have to

be a swarm of dancing atoms, and not only all the art but all the thought and feeling of past humanity alien nonsense. We could understand him no more than we now understand the ant on the one hand or the dynamo on the other, and he would feel no kinship with us. And hence, though we may admit the possibility that the future belongs to him, we cannot feel any delight in it or make its possessor any concern of ours. It is to our humanity that we cling, because it is the thing which we recognize as ourselves, and if it is lost, then all that counts for us is lost with it.

What we have come to realize, then, is that the scientific optimism of which Huxley may be taken as a typical exponent was merely a new variety of faith, resting upon certain premises which are no more unassailable than those which have supported other vanished religions of the past. It had as its central dogma the assumption that truths (of correspondence) were necessarily useful, and that the human spirit flowered best in the midst of realities clearly perceived. After the manner of all religions, it instinctively refrained from any criticism of this essential dogma, and it was left to us in an age troubled by a new agnosticism to perceive how far this first article of the scientific creed is from being self-evidently true. Experience has taught us that the method of the laboratory has its limitation, and that the accumulation of scientific data is not, in the case of all subjects, useful. We have learned how certain truths — intimate revelations concerning the origin and mechanism of our deepest impulses — can stagger our souls, and how a clear perception of our lonely isolation in the midst of a universe which knows nothing of us and our aspirations paralyzes our will. We are aware, too, of the fact that art and

ethics have not flowered anew in the light, that we have not won a newer and more joyous acceptance of the universe, and we have come to realize that the more we learn of the laws of that universe — in which we constitute a strange incongruity — the less we shall feel at home in it.

Each new revelation fascinates us. We would not, even if we dared, remain ignorant of anything which we can learn, but with each new revelation we perceive so much the more clearly that half — perhaps the most important half — of all we are and desire to be can find no comfort or support in such knowledge, that it is useless to seek for correspondences between our inner world and the outer one when we know that no such correspondences exist. Many of the things which we value most have a relation to external Nature no more intimate than the relation of purple to vibrations of the ether, and the existence of such a relation can never be to us more than an academic fact. We are disillusioned with the laboratory, not because we have lost faith in the truth of its findings, but because we have lost faith in the power of those findings to help us as generally as we had once hoped they might help.

#### IV

And what, then, of the Age of Science? It began, perhaps, with the Renaissance, or perhaps with the beginning of the seventeenth century, which saw the first of its most magnificent triumphs, and it may not yet have reached its apogee. Is it destined to give way to some other age, named from some new predominant interest? Will it be looked back upon as an epoch whose limits, like the limits of others, can be recognized? Or is it, as some seem to think, a period which began

when, for the first time, the true method of inquiry was discovered, and which is hence certain to endure as long as the continuity of life is maintained? Is it something with a beginning, but no other end than the end of the story of mankind?

Not even a speculative answer can be given to that question unless we define more closely what we mean when we ask it, and certainly it is not likely that the time will ever come when the wheels of the machine will cease to turn or the door of the laboratory be closed. Fanatics, the antithesis of those who gladly envisage a more and more vertiginously mechanized world, have been known to express a wish that just that would happen. So violently have they hated the soul of the modern man that they have wished to erase from the record of history every thought and deed since the Renaissance, and have longed for the return of a new Middle Age hardly different from that which closed when new hopes were born.

But one need not have all of Huxley's faith to see the absurdity of such a programme. One can hardly embrace it without being willing at the same time to destroy a large part of the population of the earth, because only the devices of science make it possible for them to be supported; and, even if one accepted that condition, one can hardly wish for the return of those good old days when there was nothing but prayer to oppose to the ravishes of a plague or when a wounded limb rotted slowly but inevitably away. There is something to be grateful for also in the fact, for which the realism of science is largely responsible, that we are no longer likely to be burned at the stake because we hold too tenaciously an unpopular opinion concerning the nature of the Trinity which we feel it would involve damnation to relinquish,

and there are other benefits bestowed by science which we are not anxious to surrender. If we speak, then, of the possibility that the Age of Science may pass, we do not mean that science would thereupon cease to perform its functions. We are thinking rather of a time when those boundless hopes which Huxley cherished, and to which many still cling, shall have been definitely renounced, when science shall no longer be looked to as the universal nostrum, and when it shall no longer give its name to an epoch because it will no longer be the dominant interest of all the best minds.

Even this is not easy for us, born as we were in the midst of an age of faith, to imagine. We have grown accustomed both to the triumphs of science and to the gradual extension of its activities, until they have come to seem to us something inevitable. We can hardly conceive how they should cease to occur or by what process the tendencies they express should pass away; and yet, if we follow the method which science has taught us, if we will make a study of comparative intellectual religions, we may see how that which happened once may come about again.

There was once, as everyone knows, a time when deduction, or the method of metaphysics, had followers as devoted, as numerous, and as confident as ever were won by the rival system of inductive logic upon which science is based. The universities of the Middle Ages which sprang up over Europe and were filled with eager scholars were an expression of the extravagant hopes which the world then fastened upon the methods of the schoolmen just as surely as the laboratories now dotting the face of the earth are an expression of the hopes which science has inspired. In that day students flocked to the centres from

obscure corners just as they do now, and they were drawn for the same reason. Keen minds were attacking the most important problems which face mankind with a new weapon, and the syllogism was marching from triumph to triumph. Every problem seemed to yield to the strength of that mighty engine, a thrill not unlike that which we feel at the successful result of a new experiment went through the soul of the listening world of scholars when a new demonstration was achieved, and it seemed as though everything were ultimately knowable. Vast volumes, filled with certitudes and no less imposing in bulk than those our own age has produced, were written; and at last came one who summarized in one great work a systematic series of answers to all the questions a wise man would care to ask.

Little remains as a result of all this activity. Most of the writings it produced are couched in a jargon which only the specialized student can understand, and the veriest amateur of science will tell you, with a quiet confidence based upon a complete ignorance of the subject, that the schoolmen wasted their time. And how came it, then, that that which once seemed the greatest of human triumphs has sunk so low in the estimation of the world that few take even the trouble to find out what it was? Somehow the confidence which had been reposed in it oozed away and there was growing disillusion with the metaphysician not unlike that disillusion which is the subject of the present essay. Within its own world metaphysics was perfect, but it came to seem, like so much of modern science, less relevant to the life people led than at first it appeared to be. Men's realest needs and desires seemed to elude it, and the progress which it made was the progress of a squirrel in

its cage. Its irrefutable demonstrations made very little difference in the success of the lives of those who mastered them, and enthusiasm waned, not so much because of any failure upon which it was possible to put one's finger as because metaphysics did not seem to be helping people very rapidly along the road which they wished to travel.

And if we were compelled to sum up our criticism of modern science in a single phrase we could hardly find one better than this last — that it does not seem, so surely as once it did, to be helping us very rapidly along the road we wish to travel. We cannot make physical speed an end to be pursued very long after we have discovered that it does not get us anywhere, and neither can we long devote ourselves whole-heartedly to science except in those departments — like medicine, for example — that accomplish not merely results, but results which have an ultimate value.

This does not mean, as some are already suggesting, that we have reason to return with a new enthusiasm to metaphysics. The fact that science has not succeeded in many of her efforts does not make the failure of the

schoolmen any less evident; does not prove, for example, that he who finds Westermarck unsatisfactory will find what he is looking for in the pages of Saint Thomas. But it does mean, on the other hand, that the new instrument has begun, like the old, to reveal its limitations, and that our aim has once more eluded us. Huxley and the schoolman were essentially alike in that the ultimate aim of each was the establishment of a science of man founded upon an accurate and positive knowledge of his nature; and they were alike also in the fact that the failure of each served to demonstrate that human nature is too phantasmagorial, too insubstantial, too 'unreal' to submit to such treatment, that it must continue to exist precariously and, as it were, upon sufferance in a universe not made for it. It may be that in time the most honored volumes which the scientific study of human nature has produced will become as nearly unread as the *Summa Theologiae* itself, even though, in some still more distant future, they are rediscovered and revived in one of those oscillations of ever disappointed hope such as that which, at the present moment, is leading not a few back to Saint Thomas.

## WHEN THE CARIBOU FAILED

BY CAPTAIN THIERRY MALLET

### I

'CRACK!' went the whip. The sharp report tore the frozen stillness of the Barren Lands. A little white puff rose from the hard snow, showing where the end of the walrus-hide lash had harmlessly landed. The long low sleigh quivered and plunged forward, while the team of dogs, crouching low, dug their claws frantically in the ice of the lake and strained in their harness for more speed.

Seven dogs! All pure huskies! When I close my eyes I can see them now, after all these years.

A black and white leader. He always ran with his head turned back over his shoulder, watching the driver, when the man was n't breaking trail ahead. Then three brindles, all brothers, silent like wolves. Behind them a little white bitch, with one yellow spot on the right cheek. She was the best dog for her size I have ever known, but she had the bad habit of whining, sharp, eager little whines, each time she had to tug a little harder at her breastplate. After that, a roan, a rare color, like a blue fox. He was sulky and treacherous, always apt to bite the dog in front of him if he could reach him. And, last of all, an old seasoned traveler of five years, pure gray, who knew every trick of the game and always howled to the skies when he felt a blizzard coming. He was my special pet in camp.

Yes, it was a great team, the best I think I have ever had, and that day my

guide and I were urging them for all they were worth.

The long bleak frozen lake stretched due north. We could already make out the end of it, through the haze, the vague outline of rocky hills, wind-swept, desolate, snow patches in the hollows gleaming white against the gray of the stone.

It was in the dead of winter, and the cold was terrific. There was no trail. We were traveling close to the shore, on the glare ice, walking or running behind the sleigh. A light breeze was blowing from the west in uneven gusts. And when those gusts came, the little rifts of snow would curl up suddenly like wisps of white smoke, lashing our left cheek and making us turn away in an agony of pain. Meanwhile the dogs shrank also, veering toward land, until a crack of the whip straightened them out on their course.

It was noon, I remember. We were looking for a small band of inland Eskimos, led by an old man called Kakarmik. He was supposed to be trapping somewhere at the end of the lake and we had to find out if all was well with his people. He was new to the district and we wanted to meet him and tell him where he could trade in his furs next spring.

Mile after mile went by. Then a rope on the sleigh snapped, a small part of the load slipping off. While we repaired the accident, we noticed that three of the dogs, instead of lying down and

resting curled up with their backs to the wind, remained standing, looking ahead and sniffing high in the air.

Climbing on the top of the load, I searched the end of the lake with my glasses and picked out a small dark speck which was moving. It was a man, the first one we had seen since we had started traveling twenty days ago, and in the utter desolation of that frozen desert the sight of the tiny, living dot seemed to fill the horizon with color and movement.

Half an hour later we were in plain sight of the whole band of Eskimos. The igloos were built on a rocky point, while the entire tribe seemed to be scattered a mile or so out on the ice.

'Fishing,' was our thought, and at once we knew that our friends were in a bad way. No Eskimo fishes inland through the ice in winter unless he has missed the herds of caribou in the fall and has been unable to stock up with meat and fat until the next spring.

'Starving,' was my guide's curt remark a few minutes later.

Then, three men who had been watching us with their small telescopes started running toward our sleigh. They still had their fish spears in their hands. We stopped our team and looked at each other thoughtfully. We were not frightened of the Eskimos, for we knew them well. But starving men in the Barren Lands are not easily handled at times, and our precious stock of food, with our seven dogs, might have proved too much of a temptation.

We had a rifle with us, but the thought of showing it never entered our minds. In the North neither white men nor red men ever use firearms except on game. The days of murder have long since gone, notwithstanding printed stories to the contrary. We simply waited, anxiously, wondering what would happen.

As soon as the first man arrived

within earshot, he began calling out and waving. In a few seconds we understood his words. 'Bad ice — look out — turn round — pass near the shore.' With a few muttered words of relief, we slewed the excited team back in a wide circle and, obeying instructions, made our way past the igloos on the point to where all the Eskimos were standing.

Kakarmik, the old chief, was the first to greet us. Then we had to shake hands with everyone, man, woman, and child, even the babies in their mothers' hoods — a tedious job when it is forty degrees below and one must keep one's double fur mitts on. After that, as quickly as possible, my guide explained who we were, from where we came, when we had to go back, and the reason for our trip.

Kakarmik thanked us for our visit. His description of local conditions was exactly what we had guessed at first.

Being new to the district, the band had reached too late the place where the caribou cross the river in tens of thousands on their migration south, and had only been able to spear a few stragglers. After that they had spent weary weeks scouring the country in vain for smaller herds. Winter settling down in earnest, Kakarmik had finally decided to camp at the end of the lake where the water was shallow and the ice thin because of the current of the mighty river flowing from there down to the Arctic Ocean. His only solution was to fish, and, since he had no nets, to spear through holes in the ice, where the men, crouching behind a small windshield, watched all day long.

The fishing had been good at first. But now it was poor, very poor. When a man caught four fish of three or four pounds every twenty-four hours, he could consider himself very lucky. They had only four spears to feed seventeen people. He didn't count the

small babies at the breast. Half of them had already died, and he expected the rest to go soon. They had no dogs. They had eaten them all. They were going to stay here another week, in the hope that the fishing would improve. But, if it did not, then he would leave for a certain lake he knew, twelve days' walking to the northwest. There he thought he might perhaps find musk ox.

Yes, they had three rifles and enough ammunition. He knew the risk he would have to take. In fact, he expected that half the band — even more — would fall on the way, but he would take the chance if the fish were going to fail entirely. And, did we have food, over and above what we needed for our return trip — twenty days?

The guide and I looked at each other. There stood a band of Eskimos on the point of sheer, complete starvation. Numbering seventeen to the two of us, still they made no move to seize our food and our dogs. Obeying the eternal law of the North, they took it for granted that we had to keep our team so as to be able to travel back south to wherever we lived, and enough food, so much per man and per dog, per day, to last the distance we had to cover. They simply asked us if we had, by any chance, a surplus of food. Without hesitation we unpacked our whole outfit and laid out our complete stock on the ice.

While a woman kept our dogs quiet under the threat of the whip, we sorted out and counted the dog food, fish, then our own caribou meat. Traveling north of the trees, we had only a little gasoline stove, to boil our tea. The meat we ate raw, trusting to be able to last on it until we found our cache on our way back, at the trees, where wood and fire would enable us to cook again and eat pork and beans and flour cakes.

Twenty days of traveling! Seven dogs! Three fish per dog per day. They

were very small fish. That meant four hundred and twenty fish. We found that we actually had four hundred and fifty. We put the balance of thirty aside. Then we cut down the dog allowance to two fish a day, thus adding one hundred and forty fish to the thirty. As far as our own meat was concerned, we gave them forty pounds of it, keeping eighty for ourselves. We offered them tea, but they refused it, as they had no fat to use with moss for fuel in their little stone lamps.

Kakarmik distributed the fish and meat there and then, so much per head, and in a few minutes every Eskimo had gone to the igloos to eat.

As we turned south, after saying good-bye to the old chief, we noticed a young woman standing a few hundred yards ahead of us. When we got up to her, she beckoned and we stopped. She was very thin and very, very weak. She told us that she was an orphan from another tribe and, having been taken up through charity and having absolutely no relations, she was not receiving her proper share of the daily catch. Therefore she was starving, and she begged us for one fish, — one fish from our dog food, — just one, for her alone, adding that she would eat it at once, there on the ice, before the others found her and took it away from her.

She was very pathetic, with her thin face all blackened with frostbite, and she made little pleading gestures with her hands in her anxiety to make us understand that she was dying on her feet from hunger.

We took a fish out of the bag. I chose it carefully. It was a whitefish, weighing about three pounds, very fat, and frozen, of course, as hard as a piece of granite. When I handed it to the girl I could see her trembling with excitement. One of her legs, in the big caribou trouser and boot, started shaking so badly that she nearly pitched

forward on the sleigh, and the saliva began to drip from the corner of her mouth, freezing when it reached her chin.

As soon as she had the fish in her arms she tried to bite a piece out of it. But her teeth failed her. The guide gave her our little axe. Putting the fish down on the ice, she tried to chop it in pieces, but she was too weak and she missed it. The man had to cut it up for her. And then it was an awful sight to watch her gobble the chunks and swallow them whole, hardly munching. When she had eaten a large portion, she gathered the remains and hid them in her clothing, against her bare skin, where they would thaw and where she could reach them easily, without attracting attention.

When we turned round to have a last look at the igloos, she was halfway back to the shore. She had stopped walking, and was sitting on the ice, facing us. As we waved at her she did not make a sign, but she bent her head down to her chest. I suppose she was having another mouthful of fish before getting back to the others.

And during the twenty days of our trip south, to the trees and our fur outpost, every night when my guide and I lay side by side in the same fur bag, under the little canvas tent, we both pondered over the fate of Kakarmik's tribe, while the face of the starving woman haunted our dreams as soon as we fell asleep.

## II

Six months later I returned to the Barren Lands, in the same district. I was traveling by canoe with two Indians. My guide of the winter was somewhere north of me and I had arranged to meet him at the northern end of the lake where I had seen Kakarmik and his band in January.

Leisurely I proceeded on my way

north. It was toward the end of July and the bleak rugged country had changed into its summer garb. No more snow — a few patches of greenish moss and stunted willows scattered about between the gray rocks. No more ice — but miles and miles of sapphire-blue water. Hundreds and thousands of caribou plodding north, keeping high on the crest of the hills, seeking the wind so as to avoid the black flies. White gulls soaring aimlessly about the lake. Ducks and geese flying back and forth over their nesting grounds. White foxes — invisible — barking defiantly somewhere in the rocks. Thousands of small birds twittering and flitting about their nests on the ground. And proud piebald cock ptarmigans drumming and crowing everywhere, perched on the stones all along the shore line.

I pitched my camp at last on the same point where I had seen the igloos seven months before. Not a sign of life anywhere. And there I waited a whole week before my guide arrived. My thoughts at all times were with Kakarmik and his small band of Eskimos. No one, south, had received any news of them since I had last met the tribe in the dead of winter.

Had they been able to ward off starvation where I had seen them until the first caribou had returned in the spring? Or had they risked the big adventure and faced death in their search for musk ox, away, far away, somewhere on the shores of the big lake unknown to all of us but Kakarmik?

For a whole week I pondered, and then suddenly, from far out on the lake, just before sunset, I saw my man coming from the northwest in a canoe manned by three Eskimos.

It was a beautiful evening, such as one sees so often in the far North during the summer. The horizon was blood red. The canoe, silhouetted in

black across the flaming background, glided through waters as still as a mirror and of all the hues of the rainbow. The regular splash of the paddles woke the echoes of the hills behind me, while the scattered drops of water fell back on the surface of the lake, around the canoe, like tongues of fire.

Silently I watched the four men coming nearer and nearer until the bow of the canoe grinded softly on the sand of the beach and remained still.

The guide walked up the bank. So did the Eskimos. They belonged to a band from the east and I knew them well. We all shook hands, silently. Such is the way men greet one another in the wilderness.

After a few seconds, when the white man had found a flat stone to sit on, and lit his pipe, carefully and slowly, I looked at him. 'Well.' He knew what I meant. He took the pipe out of his mouth and turned the bowl slowly in his hand, gazing at it thoughtfully. Then, moving sideways, his eyes found mine. 'All dead,' he answered, and after that, a second or so later, as an afterthought, 'I found them all.'

Although I expected the news in a way, his few terse words stunned me and I remained silent. Meanwhile the three Eskimos, who guessed what had been said in English, remained squatting in front of me, watching my face with unscrutable half-closed eyes.

Finally I asked what had happened, and this was the story I heard.

That spring, before the ice had left the lake, my man had returned to the very spot where we had last seen Kakarmik. The igloos were still there, but the camp was deserted. There were no fresh signs. One could see at a glance that the Eskimos had gone away months before. He decided to travel northwest, toward the other lake that the old chief had told us about. He took the three eastern Eskimos with

him and first crossed the lake he was on. For half a day they all searched for tracks on the shore, as they had to find out exactly where Kakarmik and his band had started their walk inland. Then they found sure signs. First a bunch of traps, then a skin bundle of extra caribou blankets, finally a grave — just a few small stones scattered over the body of a very small child.

From the lay of the land it was easy after that to guess that the band of Eskimos must have taken a sort of coulee, like a small valley, winding its way more or less northwest. My guide took a chance and started walking up that trail. There were no tracks on the ground, as the thin snow had been swept away by the wind or had melted under the first rays of the sun. For a whole day the four men did not see anything that could make them believe that they were on the right trail. Then, all at once, they began finding things — a fish spear, a telescope, an axe, a snow knife, two pairs of boots.

Not only did they know then that they were on the right track, but they soon guessed what had happened. The weak, straggling band of starving natives had begun there to discard all extra weight. A little later they came across, in a hollow, a half-melted ice screen, like a portion of an igloo wall. There the Eskimos must have huddled together and slept during the first night. A mile farther the white man, walking ahead, found the body of a woman, still half frozen, untouched by any preying animal. The three Eskimos recognized her and named her at once. It was the girl to whom we had given the one fish.

From there on the trail was strewn with every loose article the band had been carrying. It was easy to see that the pace had begun to tell and that the dying natives had decided to throw away everything they had except the

rifles. After that, during seven weary days, my man followed the trail by the dead bodies. Generally one alone; sometimes two, side by side; once three, sitting in a group, close to one another behind a rock.

They counted the dead carefully. The band consisted of seventeen souls originally, not including the babies. Kakarmik seven months ago had told us seventeen, meaning from the youngest child who could walk, without being carried at any time, up to himself.

Well, they finally found the old man. He seemed to have been the last to fall. He was lying on his face, halfway up a little slope, but he had no rifle beside him. They searched around for a long time, but did not find it, although the two other firearms had been accounted for with the two last bodies.

It was then that the three Eskimos told my man that Kakarmik's body was the sixteenth and that someone was still missing. The guide checked up carefully and came to the conclusion that they were right; but, although the Eskimos knew each one of Kakarmik's band, they did not seem to be able to name the seventeenth.

The four men decided to go on toward the lake. For five hours they walked without finding anything—and then, just as they were going to give up, they came across the last body.

It was a girl—a little girl of twelve or thereabouts. The three Eskimos remembered her name. And right alongside of her body there lay the third rifle, with a small bag of cartridges.

### III

That is the story my man told me. The sun had gone down before he stopped talking and it was past midnight. There was n't a breath of wind on the lake. Right above, the

northern lights shimmered and danced in the sky.

I left the four men without a word and went to my tent. I was tired, suddenly, so tired that I could hardly lift my feet from the ground. I lay down in my blankets and closed my eyes. But I could n't sleep. I never slept during the whole night. I just lay there, opening my eyes now and then to stare at the gray silk roof over my head.

I expected a tragedy. Starvation, after all, is a common occurrence in the far North. I was prepared for it, in a way, the very minute I said good-bye to Kakarmik during the winter. My man's report was no more tragic than many stories I had heard before, elsewhere, north of sixty-two. My thoughts, in fact, did not even dwell on Kakarmik himself, nor on the young woman whom we had saved seven months before with the one fish from our dog food.

What haunted me was the thought of the little girl, the last one to survive — then to die, all alone.

The little girl of twelve, who managed to keep up until the very end because her mother probably had fed her with hidden scraps before she herself fell dead on the trail.

The little girl who saw the other members of the tribe sink one by one and die on the frozen land.

The little girl left all alone, hundreds of miles from anywhere, in a strange desert of ice and snow, with nothing but a sense of direction inherited from the old chief.

The little girl who never thought of giving in, even then, but who grasped the last rifle and went on and on, blindly, in the deathly arctic winter,—on and on,—true to the right direction followed by her elders,—on and on,—with the unfailing courage of her race, until death, at last, mercifully struck her down.

## ESCAPE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

I AM pavilioned here from past and present;  
From yesterday and from to-morrow locked:  
I sit and watch that flashing bird, the pheasant,  
Plunge by me while the heavy peace is rocked  
With the swift fire of his sweeping plumes.  
Save for that instant edged in flame no sound  
Snarls in the somnolent and level looms:  
The bees with loaded baskets brush the ground;  
Or an occasional painted horsefly grooms  
Himself in sunlight, brisk, serene, profound;  
Or from the bluebell's balcony a bird  
Like the muezzin from his minaret  
Calls out the holy interval word for word;  
The late light pauses golden with regret;  
A leaf snaps loose; there is no other sound.

I am a cell where silence like a bee  
Packs down one radiant and essential hour;  
I am a door sewed up with subtlety  
Of silver by a spider's rapid power;  
Between me and the world an armistice  
Hangs by a thread as delicate as hair:  
The yellow jacket is aware of this,  
The droning dragon fly is well aware.  
And if the sword fall, if the serpent hiss,  
If beauty cannot save me, if despair  
Is forced upon me as a habit — how  
Shall I believe in grass or song or sun  
Or any bird diving from bough to bough  
Like a fish with wings? How shall I, having none,  
Escape the hawk's black circles in the air?

# THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE MODERN MIND

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

## I

I SUPPOSE that a Catholic priest will answer or, anyhow, say something concerning the anonymous Catholic priest who wrote about the Catholic Church in recent numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. There were so many things in his article having to do with seminaries, and presbyteries, and the priest's compartment of the confessional, that only a priest could be expected to deal with such points in an informed and instructive fashion. Whether any priest will believe it is worth while to do so is quite another thing. But meanwhile there are several reasons which incline me to the opinion that a layman may with propriety venture to express his thoughts on some of the many subjects brought forward for consideration in these extraordinary articles.

First, it is a layman, Mr. John Hearley, who introduced and vouched for the anonymous priest; and in doing so Mr. Hearley made some remarkable, indeed sensational statements, which, as it happens, the present writer considers highly questionable. Secondly, there never has been a time when Catholic laymen have not been keenly, and quite often cantankerously, ready to discuss the Church; and therefore, aside from the special point mentioned above, — namely, my qualifications to deal with some of the amazing statements made by Mr. Hearley, which I will describe in a moment or two, — I deem it fitting that a Catholic layman

should ask the privilege of being heard when he considers that he has a proper occasion to bear witness to what he deems to be the truth about the most important thing in our world to-day, which is the Catholic Church. And thirdly — but no! ‘And thirdly’ twangs too much of a sermon. Let that third point wait; we shall come to it later on, in any case, and the two reasons already given are, I trust, enough to go on with.

As I attempt to do so I find myself facing a distasteful mode of action, which I am constrained, though most reluctantly, to adopt by the fact that this particular discussion is acutely personal — one in which abstract facts are less important (not, of course, in themselves, but in the part they play in the discussion) than the somewhat emotional and even dramatic atmosphere created by Mr. Hearley's novelistic ‘preface’ to the anonymous articles of the priest, and by the priest's own pathetic prelude, or foreword, to those articles. As it happens, I am not in a position consistently to object to this manner of dealing with the subject of religion, having myself written a long book soaked in subjectivism and intensely personal, about how and why I left the Catholic Church and how and why I returned. All the same, I do not like to feel myself obliged to adopt that tone again. When Mr. Squeers asked one of the wretched schoolboys at Dotheboys Hall to spell ‘window,’ and

the urchin answered 'w-i-n-d-e-r,' he was instantly, and I think very properly, told to go and clean it. In the book to which I refer, as Mr. Hearley in his preface refers to those of his experiences which are related to his subject, I tried to spell my answer to the questions propounded by the Master of the school of life, and I had hoped that during the rest of my time in that school I might devote myself to the even harder task of cleaning windows — letting in more light, more warmth, more life — in a word, trying my best to be a Catholic, instead of making myself painfully conspicuous by talking to other people about the matter. We are all little children in the universal school of the Catholic Church, and all children — except the spoiled ones — hate nothing more than 'showing off,' or being forced to stumble through their lessons publicly. However, the Head of this school is somewhat more indulgent than the pragmatical Mr. Squeers, and takes the will for the deed when we stumble.

So if I now proceed to trace very briefly an outline of some of my personal experiences, which so curiously coincide with or parallel some of Mr. Hearley's, I hope my lack of reticence is justified under the circumstances. For Mr. Hearley declares that certain things are unquestionably true which I emphatically deny to be true. I do not believe that either Mr. Hearley or I can prove our opposing contentions, either logically or in a law-court fashion. Neither could we possibly grant each other's major premise. Mr. Hearley says not only that the Catholic Church is false, but that it is deliberately false. I say not only that the Catholic Church is true, but that it is divinely true; that, quite literally, God founded it, as Napoleon founded his empire, or Henry Ford his business; and that God sustains and directs it,

to-day as in its beginning, and so onward, *in saecula saeculorum*. I think that both propositions are 'unprovable,' certainly in any ordinary sense of that word. The same thing applies to other statements made by Mr. Hearley, and by me, on points of lesser importance, yet very important for all that. It is, then, really Mr. Hearley's word against mine, and mine against his. It might possibly be said that the whole affair is verbal wrangling — but no! There is such a thing as truth, and unless we are in a world of mere madness and chance materialism, — and of course we are not, — what is true will prevail, and will last. We must all say and do as best we may what we believe to be true, and truth itself will test our sayings and our doings — the one fact that justifies religious, and indeed all kinds of, controversy.

I hope I need not say that I am not challenging Mr. Hearley's veracity. I simply question the credibility of his statements, which — so far, at least — depend upon the evidence he has presented of his own qualifications as a witness in this matter, except at one point where he quotes an unnamed informant, not the anonymous author of the articles. In doing so, I set over against Mr. Hearley's presentation of his experiences and observations a somewhat similar statement of mine. In other words, if Mr. Hearley is an 'expert' in the court of public opinion, in this matter, so am I.

For, like Mr. Hearley, I too am a journalist. I too was born a Catholic. I too, at about the age of fourteen, entered those doldrums of doubt and perplexity traversed by sudden squalls and storms of emotion which most adolescents know in religious matters, and others as well. I knew 'the confusing, baffling influences' of many writers of many kinds, including those listed by Mr. Hearley. I also knew

Rome. And, like Mr. Hearley, I too 'lost my Catholic faith.' In my case, I became a Socialist, after looking for Utopias in many strange places and strange ways, including Helicon Hall. Again like Mr. Hearley, I had my attractions toward Anglicanism. I still, after many years, feel gratitude for the friendly interest in me so generously shown by Dr. Codman, afterward Bishop Codman, in Boston. I recall the incense and the processions at St. Mary the Virgin's, in New York, and how, being deeply though perhaps vaguely moved by Dr. Barry's splendid sermons on mysticism, I troubled him with a letter or two, which were very civilly answered. But I turned into more curious byways in the quest of my high romance, taking more than a peep into the tangled mysteries of theosophy and occultism. Like Mr. Hearley, I too read William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*; and followed up my reading by going on a pilgrimage to Cambridge and interviewing the philosopher for a magazine. I remember how moved I was by my meeting and conversation with that fine gentleman and kind soul. (No doubt I bored him rather dreadfully by my immature ideas. 'Yes,' he wrote to me later on, when I had rushed into print with some of them; 'yes, I suppose something of what you say is something like the views I hold; but you say it with a megaphone!') By him I was introduced to Wincenty Lutoslawski, the 'Polish Yogi,' who that year was giving the Lowell lectures and who wanted me to go to Africa with him and help him start a colony of mystics. (Perhaps William James was trying to get rid of me in a way congenial to my own bizarre interests.)

Many other experiences might be mentioned; but surely these are enough; with only this to be added — namely,

that during most of this period, some twenty years, I was (I hope honestly, but am not at all sure about that) convinced that if our poor, suffering, deluded, yearning, questing humanity had one undoubted enemy barring its progress, tampering with its liberty, and obscuring its enlightenment, that enemy, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, was the Catholic Church. But I never held, as Mr. Hearley does, that the Catholic Church was 'deliberately' false, and that in 'Rome, the kitchen of the Pope,' skilled hands prepared the foods of falsity for the world-wide Church.

## II

Having thus separated from Mr. Hearley on one important matter, I may drop cataloguing our similarities and proceed to a more particular examination of those points in Mr. Hearley's experiences that are peculiarly his own. As a young man, he was in quest of 'the purest modern reflection of primitive Christianity,' but he found 'no trace of apostolic footprints in the present-day unevangelical field of Catholic theology.' Having presumably completed his own exhaustive study of the history, traditions, and literature of the primitive period of Christianity, and of the entire field of Catholic theology since primitive times (a fairly stiff task in itself, I should fancy, for a young man, or an old one either; but I suppose there was no help for such a case; a modernist could n't, of course, accept anything on mere authority; he would have to do the job himself to be sure of it), Mr. Hearley reached the conclusion stated above as to the deliberate falsity of Catholicism — a conclusion apparently confirmed by his observations at Rome.

After leaving Rome, Mr. Hearley met the American priest whose work

he introduced to the readers of the *Atlantic*. To this priest he related his story. By him he was assured that 'the God of humanity will set your topsy-turvy religious house to rights.' He was also told by this 'indulgent father' that 'the more highly organized, the more ecclesiastically authoritative the Church is, the less conspicuous the religion of good works among its members.' Mr. Hearley, upon returning to the United States, made inquiries which showed him that this priest was 'a prominent professor at a Catholic college in the West. For thirteen years his public writings on religious subjects had enjoyed the episcopal imprimatur of approval. To the hierarchy's outer eye he was orthodox, or at least sufficiently orthodox to be tolerated.'

Mr. Hearley's inquiries, he goes on to say, disclosed other 'extraordinary facts.' The priest was one of a growing number of Catholic clergymen 'who in their own consciences were interpreting the Church in terms of personal experience and modern science. The fetish of ecclesiastical authority grew more and more difficult to bear. Some opposed celibacy and advocated marriage for the clergy. Some favored public-school education over parochial-school education. . . .' This state of things was kept a close secret until Mr. Hearley lifted the veil. The Catholic 'modernists' have been hoping for a 'peaceful religious revolution in the Church itself.' If they revealed themselves, 'they, like Luther or the more recent Loisy, would be forced from the Church. Their Catholic influence would be gone.' They have reconciled this policy with their conscience because they were 'acting not only in the light of reason but according to the instinct of conscience as well. Catholic modernism is nothing but an honest and holy attempt at

the resurrection of the undogmatized Church of the first three centuries.'

Mr. Hearley tells us that during the period of his quest he had spoken with some six or seven Catholic priests about his religious difficulties. He gives as his sole informant concerning the 'modernists' among the Catholic clergy an unnamed 'Catholic physician.' There is nothing to show how many priests he talked or corresponded with on this matter, if any. I do not like to question Mr. Hearley's facts, if facts they are. He himself may have been deceived, wittingly or unwittingly, by his informant. All I can say is that, if true, the facts form an exceedingly startling and important revelation. For nearly fifteen years I have been almost exclusively engaged in Catholic journalism and authorship, or activities connected with the work of the Church as an employee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. I have met and talked with priests throughout this country, and in Canada, and in Rome. These priests belong to scores of dioceses; they include members of many religious orders, writers, teachers, missionaries, city and country clergy, social workers, scholars, artists, contemplatives (followers of the mystical life), scientists, musicians — in a word, priests of all types. I have carried on correspondence with many whom I have never met. I have been the recipient of intimate confidences. I have listened to many, many stories of hardships and difficulties, of misunderstood motives, of troubles with those in authority, of heartbreaking disappointments and failures. I have known, or at least I have known about, one or two 'fallen' priests — namely, unhappy individuals who were barred from the sacred ministry because of notorious personal faults, or who themselves left the Church for such reasons. I have never personally known

even one priest who left the Church because of intellectual or spiritual difficulties, or who seems likely to do so. Of course, I know there are a number — not a large, indeed a remarkably small number — who have done so. When have they not, since the very beginning? Faith, after all, is faith, and not a mechanistic instinct. 'Do what you will' is still the law, if not exactly in the same sense as it was understood at Rabelais's *Thélème*.

My acquaintance also includes — necessarily includes, because of the nature of my professional duties as editor of a lay Catholic journal — a very wide acquaintance with American Catholic laymen, of many and of highly various opinions, from those who lay the strongest stress upon organized social-service activities as the most effective means of doing their share of religious work to those who devote themselves almost exclusively to attempting their personal sanctification in what is called the contemplative, or mystical, life. And never, until I read Mr. Hearley's article, have I dreamed that there was even a small group of such priests or laymen as he describes existing to-day in the United States. It strikes me as a ridiculous statement.

So does his statement that he 'marked in despair how the Christlike voice of Dr. John A. Ryan of the National Catholic Welfare Council cried in an American Catholic wilderness.'

Also the statement bewilders me. Dr. John A. Ryan is an honored and distinguished professor at the Catholic University. His successive books on economic and other questions have been well received and thoughtfully reviewed by a large number of American Catholic magazines and newspapers. It is well known that he played a leading part in drawing up the famous statement on 'Social Reconstruction: A General Review of the Problems and

Survey of Remedies,' issued by the four bishops of the administrative committee of the National Catholic War Council, composed of all the archbishops and bishops of the United States, out of which grew the National Catholic Welfare Conference of to-day — a statement which was not only circulated throughout the length and breadth of the country, but which was advertised in the leading daily newspapers, calling forth a volume of editorial discussion and comment, favorable or adverse, though mostly favorable, which completely filled a huge volume of clippings. If Dr. John A. Ryan's voice is crying in an American Catholic wilderness, it is certainly not the fault of the Catholic Church.

There is no doubt that many Catholic priests, including bishops, do not agree with Dr. Ryan's views. It is also quite true that the Catholic laity as a whole have so far not been deeply affected by his economic opinions. But to insinuate, as Mr. Hearley does, fault to the Catholic Church in the United States, or in Rome, for the indifference or apathy or opposition encountered by Dr. Ryan — who suffers here as all pioneers of new or advanced views inevitably must suffer — is so amazing that this fact alone quite shakes my confidence in Mr. Hearley's knowledge and powers of judgment alike. As for his personal views of the Church, so far as they are personal and do not lead him into such extraordinary statements as the two with which I have just dealt, I can only pass them by — sympathetically, I trust, and also sorrowfully. To me there is nothing more deplorable than the loss of faith in the Catholic Church on the part of any of its children. I will attempt to indicate my reasons for so thinking a little later on, after first saying whatever I deem it proper and becoming in a Catholic layman to say about the

article by the anonymous priest to which Mr. Hearley writes what I can only term so trivial and, unwittingly, mendacious a preface — trivial in all but the sad circumstance that it describes his own loss of faith.

### III

As I began by saying, only a priest could adequately traverse the statements made by the anonymous clergyman introduced so theatrically by Mr. Hearley, but even a layman finds so much to wonder at that it may be well to touch upon a few of the points causing lay wonderment, first remarking that what I say was not suggested to me by any priest, and that, where I go beyond my own notions or information, the points dealt with were suggested by another layman, one of the contributors to my journal.

We were both struck by the singular ignorance of Catholic teaching displayed by this clergyman who for thirty years, we are told, has been a pastor and a professor — ignorance that perhaps deserves the harsher name of misrepresentation. Why, too, does he open his article with the rhetorical question, 'Why don't priests marry?' and then drop the question so precipitately without giving any account of the Church's reasons for imposing celibacy on its clergy, after insinuating that the Church wholly depends upon Saint Paul's advice, or, really, his remark, that 'he that is without a wife is solicitous for the things of the Lord: how he may please God. But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world: how he may please his wife. And he is divided'? In every Catholic handbook touching on this subject it is stated that Saint Paul was speaking of all men, without special reference to the clergy, as the anonymous priest must

know. The Church's argument for celibacy, based upon the text of Saint Paul, is simply an argument *a fortiori*, and goes something like this: 'If what Paul says is true for all men, that they can serve God better without marrying, how much more true of the priest, whose whole life is to be devoted to God's interests.' The argument has simply what theologians call *suasive* force. There are, as every fairly well informed layman knows, — and how much more the clergy! — all sorts of practical reasons for the disciplinary matter of clerical celibacy, economic reasons prominent among them, none of which reasons are so much as hinted at by the anonymous author. The same disingenuous treatment is at work when he goes on to say that 'most priests have made their decision to renounce the world and its pleasures . . . when they were as yet children.' As priests are at least twenty-four years old when they take their vows, it would hardly seem correct to term them children.

The same unfair and distorting mode of treatment comes out when the anonymous author trots forth that veritable bogey of a word, 'casuistry,' a word which has gained in the pages of ignorant or hostile writers about the Catholic Church something of the same diabolical malodor that is evoked in the black belt of bigotry by the word 'Jesuit.' He writes, 'In moral theology, solutions are generally obtained by casuistry. Volumes are written, filled with moral cases of which the author states the solution. The student studies these. Thus he is educated in moral principles.' This is something almost topsy-turvy, so far is it from the truth about the way seminarians are trained for the priesthood.

If you define casuistry as 'the solution of special problems of right and duty by the application of general

ethical or legal principles,' it would be true to say that all individual cases are solved by casuistry in secular and religious courts as well as in the court of conscience. If, however, casuistry is taken to mean 'oversubtle and dishonest reasoning applied to particular cases,' the anonymous charge is merely false. Our author has not troubled himself about clarity of definition; he is repeating an old accusation against the theologians urged by those who were ignorant of the nature of Catholic studies. There are, indeed, volumes that are full of moral cases, in which theologians solve these cases which they have proposed by a full discussion of the principles involved. Legal men will find little to blame in this study of case law. When, however, we examine the practice of Catholic seminaries, we find that this branch of moral study is relegated to a minor place, and that the student is taught from volumes which contain nothing but an explanation of the principles of conduct and an analysis of the content of law. The ordinary textbooks in use are the works of Vermeesch, Noldin, Lehmkuhl, Prummer, Genicot, Capella, Tanqueray, Sabetti-Barrett, and so forth. Not one of these is 'a volume filled with moral cases of which the author states the solution.' They contain a rigid and scientific analysis of the nature of responsibility, the ideas of obligation, of law, of conscience. They contain treatises on justice and the nature of contracts. They contain no cases for solution; they are books dealing with principles, and a mastery of their content, under the guidance of a competent professor, furnishes the young priest's education in moral principles. One hour a week devoted to 'case solutions,' with about six hours devoted to the study of the principles in the light of which the student tackles the cases, is about

the average. The statement of the anonymous author, with its unworthy sneer, proves on examination to be utterly misleading.

So do his remarks on several other matters — for example, his statement that the Catholic laity are taught that they need not bother their heads about what is going on, in Latin, at Mass. 'The law which makes it a mortal sin to miss Mass on the days appointed does not call for any intelligent attention,' he writes. 'Physical presence fulfills the precept.' He goes on to say: 'The law requiring him [the priest] to say this daily portion of prayer [his Divine Office] does not, however, oblige him to follow the meaning of the words. He need but formulate the words with his lips and tongue.'

The two Church, or ecclesiastical, laws here referred to impose a very serious obligation, and their violation is a grave matter. The limits of their content are therefore strictly defined, but they are not the whole law. Behind them lies the natural law (or divine law) of more direct fundamental importance which governs all prayer. Prayer is, in the Catholic view, an *ascensus mentis in Deum*, an elevation of the soul to God; and, from the very nature of man who prays to God, his sovereign Lord demands all the reverence of which man, having due regard to the circumstances under which he prays, is capable. This law is universal in its application, since it arises from the very nature of the ties that bind man to God. It applies to all prayer and cannot be abrogated or diminished in its force by any Church law. It is presupposed in every law dealing with prayer. Our anonymous writer, in citing the two ecclesiastical laws, would have the non-Catholic infer that the reading of the Office and attendance at Mass are for Catholics merely mechanical acts, and condemns the

Church for mere formalism. He might as well find fault with the traffic regulations by citing the law regulating speed and complaining that there is no provision here for the proper lighting of vehicles traveling in the dark. A well-trained Catholic schoolboy could explain that deliberate irreverence and inattention at Mass are always sinful, but under certain conditions do not violate the additional precept enjoining physical presence. As a matter of fact, the precept goes a little further than the anonymous theologian asserts; besides physical presence, it requires at least the absence of any occupation which is incompatible with the hearing of Mass devoutly. Deliberate inattention during prayer, if not excusable on legitimate grounds, is always sinful in the Catholic view.

But it is when this singular priest begins to write about the Sacrament of Penance, commonly known as Confession, that a layman begins most sadly to ask himself if he really can be a priest at all, so woefully is this solemn, this delicate, this holy, this beautiful, this truly divine thing, this consolation of consolations, misrepresented. For instance, he gives what he terms a typical confession, 'some such narrative as this: "I missed my morning prayers twice and my evening prayers three times; I failed to say my grace at meals once; I had bad thoughts several times, but did n't take pleasure in them." Though this list theologically does not indicate the semblance of a sin, the penance is imposed and absolution is pronounced. . . . It is easy to see how a great sacrament can become almost a meaningless formulary.' Now even a layman knows enough to agree with the anonymous priest here, so far as to grant that the list of faults or failings given above, theologically speaking, is sinless; but the layman also knows that the further statement

made by the author—namely, that absolution is given after the confession of such trifles—is false. Certainly no priest with any knowledge of theology, his own business, would give absolution in such a case; he would either ask the penitent to mention some past grave sin of his life already confessed, and then grant absolution, or else give the poor soul trying so hard to be spotless his fatherly blessing and send it forth into the world where it is so hard to be sinless, still less faultless, consoled and strengthened. He would never degrade the sacrament to a 'meaningless formulary.'

The ordinary Catholic teaching distinguishes between matter of confession which is certain and that which is dubious. In the latter case, which does not arise in the instance dealt with above, the priest may give absolution, but only provisionally. Where there is no matter, he does not give absolution at all. Such is the Church's teaching on this question, but the whole discussion is misleading. The most important part of the sacrament, as Catholics are reminded in season and out of season, is true and sincere sorrow for sins committed and the serious resolve to avoid them in future. The confession of sin is necessary, but it does not involve the intimate process indicated by the *Atlantic* writer. The harrowing details of the secular law courts and the newspapers are foreign to the atmosphere of the confessional. Strictly speaking, the confession of the most serious crimes is a simple matter. To say, as does our author, that the priest 'must pass upon the most intimate relations of connubial life . . . must solve the intricate problems of sex,' is true enough in itself, but utterly misleading in its implication that detailed descriptions of sex impulses must be listened to from 'the lips of both men

and women.' Penitents are checked if they think they are talking to a psychoanalyst and not a priest. They must respect the modesty and reticence of the confessional. The emphasis has been put on the wrong element by this critic of the Church. Mere confession is a simple matter; the resolve to reform, arising from sorrow for past offenses, is the crucial matter of every good confession. This is an intensely personal thing, and of its very nature excludes the danger of formalism.

#### IV

I think I have said enough about the first article of the anonymous priest to justify my statement that even laymen are amazed by the obvious errors and the apparent misrepresentations with which it bristles. Of the second article, dealing with the parochial schools, there is no space left to speak. Moreover, I am writing without having more than glanced through it. Only this may I say, that even my glance at the second article showed me that it does not state the case for the schools. It confines itself to condemning them, even in principle; and how any Catholic, still less a priest, can follow that line is completely beyond my ability to imagine.

I will, therefore, come to an end, and in doing so I will return to that third reason for writing these pages to which I referred in starting, holding it in reserve and not naming it. My third reason, then, for writing as best I may something about the Catholic Church is because — though it may be quite wrong of me to do so — I believe that even this anonymous, possibly even traitorous, attack upon the Catholic Church may do some good, though not in the way its author professes to desire, and that a Catholic journalist may possibly be an instru-

ment in helping to achieve those good results by calling to the attention of those interested in the discussion it has provoked one paramount fact about the Church and its relations with the Modern Mind that is of supreme importance. There is more than a mere coincidence in the circumstance that the January numbers of three of our leading magazines contained articles discussing the Catholic Church — one of the authors of those articles being no less an authority than the Supreme Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan. It is more than a further coincidence that just as these three magazines reached my desk, and hundreds of thousands of other desks and reading tables, the newspapers should have been reporting the Pope's letter on Church Unity, and — less fully, yet still significantly — the persecution of the Church in Mexico, and the 'Rome-ward tendency' in the Church of England brought to a sort of national crisis by the Prayer Book affair. For, as President Butler of Columbia at the same time was saying, in connection with the publication by his university of all the documents relating to the claims of the Papal See, the Catholic Church is 'doubtless the chief single phenomenon in the history of the world since the fall of the Roman Empire.' And this phenomenon is to-day engaging the attention of the whole world in a fashion more vividly compelling, and significant, and universal, than at any time since its beginning. It is not merely because, for the first time in its history, the United States is interested by the spectacle of a candidate for its Presidency who belongs to the Catholic Church that Americans are to-day discussing that Church as never before. Forces deeper and stronger than purely political, or social, or economic, or literary, or scientific interests are

compelling this attention, in America as in Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and in the islands of the Seven Seas. And all the multifarious questions concerning it ultimately can be resolved into one question only: 'What is the Catholic Church?'

In attempting to make his own answer, in his own poor words, to that question of questions, the present writer believes that he is voicing the innermost convictions of millions of Catholics, and expressing something that is now engaging and will increasingly engage the earnest interest of all non-Catholics, and their institutions, and their governments. He may perhaps best attempt that answer by again, but finally, becoming personal. When he, then, returned to the Catholic Church, what happened? What did he find the Church to be?

What happened was a supernatural thing — a force not of this world, not natural, not material, but spiritual wholly. Grace was given to him, and he believed. And he found the Church to be the divinely appointed channel of God's grace. And all attempts to understand, to study, to explain, to attack, to strengthen, or to destroy the Church, which first of all do not at least recognize its claim to a supernatural origin, a supernatural support, a supernatural mission, lose touch with the one essential condition of study, or attack, or defense.

That the Spirit, which is the first and only creator of all things, became Man in Jesus Christ, who founded His

Church on Peter and made Peter and the other Apostles the spiritual progenitors of the Bishops of the Church, through all time to the ending of time, promising to be with them always — such is the greatest fact now faced by the Modern Mind. What the Modern Mind will do with it remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, Catholics who refuse to be disturbed by Spengler's prophecies of the certain death of all human cultures, or by the traveling philosopher Keyserling's somewhat similar though more nebulous prognostications; Catholics who remember the bad Popes, and the ages of the decadence of bishops and priests, and the grievous mistakes of policy on the part of the human instruments of God's will, and their sins and crimes as well, and who know how hotly, how thoroughly, internal criticisms, and discussions of those things not absolutely defined in faith and morals, are going on to-day in the Church, as during all times past — Catholics, I say, will not be greatly perturbed by Mr. John Hearley and his anonymous companion, the disgruntled priest. Some of them, being very human, as all Catholics are, may feel and perhaps express themselves somewhat as American patriots felt and expressed themselves over the case of Benedict Arnold; others, I believe, and hope, will say Masses for them, and ask the Carmelites to say some prayers. In which case, I think I know what may happen, for it happened to me.

## WHAT IS CATHOLIC OPINION?

THE discussion stirred by the *Atlantic's* series upon 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' has roused a correspondence wide as the nation and of deep interest. Letters of moment have come to us in such numbers that it is physically impossible to do them even scanty justice by quotation in the magazine. In making our selection we have in general passed over those communications from earnest Catholics which insist that no priest in good standing could have written the articles. With absolute proof in our possession, and having talked face to face with the author, we cannot deny the evidence of our own senses. Likewise we have naturally omitted the extravagant statements and intemperate opinions which mark the fringe of all controversy, and which in this instance come to us from extremists of all sorts and kinds, Catholic and Protestant alike. It is a satisfaction to add that from the Klan we have heard not one syllable. Evidently it feeds on other meat than the *Atlantic*.

First, we are glad to print this note regarding a good man's reputation:—

In the preface to the article on 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' in the January *Atlantic* the statement occurs, 'They [certain "Catholic clergymen"] recalled the late Archbishop Ireland's opposition to the existing parochial-school system and declared that time had "proved Ireland right." ' As this statement involves very grave injustice to the memory of one of the most illustrious prelates of the Catholic Church in America, it should not be allowed to pass without comment.

It is difficult to surmise what could have misled the 'Catholic clergymen' quoted by the sponsor of the article. Probably it was

the so-called Faribault School Plan, a plan which had been, substantially at least, in operation in various dioceses at home and in various countries abroad before Archbishop Ireland, casting about for a solution of the school question, experimented with it. It proposed that during school hours the State should rent denominational schools, pay for the secular instruction given in them, and leave them free to impart religious instruction at other hours. So far from displacing the parish school, it was meant to strengthen its position and enhance its efficacy by relieving struggling parishes of the heavy pecuniary burden entailed by the erection and maintenance of schools. However, for reasons familiar to all who are conversant with the circumstances of the time, it aroused a storm of controversy, which raged, with all the passion and prejudice incident to polemics, until Rome's 'Tolerari Potest' vindicated the Archbishop, and definitely put out of court any imputation on his loyalty to one of the essential institutions of the Church.

If Rome's impartial decision be not enough, the unbroken stream of Archbishop Ireland's own pronouncements on parish schools should have left no room for even the possibility of misunderstanding his educational policy. Among these I may single out as especially worthy of study his striking address on 'Public Schools and Parish Schools' before the general convention of the National Educational Association assembled in St. Paul in 1890. With the fairness that characterized all his utterances, he rendered due meed of praise to the public-school system of America, but also, with his customary candor, he arraigned its fatal flaw — lack of provision for religious instruction — and made a powerful plea for the right of Catholic schools to exist side by side with public schools (see Ireland: *The Church and Modern Society*, vol. I). The Catholic school he made the theme of discourses without number in the churches of his diocese;

indeed, he never allowed an opportunity to pass without urging its claims to support and approval upon all classes of people. If no word of his can be adduced which, under the most skillful exegesis, can justify the hoary libel of 'opposition to the existing parochial-school system,' the reason simply is that never in this country has the cause of Catholic education had a more staunch or more consistent advocate than Archbishop Ireland.

If Archbishop Ireland was opposed to parochial schools, how is it that in the Archdiocese of St. Paul a Catholic school is found in every parish capable of maintaining it? The history of the Diocese of St. Paul is, in large part, the history of Archbishop Ireland's life. During forty-three years he was Bishop in St. Paul — from 1875 to 1918; during thirty-four years, from 1884 until his demise nine years ago, the reins of administration were entirely in his hands. In the really formative period of a comparatively new diocese, he fostered a system of schools that remains a monument to his devotion to Catholic education — a monument which, one might think, would have rendered impossible the stupid slur foisted on him by the 'Catholic clergymen' of the *Atlantic* article.

HUMPHREY MOYNIHAN

From a letter which we wish it were possible to print in full, from the Reverend Virgil Michel, O.S.B., of St. John's Abbey, Minnesota: —

Some of the statements interest me, even though I recognize my limitations as a critic of them. For I have passed through the complete ecclesiastical school curriculum, from parochial school to seminary, and after my ordination was in different years 'indoctrinated' at such orthodox centres as the Catholic University of Washington, the International Benedictine College at Rome, and the Institut Supérieur de Philosophie at Louvain. If the effect of two summer sessions at Columbia might be a partial offset, this is more than counterbalanced by my membership in the Benedictine Order, which makes me, I suppose, a mediæval monk par excellence. My pastoral experience has covered only the

Middle West and a few parishes in New York City. I cannot therefore speak directly for the Catholic world at large, but only for what I have learned in the schools, especially in the school of my experience.

I have always been interested in the question of how vocations are fostered or encouraged. When I applied for membership in our abbey the late abbot of that time asked me one question: whether I had been influenced in my choice by any person. Within my experience it is entirely false that 'most priests have made their decision to renounce the world and its pleasures . . . when they were as yet children'; also that 'it is the custom to seek out likely boys who manifest signs of piety and to convince them that they have a vocation to the priesthood.' It may possibly happen in individual cases, and it is exactly what non-Catholics say does happen, but the generality of priests with whom I am acquainted would deprecate such a practice in the strongest terms. Often the attitude of the priest toward youthful candidates seems to many rather like a rebuff than a coaxing enticement; prospective converts applying for admission to the Church have often undergone the same experience. My official contacts with college and seminary life since my ordination have shown only that, as the average candidate for the priesthood grows older, he thinks more and more seriously about the pros and cons of his vocation, until the final decision is reached before acceptance of major orders. As to the segregation of youthful candidates from worldly contacts, I know of no protests in my community against the fact that candidates for the Order are entirely out of contact with us during all the vacations, and that some in the summer months join student tours to Europe, necessarily including Paris (horrors!).

I have taught scholastic philosophy in a seminary for some years and am amazed at the statement that 'modern philosophy, psychology, and the infinite research of the last two or three centuries find little place' there, if by the latter phrase one means 'are not mentioned and discussed, or made to contribute to class contents.' As to textbooks, many seminary philosophy professors use their own notes and compilations

in their work, just as do all other professors in higher education. The educated Catholic cannot ignore and cannot avoid non-Catholic thought, while the educated non-Catholic often has no direct acquaintance with Catholic thought. In my experience the average seminary philosophy student knows more about Kant, James, Dewey, or Bergson than the average university professor does about Thomas Aquinas; and he has had more direct acquaintance, say, with some of James's writings than the average university philosophy professor has had with the Angelic Doctor. Again, all my experiences and contacts belie the statement that 'in all these studies' (theology, Scripture, church history, canon law, and liturgy) the students 'are simply supposed to memorize the ideas handed down by great minds which have gone before'; as well as the assertion that 'solutions' and 'interpretations' are simply to be memorized mechanically and then automatically given forth in examinations. All of this, as almost everything else in the article, is precisely the description of Catholicism given by non-Catholics.

If the educational situation were as described in the article, then there should be no wonder at its results as revealed in the mentality of the priests, according to the article. It must be left to all who have had contacts with priests to judge whether as a class 'they grow impatient when confronted with the opinions of those who have not been trained in sacred science'; or whether the typical priest is a 'zealot for the honor of the priesthood which is in him'; or does not 'fail to chide them [his people] bitterly when he finds them recreant to his mandates.' All of this is quite contrary to my experience.

I shall say nothing about celibacy or the universal language of Latin, since just in our own day prominent non-Catholic divines have envied and have spoken of emulating these features. There is another point, however, which I 'do not choose' to pass by.

Much of the article deals with the 'routine' and 'formalism' of Catholic religious life. Thus we read that 'to be saved, it suffices for the people to follow the routine mapped out by the priest.' This is news to

me, and I do not recollect having seen anything of this kind among the conditions of salvation in Catholic books. Again we read: 'The law which makes it a mortal sin to miss Mass on the days appointed does not call for any intelligent attention. Physical presence fulfills the precept.' This is so false that I cannot suppress the impulse to express my suspicion of bad faith in the writer. If it is not that, it is the grossest ignorance.

Regarding the matter of grace and the sacraments, the writer stresses the automatic efficacy of grace in producing holiness and says, 'The mere worthy reception of a sacrament sufficed, even though it were a perfunctory act.' For the Catholic the two words 'mere' and 'worthy' are here incompatible. A 'worthy' reception cannot possibly be a 'mere' reception in the sense implied. The worthiness of the recipient is a prior disposition to the reception of the sacrament, not its effect, and is the result of internal, intelligent, and sincere acts on the part of the recipient, including a sincere purpose of amendment where necessary. Once that disposition is effected, the sacrament confers added spiritual power by virtue of the priesthood of Christ transmitted through the ages in the Church. Thereby the sacrament is the means of contact with the divine, and the source of or means of the increase of spiritual life. Without the worthy disposition of the recipient, this grace is not received. This being understood, we readily say with the writer, 'Hence the desire on the part of priests to have their people receive the sacraments of the Holy Eucharist and penance frequently.'

But alas for the formalism of my educational training! I forget that I am lecturing to a Catholic priest!

#### From an American priest:—

How eagerly, how enthusiastically, I can endorse that farsighted article you have published in your January issue on the Roman Church.

And how hungry I am to shout it from the hilltops — yet I must remain silent, or else betray myself and my associates before we are ready.

For, you see, I am of the younger clergy

so taught by the American spirit to think for ourselves that we unanimously look forward to the time when, by virtue of our maturity, we can guide our people to the American Catholic Church we so earnestly pray for.

Could you — or even the most casual observer — know the extent of this feeling, even your greatest expectations would be overwhelmed. Everywhere thought, reverent but independent, is speeding the day when ancient blindness will be met and overcome by the true spirit of Christ, His simple message, His lack of earthly pomp, and real instruction and application of the Golden Rule in place of a stupid and bigoted intolerance practised in the guise of sanctimony.

Even now all we await is the leader. Give us the man — one like that wonderful, God-inspired soul at St. Bartholomew's, Robert Norwood — and that great dream of ours, a modern but no less sincere worship in the American Catholic Church, shall become a reality.

Nor is this the ravings of the afflicted, the persecuted. It is cold, sombre fact written by one who can no longer restrain himself — and who speaks for many, many others.

God speed the day — and bless you for your courage in presenting a fact.

From a Paulist father: —

I see no reason for the cautious anonymity of the author of 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January. The writer says nothing dangerous, for he says little that is new. I must confess a sense of disappointment that his article was so rambling. One likes a taste of logic; and one admires a sharpened and true blade.

To begin with his beginning: the question of celibacy. I venture that I have met more priests than Anonymous, and can honestly say that the burden of celibacy is the last thing on their minds. Their major difficulty is in securing a good housekeeper, who can cook and at the same time close her ears and shut her mouth to parish gossip. Are priests the only celibates? Is n't the world half filled with bachelors? And they walk

in every field of life's activity. Anonymous asks, How can an unmarried man advise a husband and wife on the delicate problems of sex? Decent people need no advisor. Must a specialist in obstetrics be a husband? Must a doctor of venereal diseases be a married man? Must a lawyer whose specialty is the divorce court have a wife or keep a mistress?

Take the question of the piety of the multitude. The Catholic Church must be concerned with the multitude. The multitude wears down its thresholds every Sunday. There are no cushioned pews for a select coterie. A parish may harbor one millionaire and a thousand who are dodging poverty.

What is wrong with going to confession when one has no sins to tell? Is n't it frequent confession that prevents frequent sins? What keeps the conscience clean and the life right? Why object to a crowd at the altar rail for Communion every first Friday or third Sunday? 'Blessed are the clean of heart.'

The writer makes a fair point about Latinity in our seminaries. He could have done it better had he read or quoted the *Reminiscences of a Maynooth Professor*. But when he drags his thesis into church, he fails. For Catholics the Mass is not a language, but an act, a sacrifice, surrounded by certain ceremonies. Its tongue means nothing to the people. It might be in Hebrew or Syriac. Its quiet, its silence, mean something to their souls, even when no prayer book is in their hands.

Most of our churches are big auditoriums. Imagine the priest at the altar shouting his 'Orate Fratres,' even in English, in order to be heard at the front door. Acoustics are the curse of architects. Why should the celebrant at Mass howl like a fishmonger in the street?

Israel Zangwill in his *Italian Fantasies* wrote a few paragraphs on the Mass. To my thinking they are as fine as Newman's in his *Loss and Gain*. Zangwill compares the Mass to the cataract of Niagara. Anyone speaking any tongue can understand Niagara. Its language is universal. It sends solemnity to the soul; silent yet thunderful, mighty and majestic, its torrent falls through day and night.

From a Catholic professor in a Western college:—

The policy which the *Atlantic* has apparently been pursuing with respect to Catholic questions is characterized by unusually sound and well-balanced judgment. With regard to Catholic questions nothing in American periodical literature has approached the sanity governing the introduction of such articles as those by Hilaire Belloc and his opponent, W. R. Inge, the distinguished Dean of St. Paul's; those by Governor Smith of New York and his opponent; and lastly, the article in the January issue.

I do not, of course, ascribe to the *Atlantic* the convictions voiced in any of these articles, for it is not in this direction that the great service which you are doing for liberal thinking people lies. With respect to such questions we have already in the field two classes of periodicals: those fostered by the Church, and having for their sole purpose the propagation and defense of the Faith and the strengthening of the ecclesiastical institution; and those devoting themselves solely to attacks upon it. The former cannot and do not publish anything that cannot receive the official imprimatur. These publications are characterized by an utter and willful neglect, if not of current social and religious problems, at least of the comprehensive nature of such problems. The Church has always and still does maintain that in questions touching it, religious or political, it is not only advocate, but also judge. We cannot always expect justice where the judge is also party to the controversy. Even in periodical literature, by virtue of Church authority, this is the status of all Catholic publications.

Now are the latter class of publications any more commendatory; they publish little that exhibits the slightest sympathy for the Church, or the slightest understanding of its problems. It is not in these opposing camps that we find an intelligent 'pursuit of sweetness and light,' nor will their efforts, if directed as they are now directed, make 'reason and the will of God prevail.'

Such articles as you are now printing ought, to the unthinking Catholic, bring home some conception of the enormous

responsibility to mankind which rests upon the Church by virtue of the relations it sustains to the social fabric. To the Protestant, who in general (contrary to the Church's expressed opinion) is more enlightened in such matters, it will bring home the fact that there are still great men in the Church who have pledged themselves to see that the obligations which the Church owes mankind will be discharged.

From the Bishop of the Diocese of Bismarck, North Dakota:—

Allow me to make a few remarks in answer to your letter of January 6.

I. You claim: 'The discussion in these articles is not a question of dogma, but of policies and methods.' Very well. But why does your advertisement sent to me December 29, 1927, state that the title of the February article will be 'The Heresy of the Parochial School'? Heresies concern Christian dogmas. Are all the ecclesiastical documents which teach the necessity of parochial schools—for example, the frequent documents of the Apostolic See on this subject, the teachings of the general councils of Baltimore regarding the duty of maintaining parochial schools—mere matters of policy? A priest who publishes said article and who states, 'Her schools are probably the most destructive influence the Catholic Church has ever experienced,' is, if not a heretic in the strictest sense, at least more or less shipwrecked in his faith.

II. You write: 'We believe the subject is of the deepest interest to thoughtful people, Catholics and non-Catholics alike.' Very well. But is it a subject that any fair-minded and just publisher should bring before the public? Undoubtedly the subject will be 'of deepest interest' to all enemies of the Catholic Church; they are pleased that a Catholic priest goes openly before the public, not as a faithful son of the Church, but as her opponent; they are glad that he uses his talents for the purpose of spreading prejudice and errors against the Church that has raised him to the dignity of the priesthood. They rejoice that there are plenty of indications that before long he will march over into the field of her avowed enemies. Surely this is interesting to them.

It may also be 'of deep interest to thoughtful Catholics.' Yes, their hearts will with sorrowful interest watch how a priest squanders his talents and throws away the first principles of Catholic thinking and acting. Such reformers act usually according to the fashion of the so-called reformers of the sixteenth century, who have caused such a reform that their followers have now not more than shreds of Christianity.

I ask once more: Is it the business of a just and fair-minded publisher to publish these articles? Can a just and fair-minded publisher advertise the writer of these articles as 'a Roman Catholic clergyman, renowned for his intellectual attainments, and holding a high and responsible position in his Church'?

III. You state in your letter: 'The writer cannot give his name at this time,—to do so would be to make the debate intensely personal,—but it is known to me and will be divulged at the proper time.'

May I ask: Since when has the forum of the *Atlantic Monthly* become the proper place where religious questions are to be debated and, perhaps, decided? Our Catholic Church has her diocesan synods, her provincial councils, and, most of all, has the Holy See — that is, the Pope with his counselors — to discuss and decide matters of religion. But to cause discussions on matters of our holy Catholic Church, even if they were only 'on policies and methods,' in the *Atlantic Monthly* is about as wise and appropriate as having such debates in an old-fashioned saloon, the debaters fortified by jugs of beer or something stronger.

I suspect every secular paper that adopts such methods as being guided by commercial or sensational or antichristian motives. You assert you are not guided by commercial or sensational motives; I suppose you will also protest against the charge of unchristian motives. But the fact is, there is only one true Church founded by Christ, — that is, the Catholic Church, — and opposition to her is antichristian. Your advertisement of these two articles shows clearly that the writer is not only opposed to faults of members

of the Catholic Church, but is really opposing some of her teaching.

IV. I may add: The reason which you give for not publishing the name of the writer at this time is extremely weak. You claim: 'To do so would make the debate intensely personal.' This is an insult to his fellow Catholics, as if they were unable to treat his articles with justice and fairness if his name were known to them. A man who has something worthy to say, who has a real message for the public, does not hide his name, nor act as players in a show or theatre who are masked but sometimes lift the mask after the play.

VINCENT WEHRLE

From a New York critic: —

Course of studies. Naturally the priest's course of studies is devoted primarily to those subjects which pertain to his calling, as is also the case in law, medicine, and every other profession. To say that modern questions and sciences are not considered in the priest's course is an unwarranted calumny, since every pertinent question, ancient or modern, is brought up and viewed in the light of the perennial truth of faith and sound reason as taught by revelation, and by Aristotle and right philosophy. No individual thought or questions allowed in the seminary? Why, every student and professor with a little experience knows that a great part of the class time, day by day, is taken up with the consideration of difficulties made by the student body.

The use of Latin. It is mere claptrap to be objecting to the use of Latin at Mass. In ninety-nine churches out of one hundred the people could n't understand the priest at Mass no matter what language he used. Let the lazy priests explain the Mass to the people and exhort them to use the fine missals and prayer books in which they have the whole Mass and liturgy explained, and there will be no trouble about the priest using Latin when he says Mass.

There is no reason why the sacraments of Baptism, Matrimony, Extreme Unction, as well as the service for the dead, should not be given in the vernacular; and this is why they are printed both in Latin and in

the vernacular in all ritual books, as your correspondent ought to know.

To say that the people 'need not bother their heads about what is going on' at Mass is not only to be ignorant of Catholic teaching, but seems to border on the dishonest.

From a Catholic priest:—

Permit me to express my heartiest appreciation and sympathy for your January article on conditions within the Catholic Church. As a minor clergyman within that organization, I can not only testify to the correctness of this article, but also to the fact that there is coming within the Church what most of us hope will be a peaceful but none the less thorough housecleaning which possibly may result in the organization of an American Church — but which certainly will put our Faith on a modern basis of applied Christianity.

Most certainly I am not alone in this crusade — on every hand I have companions who agree and who work and pray for the speeding of the day when, without injury to the people we love, we may be able to lead them directly to Him.

In the meantime we are preparing for the exodus — and mayhap await the modern Moses who shall become our leader. Some think we have already found him.

But, be that as it may, those who are not blind — who do not refuse to see the truth — are preparing. Perhaps it may take us a decade — or a generation — before we feel our time has come.

From Miss Ellen Gates Starr, of Hull House, we can unfortunately quote but a paragraph or two of a most interesting discussion:—

The readers of our despondent priest should not lose sight of the fact that the Catholic Church is not dealing with little handfuls of artists and intellectuals, carefully selected groups, but with great, mixed masses. There must necessarily be a certain amount of formalization to find time for the personal sacramental ministrations to souls which is felt by Catholics to be the most precious part of the gift of the Church. One who does not feel it to be so can hardly be called a Catholic.

Scarcely any ignorance, misconception, or misuse of a law, custom, or tradition is so gross as to be impossible. But one wonders how a person who regards, as does this author, the general practice of his Church as perfunctory, rigid, and spiritless, devoid of spontaneity, joy, and freedom, can account for the numbers of converts flowing into the Catholic Church from non-Catholic bodies, especially the Anglican, in England and the United States — these largely from educated classes. This has been going on ever since Newman, with his at once logical and mystical mind, opened the door, removing many old misconceptions. One's own acquaintance furnishes many recent examples: a member of a well-known law firm, several writers of some repute, teachers of the classics; and the press from time to time gives notice, without much stir or scandal, such as that of a member of the faculty of one of our oldest universities leaving it for the priesthood of the Catholic Church, to endure that long and, as this so otherwise-minded man would have us believe, deadening process. Why should these free beings voluntarily and needlessly put their necks under a yoke so galling? As to those born to the Catholic Faith and remaining true to it, who will pity or condescend to Paul Claudel or Baron Friedrich von Hügel?

From the Reverend James H. Cotter, a parish priest of Ohio:—

In priestly education he would violate one of the very first principles, 'thought begets thought,' for he would throw overboard the great kings of thought and have the pupils follow their own raw thinking. This is tantamount to saying that students of music can learn nothing from the great music masters, that artists should not study Phidias or Michelangelo.

Though 'order is Heaven's first law,' he holds that order in our seminaries destroys 'individuality.'

In the unbalanced prominence which he gives to his invectives against the use of Latin, he seems to betray more interest in London than in Rome. As a dead language, Latin suits the expression of an unchanged and unchangeable doctrine, and its logical

sequence in prayers and ceremonies. He holds, substantially, that the people would have to be linguists in order to pray properly and understand the priest's prayers. This is absurd. Even the dumb can pray. He gravely errs when he says that no attention or devotion is required to hear Mass, but merely the 'physical presence' of the attendant.

He declares that the priest makes a mistake when 'he rates the spirituality of his parish, not by the lives of his people, but by the attendance at Mass and the number of Communions and confessions.' The iconoclastic scribe puts the cart before the horse, for the good lives of the people are begotten from these very sources, — Mass and the Sacraments, — otherwise he would belittle the efficacy of Christ's institution. No priest has warrant for the queer statement that 'the people are urged to go to Communion daily and to confess their sins weekly.' Any Catholic knows that to receive Communion he must be free from mortal sin; hence, if need be, he must go daily to confession if he communicates daily. He strangely declares that in the judgment of the sincerity of a penitent the priest has 'but the teaching of the old Scholastics' to help him. Why, no — he has, as in any other serious business, common sense alone.

The oddest of all is his wonderment that the priest, 'a celibate, must solve the intricate problems of sex.' Is it not a question of applying principles to facts, and do not education and zeal for souls assist him as much in this as in solving any other problem?

The human side is the inspiration of many letters. One woman writes: —

If the practices of the Catholic Church were as exterior and meaningless as they are here pictured, I should long ago have abandoned such hypocrisy. However, one need only be present, not on a Sunday, when it is required, but at a five o'clock Mass on some dark First Friday morning, to be convinced otherwise. I invite him to watch the silent devotion of some poor old workingman, or some beautiful little girl.

If 'physical presence fulfills the precept,'

then is not the central fact of Catholic doctrine — that is, the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament — ignored?

I have no fear that the Church will be modernized to an unrecognizable degree in the dry-docking process.

HELEN BEVINGTON

A hundred more press for quotation, but our space is at an end. In considering the points at issue, we suggest that our readers keep steadfastly in mind the facts. This is not a discussion of the sanctions of religion, but of the human prudence and wisdom of certain policies of the Roman Catholic Church. If it is wrong to discuss them, then as certainly it is wrong to discuss the policies of other churches. Much can be said for parochial schools. Much may be said against them. The point we wish to make is simply this: Should a topic vital to education in our country be immune to discussion? If that be so, we must not allude to Methodist interference with schools where evolution is taught, or to public dangers involved through lack of religious instruction in our public schools. All alike are American problems. Their implications are immense. Shall we leave them to the malice of whispering tongues, or shall we discuss them aloud, temperately and with good will?

One other fact is pertinent to this controversy. Here is a topic of intense interest which has elicited a correspondence almost unparalleled in our experience, but not one newspaper in the United States (barring church publications) has mentioned it. The topic is absolutely and consciously tabu. A similar debate upon Protestant issues would be a favorite, almost a universal, subject of discussion. Is it well for the Republic, is it well for the Roman Catholic Church, that her affairs, and her affairs only, are outside the pale of public debate? Here is matter for thought.—THE EDITOR

## CLEANING THE COURTS

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

### I

A FEW months ago, in New York, a little girl crossing a crowded highway was knocked down by a passing truck. The driver called an ambulance and the little girl was taken to a public hospital. The driver then telephoned to his employer and reported the event.

In half an hour a representative of the employer called at the child's home, found the girl's father, who had just arrived, and went with him to the hospital, which was a few blocks away. The girl was found to have been very slightly injured, and they put her on to the truck to take her home.

As they left the hospital, the ambulance driver who had brought the girl there accosted them. 'Do you want a lawyer for your case?' he said. The father shook his head, somewhat surprised, perhaps, at the question. The truck proceeded on its way back to the child's home.

At the house they found four young men waiting for them, representatives of four different lawyers who were seeking to be retained to bring an action on a contingent fee for the child's injury. Each was provided with a printed form of retainer for use in the case. All this happened within less than an hour after the accident.

This is not an unusual occurrence. A serious case, such as a death by accident or a lost leg, in New York, will send as many as forty or fifty ambulance-chasing agents to the home of the victim of the accident. Every possible

source of information for advance news of such accidents is covered. The police stations and hospitals are the usual points of vantage. The money paid to tipsters, to police, to ambulance attendants, to hospital employees, to doctors, and to undertakers for prompt notification of accidents runs into large figures.

Quite apart from the general accident business—that which comes to the swiftest and earliest informed in the general mêlée from the common hunting ground, the hospitals and police—are what might be called the specialized fields. Here, for example, is the falling-thing specialist. Every great building operation has accidents. Modern workmen's compensation insurance is intended to make this type of accident one for insurance, for which the employer must pay his injured employee during his disability. The specialist, however, still finds it a field, and a rich one, for his operations. He has on the pay roll of some contractor in every construction job a man who makes a daily afternoon report to the representative of the specialist of every accident, mainly due to falling things, which occurred during the course of the day. The agent, armed with printed retainers, procures the employment of the specialist, who for the convenience of his large business has printed forms of complaint, through which the injured employee sues another subcontractor for damages caused by the

alleged carelessness of his employees in negligently causing an object to fall, to wit: '(Blank to be filled here) upon plaintiff, causing him to become sick, sore, and disabled and permanently injured as follows (blank to be filled here) . . .'

One specialist in this field, I am informed, brings a thousand cases of this kind annually in New York City.

Then there is the specialist in the new semi-blackmail field, the food cases. The dealer in food products is in law a guarantor of the wholesome character of his merchandise. The restaurant or hotel keeper with an established reputation finds himself presented with a complaint from a suffering but hitherto unknown patron, who claims to have found a cockroach in the soup, causing mental and physical agony. The milkman wakes up to be sued for a mouse in the milk, the baker for a nail in the bread, the butcher for the sickness caused by diseased and unwholesome meat.

The danger of publicity in the press which would be injurious to the good-will of his business, the difficulty of disproving something about which the defendant in these cases usually knows nothing and as to which he has no witnesses, make this a particularly lucrative field for 'settlements.'

So large has this field grown that food dealers and purveyors within recent years have been obliged to organize themselves for self-protection and to report to a central clearing station these claims, where they find not infrequently that the same victim of misfortune has suffered from the deleteriousness of milk, meat, bread, cheese, pastry, and condensed soup, and that the same lawyer has presented his claims to a successful settlement, in which the lawyer has shared fifty-fifty with his client.

Business abhors litigation in these

cases. Casualty insurance against accident claims has grown enormously in recent years, with rates of insurance constantly mounting and adding by millions to the cost of doing business, which cost in turn is added to the cost of the product, and that product is sold at such price as to make the general public carry, so far as possible, the burden entailed.

The great American cities all are carrying their part of an unprecedented increase in the burden of accident litigation.

Court calendars to-day in any of our large cities will show the amazing transformation which has occurred in the past quarter of a century in the character and quality of the lawsuits for which the public pays in courthouses, in judges, and in court attendants, and in the time and pay of jurors who are called to decide them. They all make practically the same report: that there has been an enormous increase in litigation and in the number of judges, courthouses, and court attendants; and that, in the main, the bulk of the litigation for which these facilities have been required is contingent-fee litigation.

Twenty-five years ago 'food' cases were practically unknown. Accident cases were mainly against railroad companies. While they were numerous enough and more or less a public scandal, in the way they were both prosecuted and defended, the great bulk of the litigation in our courts twenty-five years ago was of a quite different character and these cases formed a relatively small part. Lawsuits in those days brought into the courts the ablest of the lawyers of a former generation, the recognized leaders of the bar. The days are gone, however, when men like Joseph H. Choate, John E. Parsons, and Frederic R. Coudert could be found engaged in forensic contests over

weighty questions of law and fact as the main part of their professional work. The automobile, in large part, has brought about this change in the character of the litigation in our civil courts, as it has enormously increased our problems of crime and has extended interminably our criminal classes.

Lawyers of the type of those to whom I referred a moment ago are found to-day only occasionally in the court-room. They have been crowded out and supplanted by the ambulance chaser and the vast radiation of the accident contingent-fee litigation which the automobile has largely created, ably supplemented by contingent-fee litigation in the other fields of damage claims to which I briefly and quite inadequately have referred.

## II

Consider a few statistics; and, while these statistics are from New York, the conditions which they show are not confined to that city, but doubtless can be duplicated in a lesser degree, perhaps, in any great American city. Judge Victor J. Dowling, the Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in New York City, said recently that 70 per cent of the cases now congesting the law calendars of the courts in that city are negligence cases.

The matter has become sufficiently alarming to cause the appointment of a Special Calendar Committee by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, whose recent report gives significant statistics, some of which are printed below. The increase in the volume of this type of lawsuit may be indicated sufficiently by the fact that, as the Committee's report shows, in 1916 there were 9309 cases on the jury calendar of the Supreme Court for the Borough of Manhattan in that city, and in 1927 there were 29,466.

While there have been very great increases in the number of judges in the Supreme Court to cope with this flood, they have proved wholly inadequate to the task. There is a delay in the Borough of Manhattan of twenty-two months before a case in the Supreme Court can be reached for trial. In the county adjoining to the north, Bronx County, there were on January 1, 1927, 9562 cases, and a case could not be reached for trial for twenty-four months. There were in the City Court about 18,000 cases, and a new case could not be reached for trial for sixteen months. There were in the Municipal Court 59,086 cases triable by jury, and a case could not be reached for trial in crowded districts for a year and a half.

An analysis of the cases on the calendar of these courts indicates that over one half of the Supreme Court cases were accident cases, that 84 per cent of those on the general calendar of the City Court were of like character; and it is stated by the Committee that, in the Municipal Court, actions for negligence are increasing even more rapidly than in the Supreme and City Courts.

The delay which this congestion occasions increases rather than diminishes. For example, in 1926 there were 25,596 cases on the Supreme Court Calendar; 15,324 were disposed of, leaving an accumulation for subsequent years of 10,272. The great new courthouse which has just been completed at an enormous cost in New York City, whose facilities were intended to be adequate to house both the Supreme Court and the City Court for generations to come, proved to be inadequate to meet the new flood of litigation before the day of its opening.

If these were all genuine suits, sincerely brought, the situation indicated by these figures, though grave, would be one to be accepted as necessary; and

the expense entailed to the public for their trial should be borne as part of the necessary burden of the taxpayer, and of the citizen as juror. But is this flood of litigation sincere? Does it really mean that the need of going to law for the redress of wrongs has increased in this amazing fashion — from 7000 cases pending in 1910 to nearly 30,000 in 1927? What is the quality of litigation now presented to these courts for their determination?

One test of sincerity is truthfulness. Sincerity and perjury should be at opposite poles. Perjury, however, we are told, has increased in our courts to a most appalling degree. Judges who ought to know have made the affirmation of the increase of perjury before them so frequently that the accuracy of this statement cannot be questioned; yet perjury is practically an unpunished crime.

It would, of course, be a grossly unfair picture of a deplorable condition to seem to suggest that this perjury is all on one side. The temptation of defendants to fight fire with fire is an inevitable part of the whole unsavory mess. Many large corporations, including most of the railroads, however, realize that in the long run, and quite apart from ethical considerations, the reputation with judges of playing straight is the only sound policy for corporations that are in court day after day in these cases.

There are plenty of defendants, however, whose methods are quite as questionable as those of the ambulance-chasing fraternity. Perjury is no monopoly for either side. The important matter is that this perjury flourishes and nothing is done to make it stop.

Mr. Charles H. Tuttle, the able Federal District Attorney in New York, has studied the records and declares that since 1912, in fifteen years, there

have been only nine convictions for perjury after trial in New York County. He says that of the total prison population of the country, state and Federal, according to the United States Census Reports for 1923, there were, out of the total of 109,075 prisoners, only 171 in prison for perjury.

The extent of the growth of perjury is only one test of the sincerity of this new flood of litigation. Here is another. Is it not fair to assume that a man who demands \$10,000, which he swears is the extent of his injury, and who gladly accepts from \$50 to \$150 to settle it, is insincere in his original demand? The Special Calendar Committee to which I here referred, which investigated exhaustively the calendar conditions in New York, found the prevalence of small settlements of cases brought in the Supreme Court so great that it recommended drastic methods of preventing the maintenance of such suits in the Supreme Court, by a penalty imposed on the plaintiff's attorney personally. This recommendation, however, was one with which the legislature did not concur.

Another test of sincerity in this sort of litigation is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the records show that only an unsubstantial amount of it ever goes to trial at all. From 70 to 80 per cent of these cases which cumber the calendars are settled without trial or are dismissed for failure to prosecute.

Theoretically, at least, the courts are intended only for those who, of their own initiative, seek justice for wrongs which they feel have been done to them. It may be that the grievance felt is fanciful; it may be wholly unreal; but at least it should be genuine. It should have its sole origin in the person who presents it for redress, for he alone has suffered it, if it has been suffered at all. It should not be a grievance created by a self-seeking outsider.

The relation between the contingent-fee, ambulance-chasing lawyer and the enormous growth of litigation in New York is a direct one. The Committee to which I have referred states that the great bulk of the accident cases upon the court calendars are brought by a comparatively small number of lawyers and legal firms. It states that one lawyer filed, in the month of April, 1927, 442 notes of issue for 442 separate cases, and that an aggregate of 882 cases, most of them being negligence suits, were filed by four lawyers or firms of lawyers. All the judges of the Supreme Court in the County of New York acting together could not in one month dispose of that number of cases.

As the Committee says, 'It will undoubtedly be useful to ascertain the circumstances leading to this employment of a very small number of lawyers in this kind of litigation.' It is precisely this investigation which, with one recent exception, never has been made, either in New York or in any other great American city in which like conditions prevail. It is the heart of the whole matter.

### III

The statistics of the Supreme Court cases brought in this wholesale way, while startling, are not complete. How many more cases were brought by this same type of lawyer in the other New York courts, the Municipal Court, the City and County Courts, in the same month in which these appalling figures in the Supreme Court were accumulated?

These suits and thousands of others of a similar character which constitute the flood of litigation in the New York courts, for the most part, are unquestionably the result, not of the desire for litigation of injured plaintiffs, but of the desire for speculative fees of a

relatively small number of high-powered, highly organized, contingent-fee law machines with hundreds of outside runners and investigators actively employed in soliciting them from and through police and hospital adjuncts, culminating in the calendars of the courts — with the injured or alleged injured person a pawn in the process. He is a silent partner in a new and strange adventure, with the active partner a lawyer engaged in a doubtful and disreputable business instead of conducting an honorable profession.

It should be noted in passing that casualty insurance tends to increase rather than diminish the growth of this type of litigation. The current quotations of the market price of the stock of the principal casualty companies are eloquent proof that their part in this business has not been without adequate reward. On the other hand it requires little argument to prove that the bar as a whole suffers rather than profits by this transformation of the courts into an arena for contests between ambulance chasers and casualty companies. The pinch of this business so far as the bar is concerned is largely in a quarter which does not receive much consideration and which deserves at least passing mention — its effect upon the young lawyer.

It has been customary in some quarters, of course, to assume an unduly lofty attitude in the matter of the so-called 'contingent fee.' Lawyers who began their professional careers with a silver spoon, with well-to-do friends and favorable professional connections, may deplore, if they please, the struggle of youngsters less favorably situated and their somewhat undignified efforts to keep their noses out of the black waters of an overcrowded profession.

The zeal and hard work which an ambitious young lawyer will put upon

a case, when it is the only one he has, are not likely to be lessened by the fact that he has to win it to be paid for services rendered to an impecunious client. Neither the public nor the client is likely to suffer from the process.

One of the worst features of the highly organized ambulance-chasing business now rife in our cities to-day, conducted by this comparatively small number of operators, doing business at wholesale with 'private-wire' systems as elaborate and as expensive as those of any first-class stock-exchange house, is that it is particularly hard on the young lawyer in depriving him of opportunities which well might have fallen in his way. These systems are wholly beyond the pale of legitimate professional activities. They can be operated by laymen quite as readily as by lawyers, and one of the sinister features of the business is the laymen organizations of this kind, which, I have been told, flourish in the field for collecting 'cases,' and peddling them to the lawyer who is the highest bidder.

I shall not attempt to consider the evil consequences to the unfortunate client which are inherent in this traffic, except to relate an illuminating incident which occurred a few years ago. A man had been killed in the city streets, leaving a wife and two little children. It was clearly not the fault of the corporation whose vehicle caused the death. The ambulance chaser who got the widow's case actually admitted that it was 'a long chance.' He refused, however, to consider a settlement except on a \$10,000 basis, which was out of the question.

When the case had been tried and lost, appealed and again lost, he came around and asked the lawyer for the defendant if there was not something which the company would be willing to do as an act of charity to this poor woman.

'Why did n't you talk this way in the first place?' the latter asked. 'You know you had no case.'

'Oh, well,' said the widow's lawyer, 'you have to take the accident business on an annual basis. It is all a gamble. Some cases, which look pretty weak, we win, when there could only be a small settlement. What you lose on one case, you may make on another.'

Certainly this was poor comfort to the widow and clearly a grossly unprofessional attitude to take toward her case. She was no partner in his general-accident business, sharing in its interesting system of hazards so as to make up for the loss to her and hers of the case which ought never to have been brought.

The explanation which this lawyer made may account for the sheer heartlessness which sometimes characterizes a shortsighted policy in the operation of many claim departments of large corporations. If you have to pay unjust claims to buy peace, why not try to make it up 'on an annual basis' by treating harshly and unjustly claims which are honest and proper? One wrong inevitably tends to beget another.

What we are here discussing is not the old subject of the right or wrong of the contingent fee, except as an incident to certain evils long recognized as such by the law and which have become, under the condition of modern city life, far more dangerous than ever before.

Barratry and its two sister offenses, champerty and maintenance, have for centuries been named and denounced as the three disgraces of the common law which from ancient days sought to discourage and prevent the bringing of groundless and unnecessary judicial proceedings.

The barrator was 'the common mover, exciter, or maintainer of suits

and quarrels, either in courts of justice or elsewhere.' Maintenance was 'the officious meddling in a suit that in no way belongs to one, by maintaining or assisting either party with money, or otherwise, to prosecute or defend it.' Champerty was the bargain to divide the spoils of litigation, the champertor agreeing to carry on the suit at his own expense. These practices have been denounced by the law and declared to be crimes.

Difficulties which need not be here mentioned have proved that as a crime barratry has been unpunished both in England and America. There are a few old cases in America, none of recent date. In England we are told that from 1726 to 1889 there was no record of an indictment for this offense, and that in 1889 one Bellegrave, though indicted for this offense, was convicted for something else, and the barratry charge against him was abandoned.

In New York, barratry in a comparatively small number of cases has been the occasion of the disciplining or disbarment of a few lawyers, where through exceptional circumstances or by accident the facts of the business became fully disclosed. The mere definition of these offenses has proved insufficient to prevent the abuses at which it was aimed, and justice today, in America's largest city, stands like a perplexed Mrs. Partington with an ancient broom struggling unavailingly against this new incoming flood of muddy litigation.

#### IV

What we have to deal with here is a major problem in house cleaning, of driving the traffickers from the temple of justice. It is also something more. The situation is one which in many of our states calls for a practical test of the efficiency under modern conditions,

which have been outlined above, of the traditional American theory of the organization and relationship of the bar to the bench in the processes of justice.

In London, current statistics show that there are as many street accidents as in New York. No such flood of questionable litigation, however, confronts the great law courts in the Strand.

The reason for the difference is mainly in the organization and operation of the English bar. From time immemorial the benchers of the Inns of Court have had control over the calling of lawyers to the bar and the discipline for professional misconduct or the disbarment of unworthy members. It is a bar composed of all its members, which, acting through its chosen officers, exercises all the powers of self-government. Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and Continental Europe have organizations with corresponding powers.

We have bar associations, to be sure, in America. They are, however, in the main, social and educational. They are purely voluntary, with a membership which includes generally a minority only of qualified practitioners. Discipline of unworthy members of the profession is no one's business in particular. If it is undertaken by bar associations it is a purely voluntary act, and the association possesses no power of subpoena, and its power to investigate includes only those who voluntarily come before its committees. The bar does not function as a disciplinary organization. Through its leaders it may preach professional ethics, but it is powerless to enforce such doctrines by the discipline of offenders against its canons. It may and on occasion, by a clumsy procedure ordinarily exceedingly wasteful of time and energy, does investigate complaints and present charges to the courts against lawyers who commit flagrant offenses, principally failure to pay over the

client's money. The power to repress and punish disreputable practices injurious to the good name of the profession and the public, power which the English benchers possess and exercise, does not exist with us.

Under the American tradition, lawyers are officers of the court, which prescribes the condition of their admission to practice and which may, on occasion shown, discipline or disbar them. The courts have all the powers but almost none of the disciplinary machinery necessary for what is obviously administrative rather than judicial work. Many leaders of the profession have realized this weakness in the American tradition and are striving to change it and to overcome the apathy, timidity, and conservatism which, with some practical difficulties, to-day make slow the process of creating a self-governing bar.

Under existing conditions of the American tradition, the responsibility for remedying abuses, such as have been outlined here, is primarily with the courts themselves. The serious present question is the capacity of the courts to meet these responsibilities, lacking, as they do, this administrative organization. An interesting recent experiment in Milwaukee in the suppression of ambulance chasing is in point in this connection and indicates what can be done.

A local ambulance chaser, who was not even a lawyer, but who boasted that he had six hundred cases then pending, had the hardihood to sue one of his employees for a balance claimed to be due arising out of the ambulance-chasing business. A member of the Milwaukee Lawyers Club happened to be retained to defend the case. The unsavory facts ascertained from the testimony in this action later formed the basis of a petition signed by all the directors of the Lawyers Club to the

Circuit Court. The court was asked to exercise its own inherent power to make a general investigation into what was happening about the doorstep affecting the cause of justice in the jurisdiction of the court.

A general inquisition was held accordingly with members of the Lawyers Club acting in conjunction with the Circuit Court. It took months of time and disclosed startling irregularities and criminal conduct. The court was asked to deal with its own records and to purge these records of all cases tainted with chancery and maintenance or any other malpractice, or to compel plaintiffs to purge their cases of such taint by engaging new attorneys. This was done, and done most thoroughly, and the court also adopted rules strictly governing members of the bar, which these conditions had shown to be necessary. We are told that, by this vigorous coöperation of the bar and the bench, ambulance-chasing operations in Milwaukee have entirely ceased.

One part of the petition of the bar in this interesting matter has not yet been put into effect. The court has been asked to call before it all these malefactors whose activities have been discussed and to make them show cause why an injunction should not issue restraining them from ever again engaging in any such practices. 'The reason why we took this final step,' says Mr. Lyman G. Wheeler in a letter published in a recent number of the *Journal of the American Judicature Society*, 'is that if we rely upon criminal proceedings in misdemeanor or crime, to enforce our remedies, there will be much of the usual delay and escapes in jury trials. By utilizing the power of injunction, the court can cite these men summarily before the court for contempt in case they violate the restraining order of the court.'

Presumably the injunction process suggested is one intended for the laymen engaged in this business, as the established power to punish by disbarment lawyers thus engaged would seem to require no such supplement.

The proceeding above described was, of course, a novel one. The facts justifying a general inquiry or inquisition had to be presented to the court to make clear that an occasion existed for the exercise of the court's power to clean its own house.

The significant fact is that the vigorous exercise of its inherent power was found adequate by a court resolved to vindicate its dignity and authority in the interest of the public.

The calendar conditions in New York and the facts already a matter of public knowledge would seem to justify a similar inquiry into personal-injury and contingent-fee litigation in that city. The inherent power of the court over its officers is in that state practically without limit, and has not been shown to be insufficient for a like proceeding. There is no question that such an inquiry would be welcomed by the public and would be heartily supported by the bar.

At a meeting of the Association of the Bar held in December 1927, a proceeding such as that successfully conducted in Milwaukee was authorized and the Executive Committee of

the Association requested to cause a petition for a general examination of contingent-fee and damage litigation to be filed with the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, other bar associations interested in such an investigation to be invited to join in the application.

Those who believe that the American tradition is inherently defective, that the growth and development of these and similar abuses are an almost inevitable consequence of the breakdown in practice of the theory of judicial control over lawyers, are advocating for this and other reasons an integrated bar, self-governing and with full power of discipline over its members. Such a revolutionary change has been made in five American states, the most recent being California, added to the list this past year.

Those who believe the old theory is adequate, and that it needs no such fundamental change, will defend their position best, not by an elaboration of learning upon the history of its origin or development or by alarmist prognostication of the dangers of new and untried programmes, but by aiding the courts to demonstrate that they can and will clean house and will manifest to a long-suffering public that over the whole domain of the professional conduct of lawyers the courts not only reign, but govern.

## THE SHERMAN ACT TO-DAY

### SHALL THE SMALL INDUSTRIAL UNIT SURVIVE?

BY JAMES HARVEY WILLIAMS

#### I

FOR some time past the rapid growth of consolidations and combinations of capital has challenged thoughtful consideration. Thus far it has done little more than issue a 'challenge' to which public opinion has failed to respond. One school of thought 'points with pride' to the size of our mammoth corporations, to their supposedly lower costs of doing business, to the era of 'bigger and better business,' to our giant banking consolidations, and to the corresponding growth of the various other facilities necessary to serve such clients. Another school inevitably 'views with alarm,' wonders whether we are drifting and how far distant is the time when many more of our industries will become definitely closed to the individual or to the company of even substantial means for mere lack of the rapidly increasing capital requirement. While there is as yet no unanimity of opinion, there is nevertheless a clear indication that, unless this entire question is subjected to an early analysis, the capital consolidation movement will go on unchecked to a point where the small unit in many industries will have ceased to exist.

These combinations or mergers are of several types, each based upon some economic principle, either sound or otherwise. There is the so-called 'horizontal' merger, comprising directly

competing interests, and formed as a rule either to reduce the fixed operating or sales-expense ratio or to lend stability to the sales market by removal of a disturbing competitor whose individual inefficiency or selfishness denies to the industry a fair profit. Then there is the so-called 'vertical' merger, which was originally planned so as to acquire the sources of raw material or to increase the market for the product. But of late this plan has been extended to the acquisition of concerns making products that go to the same class of customers even though the manufacturing problems of the several products may have nothing whatever in common. The object here is to be able to offer the customer all of his requirements in allied lines from one sales organization, thereby decreasing sales resistance and promoting sales that, in part at least, would probably have gone to some of the competing makers of single products. Thus we see the card index, the typewriter, the files, the filing cabinets, adding machines, ledgers, office furniture, and so forth, all brought together by merger under one sales roof, so that the customer equipping an office need deal with but one organization for all of his allied requirements. In much the same manner we see the breakfast-food manufacturers acquiring by purchase

other quite different foodstuffs, with the result that we may soon expect to see them advertising breakfasts instead of products! At the same time the 'horizontal' combinations are threatening to bake all our bread and spoil all our laundry from Maine to California — and the end is not yet.

Now it will scarcely be denied that some of these objectives have a sound economic basis in fact which 'progress' cannot resist, regardless of the fate of the small industrial unit. But the great majority of these combinations are founded upon the necessity for price stabilization. To prevent the demoralization that unquestionably exists in many industries to-day (despite the recent period of exceptional national prosperity) it is surely high time that an effort be made by some authoritative body to study the whole problem, to the end that future consolidations having improvement of the price structure for their major motive may be avoided by the appropriate legislation based on a truer conception of the public welfare. It is by no means unlikely that such an investigation impartially conducted would show that some of these mergers which may have seemed to be necessary under past conditions of legislative restriction would have been unnecessary and unwise if based upon the operation of natural law.

As a background for this proposed study, and lest the reader has mistaken the recent period of great national prosperity to mean *universal* prosperity, let us first ponder the meaning of a few of the figures recently issued by the Bureau of Internal Revenue for the comparatively active business year of 1925. How many would believe that more than 40 per cent of the net profits of all the 430,000 corporations in the United States were earned by only 196 corporations? Or that the next group

of 937 companies, each earning between \$1,000,000 and \$5,000,000, accounted for substantially 25 per cent of all corporate profits? Less than one twentieth of one per cent earned over 40 per cent, less than one fourth of one per cent earned 25 per cent; 65 per cent of the 7651 millions of total profits earned by scarcely more than one fourth of one per cent of all the corporations!

The manufacturers appear to have done but slightly better than the average: 95 corporations earned 1650 millions; the next group of 446 showed profits of 900 millions. Together these 541 concerns acquired more than two thirds of the 3701 millions of total net profits, for which no fewer than 88,674 manufacturers competed. And two out of every five showed losses! These figures demonstrate very clearly the domination of the larger units in industry.

A recent report of one industry will illustrate an experience by no means uncommon. In the *Daily Metal Trade*, the independent sheet-steel industry was recently represented as consisting of 543 hot mills, with working capital a total investment of 110 millions. Over a recent period, notwithstanding that they operated with the utmost efficiency and at 108 per cent of normal capacity, they showed a total net deficit of two million dollars — such was 'the life of trade' as practised by their customers, aided by the inability of the industry under our laws to compel fair play. One of these plants in March 1927, operating at 100 per cent capacity, lost \$18,000; a month or so later it shut down completely and lost only \$8000 — a comforting way of figuring a net gain to itself and a net loss to the buyers of \$10,000! Yet the country needs sheet steel, which is neither an infant industry operated by amateurs nor an industry

whose recent experiences are unique. Is it strange, therefore, that we hear so much complaint of 'profitless prosperity'? Or that, even since the foregoing was written, six of these companies in Ohio have announced their consolidation, commented on in the public press as follows:—

Further mergers of sheet-steel companies, hard hit by irregular business and price depression, show indications of materializing. Pressure of trade conditions brought about the recent six-company merger of sheet rollers in Ohio, for the most part non-integrated producers. . . . Breakdown of sheet prices in the last sixty days, after strenuous efforts to sustain the market, is hitting the smaller, nonintegrated interests. Weaker companies are being compelled to unite with stronger and more fully integrated producers.

## II

If our so-called antitrust legislation as embodied in the Sherman Act of 1890, and supplemented by the Clayton Act of 1914, were merely antitrust laws, as the titles indicate and as popularly supposed, there would be small reason for the widespread criticism that has been more or less privately visited upon them by those who have been familiar with their effect upon many of the smaller business enterprises of this country. For, in so far as the Sherman Law has performed the function for which alone its creators strove, and has protected 'trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies,' it has been effective in preventing the growth and continuance of the grossly unfair business practices that so outraged the moral sense of the country prior to its enactment. In the accomplishment of that purpose probably no greater or more laudable service to a self-respecting citizenry has ever been performed by

any piece of legislation. As thus responsive to a popular demand of thirty-eight years ago, and as thus popularly understood to-day, its wisdom remains unchallenged. It is, therefore, only with some of the subsequent ramifications and diversions of the original purpose, which have come down through the succeeding years as the result in part of judicial interpretations and in part of the momentum lent to the popular psychology by politicians, that criticism has had to deal.

It will be readily recalled by the active business men of the late eighties that the demand of the country for remedial legislation sprang from the disclosure of various unconscionable practices on the part of the 'big business' of that day, among which was the granting of rebates by the supposedly common carriers to their larger corporate customers, to the obvious disadvantage of the less favored competitors lacking the purchasing power to compel equal treatment. This discrimination was sometimes sufficient in itself to render the business existence of the smaller companies a mere matter of sufferance. Another, and an even more direct, abuse was the constant attempt of big business to put its small and struggling competitors out of business by such methods as the placing of a new store alongside a competitor's and selling its wares below cost temporarily until the small man's capital should be exhausted. Often, rather than liquidate or repeat the experience in a new location, the latter would sell under pressure, the 'enemy' recouping its momentary local loss by acquiring a bargain, and thus still further strengthening its ability to do likewise elsewhere. These, and other equally reprehensible practices, had for their weapons sheer weight of capital, and the country demanded of its legislators

in no uncertain terms restriction of this growing monopolistic 'trust' movement—immediate, drastic, absolute. Hence the title: 'The Federal Anti-trust Law.' Hence the subtitle: 'An Act to protect Trade and Commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies.' Hence the absence in that law of any prohibition save that which declared that 'every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce, is hereby declared to be illegal'; and again, 'Every person who shall monopolize . . . or combine or conspire with any other person to monopolize any part of the trade or commerce . . . shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor,' and so forth. These quotations are the essence of the Sherman Law, the balance merely covering matters of definition, execution, and jurisdiction. The Clayton Law, enacted in 1914, in so far as it touched upon public policy, merely added the phrase 'to substantially lessen competition' to the above-mentioned illegalities, although for purposes of clarity it also added a number of specific inhibitions to the more general 'restraint of trade' and 'monopoly' terms of its predecessor.

It will be observed in passing that the outcry against anything savoring of monopoly or oppression obviously reflected a commitment of the public opinion of the day to the converse of the question—the preservation of the smaller capital unit in industry—and there is no subsequent evidence of a conscious change in that fundamental national policy as then recorded. There is also no evidence, either in the public records of that time or otherwise, to show that anything other than an *anti-trust* demonstration was contemplated or even desired in the operation of that law. But, whereas the meaning of the words 'restraint of trade' has gradually and even subconsciously become

subject to extended degrees of definition, nothing can be clearer than that the most flagrant 'restraint of trade' conceivable then or since would have been the operation of this law in such manner as to create the incentive, if not the necessity, for the acceleration of capital consolidation!

Yet that is just what has happened. Why? Because of a curious twist in the workings of mass psychology. 'Trusts,' as has been shown, were anathema to the public. That fact furnished fuel for many candidates for office for some years to follow. By the same token many will recall the cartoons about the 'octopus,' the 'money power,' and the glee that used nightly to greet Weber and Fields's definition of a trust as 'a body of men surrounded by money.' It was then but a short step to the period of 'the malefactor of great wealth,' the 'trust busters,' the 'square deal,' and the 'short and ugly word.' Mr. Roosevelt's successful appeals to the conscience of the country had many imitators of more demagogic character, and of less constructive purpose. Gradually the Sherman Law had come to be interpreted, both in the public mind and in the courts, as prohibiting gentlemen's agreements between any competitors—large or small—that tended even theoretically to influence a price level, to limit production, or to apportion territory according to natural markets, and also quite regardless of whether the effect was beneficial or otherwise. The public was thinking, and still is, of preventing monopoly and the concentration of capital in the hands of the few, but the politicians and the courts have been telling us in effect, until the public has come to believe it, that the way to accomplish that result is by preventing competitors from even discussing their most vital mutual problems, upon which their ability to continue to serve the public

nay, even their very existence, is often based. Never, surely, has the intent of a legislative policy been so emasculated, or so subjected to what the informed laity may well term 'injudicial interpretation'!

One instance of this is the case of an entire industry during the extreme depression of 1921. The average capacity operation at the time was about 10 per cent, and the losses consequently great. The industry submitted to counsel plans for letting one or two factories do the work for all, so that the others might close down temporarily and cover their reduced fixed expenses by sharing in the general result on some mutually satisfactory basis. Counsel was obliged to advise that such action was thoroughly contrary to the law as construed by the courts, and as 'restraint of trade' was defined. The industry, facing ruin, was, therefore, forced by that highest of all laws, the instinct of self-preservation, to disregard counsel in order to save its property.

Another instance of a different character. In 1922 or thereabouts coal was selling in the market at an abnormally high price, the demand, due to strikes or what not, exceeding the supply. A conference was called by the Department of Commerce at which an agreement was reached between the operators as a unit under governmental auspices, resulting in the immediate announcement of a much lower price for the public. The Government feared a further rise, with all its attendant suffering, so intervened as an 'observer.' Both the Government and the operators obviously violated the Sherman Law as 'restraint of trade' is interpreted. But, considering the result, the public applauded, and the Attorney-General's office had 'no information'! During the war, of course, this procedure was common under government sanction and in the name of 'public interest.'

Examples of ruinous price competition due to the illegality of protective price measures will come readily to the minds of most business men. Those caused by our inability to limit an industry's collective output are far less numerous. However, two illustrations of far-reaching effect are to be seen in the coal and oil industries. These occupations are notoriously either a feast or a famine. It has been so difficult to maintain equilibrium between supply and demand that prices have constantly been subject to violent fluctuations according to whether we were for the moment experiencing a shortage of supply or a plethora of unemployment, with all its widespread suffering. In the coal industry the operators and the miners have filled the headlines of our newspapers almost annually with their sincere but pitiful efforts to agree upon a wage that would fairly compensate the miner for his periods of unemployment without making the cost of heat and power too prohibitive for the public. Arbitration, mediation, and inquiry after inquiry have all failed to find a permanent solution that will ensure stability under present conditions. The crux of the problem is said to lie in the fact that there are two thousand too many mines and two hundred thousand too many miners, and that only through production agreements which would contravene the Sherman Law could the needed 'deflation' be accomplished. Similarly, in the oil fields, regulation of total production would require an illegal agreement between the producers. But the philosophy of America deems it in the public interest that in times of overproduction we shall squander our natural resources for a mess of pottage when no one is anxious to buy, and produce an insufficient supply at an exorbitant price when demand is active, rather than permit

the producers to agree together upon a policy that will tend to conserve resources and stabilize employment!

Only a few years ago members of trade associations were advised not even to discuss or compare their costs, except by the use of key numbers by which each member might identify only his own report, and they were further advised to file with the Government a disclaimer of any price activity as a presumption of innocence. Any cost statistics exchanged for the information and improvement of the industry might be in the 'twilight zone' unless filed with the Department of Commerce for public circulation. Competitors meeting by chance in public began to feel as though they were carrying marked bills, and jumped if tapped on the shoulder. The situation became intolerable, and many industries abandoned all efforts to progress together, and adjourned *sine die*. Many have never reassembled. Then came Mr. Hoover in the Department of Commerce, who undertook to see what he could find out in behalf of industry, which was looking so eagerly to him for relief. He initiated the famous Hoover-Daugherty correspondence, wherein he asked the Attorney-General what, if anything, his clients — the industries of the country — might lawfully accomplish together. Industry suspected it could do nothing very beneficial to anybody, but wanted to grasp at any hopeful straw. So Mr. Hoover wrote. Mr. Daugherty replied in effect, 'Try me and see' — and that was that.

Conditions to this day are practically unchanged, except that in its more recent utterances on the general subject the Supreme Court has liberalized that situation somewhat by declaring:

Trade associations or combinations of persons or corporations which openly and fairly gather and disseminate information as to the cost of their product, the volume

of production, the actual price which the product has brought in past transactions, stocks of merchandise on hand, approximate cost of transportation from the principal point of shipment to the principal points of consumption, as did these defendants, and who, as they did, meet and discuss such information and statistics without, however, reaching or attempting to reach any agreement or any concerted action with respect to prices or production or restraining competition, do not thereby engage in unlawful restraint of commerce.

This is some little progress, to be sure, but after all, courts may only 'interpret'; they may not legislate or determine fundamental policy, and therefore may not go afresh to the root of the trouble. That may be done only by Congress, enforced by public opinion. And so, in the light of that bit of solace, trade associations are being generally and properly advised by counsel to-day to be very careful to do nothing beyond these powers specifically conferred, lest the present gradual progress be interrupted. What one may lawfully do even in the interest of self-preservation is still far too limited for law-abiding men to achieve any substantial measure of co-operative effort. And now, paradoxically, as a result of a certain recent investment by one large corporation in the securities of another operating in an entirely unrelated field, we see Congressmen quoted as favoring the 'strengthening' of our antitrust restrictions by legislative enactment without evidence of the slightest realization that the same result could be accomplished in far greater degree by removing some of the present restrictions that prevent the operation of natural law. Well, it is at least an acknowledgment by indirection that the avoidance of capital concentration is still the goal of public opinion — but what a travesty on economic law and common sense it all is!

## III

Clearly, therefore, if substantial relief for 'small business' is the real intent of public sentiment, the phrase 'restraint of trade' must be redefined. As long as the theory persists that cut-throat price competition 'is the life of trade,' so long shall we hear the leaders in most of our industries advocating, and see them building, further combinations of capital as the only way out of the demoralized conditions that even to-day infest so many important industries. In times of depression it is plain that still more of these mergers will be forced into existence. For obviously, if the seller may not lawfully check the statements of the buyer (who is highly paid to play members of an industry against each other that the price may be depressed), and if it is in the interest of trade that purchasers may organize (as they do) while sellers may not, the natural thing is to resolve an industry into a few large aggregations of capital, and so minimize the number of competitors. If care then be taken that no one combination exceeds the 50 per cent dead line of total capacity established by the Supreme Court, much of the present unfair advantage of the organized buyers will be destroyed. But, is this concentration what the country really wants?

Now, what is behind this theory of price competition to the utmost? Is it the notion that it is in the 'public interest' that goods shall reach the consumer as cheaply as possible, regardless of whether the producer or distributor is worthy of his hire? Does the consumer alone constitute the 'public'? Does not modern society live by exchanging the product of one individual for that of others, and are not the interests of producer, distributor, and investor an equal part of the 'public interest' with that of the consumer?

In the last analysis, have we not each of us a dual capacity both as earner and as spender, and can society spend without earning or live without spending? Surely it should be self-evident that where a whole industry operates with little or no profit, as is frequently the case to-day, the purchasing power of both labor and investor is either diminished or threatened, and that a continuance of that condition means either loss of capital or combination. Stabilized prices mean stabilized wages; the two together mean stabilized purchasing power, which exercises an all-important influence upon the stabilization of business activity.

Or is it the notion that the establishment of fair prices for standard products by an industry would guarantee a living to the inefficient, otherwise unobtainable, and would unduly reward the efficient? If so, let it be said that the leveling influence of the economic law of supply and demand, given free play, may be safely relied on to control the situation, especially when the public's interest is further protected by the 'reasonable' requirement of the common law — 'reasonable' meaning simply that the restraint upon one party shall be no greater than protection of the other party's interest requires. First, because enlightened self-interest will usually operate to stabilize prices in times of demand at a 'reasonable' level that will not invite new competition; secondly, because the strong, though loath to concede that the world owes a living to their weaker competitors, have to remember that the overdevelopment of their power would bring them within the monopolistic category.

For an illustration of this type of self-restraint that is occasionally practised in deference to the *genuine* anti-trust features of the Sherman Law, one need look no further than the United

States Steel Corporation. Here was a corporation which the Supreme Court refused to dissolve because the Government could not show that it had abused its power, notwithstanding that it constituted almost 50 per cent of the country's steel-making capacity. Investigation brought out the fact that the Corporation, under the sagacious leadership of Judge Gary, had pursued a consistent policy of 'live and let live' in the face of its conceded ability to produce steel for about three dollars per ton less than its competitors. Its ability to cause the ruin of these competitors was therefore manifest. But to have thus exercised its power would inevitably have created a virtual monopoly, which in turn must have caused its early dissolution and the consequent disintegration of the very factors that had produced its low cost efficiency. Therefore we had the anomaly of a powerful corporation given a clean bill of health because, in effect, it had kept its prices up to a point where its competitors might live! Of course, no one may justly quarrel with the decision in question, but one may logically wonder why the same privilege of survival is not conceded to the many smaller industries where the danger of monopoly does not exist.

Wherein is it a restraint of trade if an industry be permitted to take such steps as are necessary for its own preservation? No country may expect to attain perfection; we have our thieves, murderers, bootleggers, and no doubt shall continue to have, but we do not intentionally penalize the preponderant honest majority because of the few. So, even supposing, as we must, that an 'unreasonable restraint' will be practised here and there with only greed for its motive (as no doubt it is to-day), is not that offending industry easier to deal with when such restraint depends upon the concerted action of many

loosely associated units than when those same units—with greater presumption of legality—combine for the same purpose within one or two dominating aggregations of capital that cannot so readily be disbanded or reformed?

Price-fixing, that supposed synonym for opprobrium, where it could be applied at all, would operate chiefly to prevent demoralization when supply exceeded demand. It is, of course, here that its public benefit would accrue. Admittedly in many industries it would not be feasible in any case, because of the varying character, design, and requirements of the product or the multiplicity of the sources of supply. The assumption, however, that legalized price-fixing is merely an invitation to human cupidity is contrary to general experience. Cupidity may dominate a company,—for a brief span of life, yes,—but not an entire industry composed of numerous independent units. The simplest proof of this is the absence of important or frequent objections to price-fixing either in America in the 'old days' prior to 1890 or in any of the other industrial countries of the world to-day.

In this connection it is well to remember that Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill did not discover or preach their immutable economic laws as observers of an artificially restricted economic era. On the contrary, they had only natural laws to judge by, such as have held sway in every civilized land but ours. It is true that modern conditions of intensive economic development even in other countries have required artificial protection against monopoly and against such other unreasonable restraints as might occasionally be attempted, but where sufficient independent sources of supply exist there have been relatively few complaints of pernicious agreements. In the existing

interpretations of our system, however, the mere fact of agreement as to prices, production, or territory is *prima facie* evidence of illegality.

In this discussion attention has been centred upon price agreements as perhaps the most 'opprobrious' aspect of 'restraint of trade' in the effort to show that they need not 'unreasonably' restrain trade, especially if surrounded with proper, rather than misdirected, safeguards. But it is not price-fixing alone that is the crying need of so many industries to-day so much as the privilege of complete co-operation for the stabilization of a moderate prosperity to *capital efficiently conducted and labor efficiently performed*; education in such matters as what constitutes a fair profit, based on such factors as the proportion of investment required, the frequency of capital turnover possible, and the degree of risk involved — all of which factors vary with the type and conditions of individual industries. Upon such vital subjects competitors may not lawfully take counsel with each other, although they alone possess the collective knowledge that would educate those managements which are willing to risk their stockholders' capital. The theorist will say that no one need 'choose' to-day to sell below cost, but to him it should be said, 'Try to stop it.' Surely he will get no help from the customer's purchasing agent, for every industry contains some who think they can take another's business away by price concession without suffering retaliation, and who will always think they can successfully produce what their competitor is alleged to be offering, while the law as now construed will not permit them to get the correct information until too late, if then. To be sure, it is the weaker element who give way, but their eventual failure to prosper and survive is detrimental to any industry, since it usually means the

substitution of a new competitor on the basis of a bargain purchase, whose consequent lower capital charges permit the use of lower basic cost rates, and thereby convey an unearned cost advantage for the future over the more established members of the industry affected.

#### IV

How many who read this paper have realized that no other country has ever thought of interpreting 'reasonable' price or policy-stabilizing agreements as 'restraint of trade,' or of construing the lowest price to the consumer as the sole factor of national economic well-being?

Observe the contrasting and representative British point of view as expressed by the British Court in the well-known Australian Collieries case:—

It was also strongly urged that in the term 'detriment to the public' the public means the consuming public, and that the legislature was not contemplating the interest of any persons engaged in the production or distribution of articles of consumption. Their Lordships do not take this view, but the matter is really of little importance, for in considering the interests of consumers it is impossible to disregard the interests of those who are engaged in such production and distribution. It can never be in the interests of the consumers that any article of consumption should cease to be produced and distributed; as it certainly would be unless those engaged in its production or distribution obtained a fair remuneration for the capital employed and the labor expended. . . . In the first years of the present century a new coal field . . . began to be developed. . . . The proprietors accordingly entered on a course of ruinous competition with each other. . . . The collieries in the Newcastle coal field were ceasing to pay dividends and falling into the hands of the banks who had financed them; the miners had little chance of an advance in wages, though there had been a general advance in prices; and

the prosperity of Newcastle, which is dependent on the coal industry and the shipping industry in connection therewith, was seriously threatened. . . . It was under these circumstances that on January 5, 1906, there was a meeting of some of the proprietors of collieries in the Newcastle and Maitland fields. The chairman pointed out the necessity of forming an association of all the collieries if the present very unsatisfactory state of the coal trade was to be improved. The meeting thereupon passed a resolution that it was desirable to form an association to raise and maintain the price of coal. . . . It can never, in their Lordships' opinion, be of real benefit to the consumers of coal that colliery proprietors should carry on their business at a loss, or that any profit they make should depend on the miners' wages being reduced to a minimum. Where these conditions prevail, the less remunerative collieries will be closed down, there will be great loss of capital, miners will be thrown out of employment, less coal will be produced, and prices will consequently rise until it becomes possible to reopen the closed collieries or open other seams. The consumers of coal will lose in the long run if the colliery proprietors do not make fair profits or the miners do not receive fair wages. There is in this respect a solidarity of interest between all members of the public. The Crown, therefore, cannot, in their Lordships' opinion, rely on the mere intention to raise prices as proving an intention to injure the public. To prove an intention to injure the public by raising prices, the intention to charge excessive or unreasonable prices must be apparent.

The age-long record of industrial Britain may not be said to be altogether without merit or economic understanding. Nor are we justified in ignoring the experience of others because of temporary post-war conditions, as too many of our public men seem prone to do.

This, then, was the dictum of the Privy Council of England in the case that arose in 1912 under the Australian Industries Preservation Act (note the objective as described by the title),

which prohibits agreements or combinations 'in restraint of trade' just as our Sherman Law does, but differs therefrom in specifying that such agreements shall be considered unlawful only when they are 'to the detriment of the public' or carry with them 'intent to destroy or injure, by means of unfair competition, any Australian industry the preservation of which is advantageous to the Commonwealth, having due regard to the interests of producers, workers, and consumers.' Absence of 'detriment to the public' or absence of an 'unreasonable' quality in the restraint effected or intended, if proved by the defendant, constitutes a valid defense, while on the other hand the absence of such proof constitutes proof of the Government's charges — the burden of proof thus resting upon the only party who is in position to supply the facts. What a contrast to the narrow, antiquated, and restrictive policy dictated in this country by a contrary definition of the same words — 'restraint of trade'! And what simplicity of enforcement and of fact-finding underlies the economic objective of this Australian law! What a boon its adoption in this country would be, properly and strictly enforced!

Another remedy was suggested some years ago by the late Judge Gary when testifying before the so-called Stanley Committee of Congress in the Steel Corporation dissolution suit, as follows:

'I realize as fully, I think, as this committee that it is very important to consider how the people shall be protected against imposition or oppression as the possible result of great aggregations of capital, whether in the possession of corporations or individuals. I believe that the Sherman Act does not meet and will never fully prevent that. I believe we must come to enforced publicity and governmental control, even as to prices, and so far as I am concerned, speaking for our company so far as

I have the right, I would be very glad if we had some place where we could go, to a responsible governmental authority, and say to them, "Here are our facts and figures, here is our property, here our cost of production: now you tell us what we have the right to do and what prices we have the right to charge." I know this is a very extreme view, and I know that the railroads objected to it for a long time; but whether the mere standpoint of making the most money is concerned or not, whether it is the wise thing, I believe it is the necessary thing, and it seems to me corporations have no right to disregard these public questions and these public interests.'

'Your idea then,' said the committee, 'is that coöperation is bound to take the place of competition and that coöperation requires strict governmental supervision?'

'That is a very good statement,' replied Judge Gary.

That is about the only other feasible remedy yet suggested. While it would undoubtedly accomplish all the legitimate purposes sought by honest business, it lacks the simplicity of the Australian conception, and has the apparent disadvantage of putting the Government into business at a time when all sentiment, both governmental and public, leans strongly in the opposite direction.

## V

That there has long been a recognition of some of these incongruities on the part of at least a few of our public men is shown by the following excerpts from President Roosevelt's Message to Congress of March 25, 1908, and from addresses by Mr. Chief Justice Taft and Mr. Secretary Hoover. Mr. Roosevelt said:—

As I have repeatedly pointed out, this antitrust act was a most unwisely drawn statute. It is mischievous and unwholesome to keep upon the statute books un-

modified a law like the antitrust law, which, while in practice only partially effective against vicious combinations, has nevertheless in theory been so construed as sweepingly to prohibit every combination for the transaction of modern business. . . . The Congress cannot afford to leave it on the statute books in its present shape.

Mr. Roosevelt's characterization of this law is of particular significance when it is recalled that it was he who, more than any other man in history, denounced and prosecuted the trusts and all other abuses of power in business.

Mr. Taft's statement, made in August 1908, when he was making his successful run for the Presidency, has been frequently quoted as follows:—

I am inclined to the opinion that the time is near at hand for an amendment of the antitrust law, defining greater detail defaults against it, and its aim, and making clearer the distinction between lawful agreements, reasonably restraining trade, and those which are pernicious in effect.

Mr. Hoover's statement was made on May 10, 1922, before a convention of the National Association of Manufacturers in connection with the possible extension of lawful trade association procedure, and the clarification of the existing uncertainties of definition:

I believe the time has come when we must have some assistance from the law, but this does not imply the alteration of the purpose of the restraint-of-trade acts.

At the time when the Sherman Act was passed, the country was in the throes of growing consolidations of capital. There were consolidations of actual ownership, and the country was alive with complaints of attempts to crush competitors with unfair practices and destructive competition. Large numbers of trade associations were then in existence, but were scarcely even discussed in this connection.

It will be observed that Mr. Taft's use of the word 'reasonable' in connection with 'restraint of trade' coincides perfectly with Australia's theory and practice. In this connection, too, a resolution adopted in 1922 by the National Association of Credit Men, since reaffirmed more specifically, indicates an awakening of a responsible business sentiment:—

To treat our commerce to-day as was deemed necessary in an earlier period is an injustice and a blow at our best protective powers. The destructive competition of the eighties led to trusts and combinations which the Sherman Law was intended to regulate and check. Destructive competition has now given way very largely to constructive competition. This particular law therefore should be superseded by a modern statute designed according to the proportions, methods, and practices of to-day's business. Where there are evil tendencies to check, where there are undesirable combinations to prevent, a law framed on broader principles, free of prejudices, and capable of practical application, will be more useful and more protective than the statute of 1890 could ever prove to be on the most generous and judicious construction.

It is also well known that organized labor for some time past has been desirous of a modification and revision of these laws. In fact, at its Atlantic City convention, in September 1925, the American Federation of Labor went on record as urging even the repeal of the Sherman Law. This was confirmed last year in its meeting at Los Angeles.

And that the need for revision or amendment of the present legislation is beginning to receive the serious attention of the legal profession in an organized, as distinct from an individual, way is evidenced by these excerpts from the 1927 report of the American Bar Association's Committee on Commerce:—

The Sherman Law is economic legislation. It can only be helpful if it is subservient and not in opposition to economic laws. . . . Not only is the Sherman Law economically unsound, but its application to individual cases is uncertain. The facts constituting unreasonable restraint of trade cannot be catalogued. What is clearly an unreasonable restraint of trade in one case may in another case be a reasonable restraint. The result of such a state of complicated uncertainty is not only to keep men from violating the law, — that is, from entering into agreements unlawfully restraining trade, — but to keep men from entering into any agreements restraining trade, even though the restraints be reasonable and, therefore, lawful. Lawful agreements are commendable. If fear of the law keeps men from entering into lawful contracts, the public interest is violated. The Sherman Law is the basis of such a fear to an extent that cannot be overstated. It is, therefore, something more than a law — it is a power beyond the law. . . . It is the view of your Committee on Commerce that the country has outgrown the Sherman Law. . . .

All this being so, it may well be wondered why no substantial demand for reform has thus far made itself felt. There would seem to be a number of reasons. First of all, public sentiment having been educated in days gone by along opposite lines, the majority of public men have looked at the subject as one surcharged with political dynamite. Only a few, who have had contact with or cognizance of the true workings of these laws, have ventured to speak out, and these few have realized their impotence in the face of the failure of business itself to make its needs known. Some of those few who have had the courage openly to favor revision or amendment have asked in vain for business to declare a specific programme. Business has never done so in any organized way, because, like labor, organized and unorganized, its own purpose has been divided. The

representative men of big business have treated the subject as though they too expect one day to run for office. For one thing, their corporations have been frequently attacked, both in the courts and by demagogic outburst, their actions closely watched, and their motives often misconstrued. Moreover, it is a question whether existing conditions are not welcome to the agents of big business as making them constantly bigger and more powerful through the elimination or absorption of their smaller competitors.

Small business, on the other hand, is unorganized, its trade associations rendered impotent and their members held apart by this very 'antitrust' legislation, so that its voice is as a voice in the wilderness. Yet it is this mass of individual units, composed of all the producing and distributing organizations up to a few millions of capital and a few thousands of employees, which is still to-day the backbone of the nation's economic structure — though reflection as to how long this status can continue may well give us pause.

In the creation of mass psychology an ounce of rumor is often worth a pound of truth. The very terms 'price-fixing' and 'collusive agreements' are in the public mind so tainted that only in private does one hear the protests of those who could and should help to bring out the truth. Are the interpretations of the Sherman and Clayton Laws so sacrosanct that their perpetuity must be conceded, that to challenge the economic wisdom of their application and the economic benefit of their execution one must incur the suspicion of malfeasance? Are we not taught that under a republican form of government there is no other orderly means of relief from unwise or injurious legislation than to 'speak out loud and bold'?

Thus it is that most of the public discussions of the question have been confined to members of the legal profession, whose self-interest may not be so cynically questioned, whose services are vitally necessary, of course, but whose discussions are usually and naturally from a legalistic rather than a strictly business or economic point of view. They have therefore concerned themselves more with the inferences to be drawn from the successive expressions of the various courts, as one phase after another has arisen for interpretation, than with the basic need for a more general understanding of the many and varied phases wherein the present laws restrict and hamper industry's legitimate aspirations. These are far too numerous and too intricate to permit of elaboration in any general discussion of this many-sided subject, but, broadly summarized, it cannot be emphasized too strongly that *substantial* relief from the conditions cited can come, not from the adaptation of procedure to existing law, but only from the conformity of the law and its interpretations to the 'reasonable' protective requirements of business itself.

If, then, these truths be self-evident, it should be the immediate demand of both capital and labor upon their only organized spokesmen — the national Chamber of Commerce and the American Federation of Labor — that the statesman shall emerge, of so unimpeachable a character and reputation, and of such a generally recognized personal financial detachment and political independence, as will enable him and his party gradually to bring about through the processes of public education a recognition and correction of the present economic absurdities that are to-day harassing so many industries, producer and distributor alike.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### THE HAPPIEST PERIOD

THE happiest period in human history in which to have lived, concludes Gibbon after a learned dissertation on the subject, was that of imperial Rome under the Antonines in the second century of the Christian era. Although he fails to say so, no doubt the famous historian argues on the assumption that he, or anyone making the election, would have enjoyed the privileges of aristocracy and wealth. It would be unreasonable to expect great satisfaction from life as a member of a slave gang on one of the great latifundia, or as one of the rabble dependent on public largesses and the uncertain arrival of the grain ships from Egypt. Indeed, this same uncertainty as to the food supply must have hung like a black cloud over the heads even of the favored ones of the imperial city, unless, like certain fabled patricians, they were fortunate enough to possess an ample supply of fish requiring no more problematic nutriment than the flesh of slaves. It is one of the privileges of the imagination, however, always to picture one's self in the most pleasant circumstances. No one, following Gibbon's lead, is likely, therefore, to envisage himself clothed in any lesser garment than the senatorial toga, or even the purple itself.

Even so, however, numerous objections might be urged against the thesis of the author of Rome's *Decline and Fall*. Not the least valid of these would be based on the fact that the reign of the benevolent Marcus was of only moderate length, so that the historical changeling might, through inadvertence, find himself surviving over

into the era of the imperial Stoic's somewhat impetuous and inconsiderate successor, Commodus. Before entering into any rash bargain, therefore, with fate, it would be wise to have the term of one's sojourn in this happy interim of Rome's troubled history clearly defined and delimited.

In determining the happiest epoch of human existence, many strong arguments might doubtless be urged by classical students in favor of the Athenian period — say, from the battle of Salamis to the destruction of the long walls. Born in 480 B.C., according to this arrangement, such an adventurer into the past would have completed the allotted span of life several years before the final Spartan triumph, and might conceivably be quite ready, after the horrors of the siege and plague, to descend into the lower realms still ignorant of the impending cataclysm. Exactly how happy existence may have been, however, even for the more fortunate during this era, is somewhat difficult to determine; so much depends on the point of view. Indeed, that is the trouble with Gibbon's whole argument: are we admirers of freedom and the abuses of democracy, or are we wedded to monarchy and its special iniquities? As an elder member of the Areopagus during the later Periclean Age, one would, no doubt, encounter many subversive and shocking ideas regarding dress and behavior among the representatives of the younger generation, calculated to undermine the good old-fashioned concepts of duty and filial respect and of woman's proper place in the gynæceum. It is easy to imagine

that these might prove extremely unpleasant to one brought up in what may be termed the later Victorian Age of Greek culture. Likewise, the new revolutionary ideas regarding the sacredness of the old dramatic 'unities' and the permissibility of greater freedom in the use of rhythm and metre, foreshadowing, as it were, the free verse of our own day, would no doubt add to the sense of strangeness and discomfort. Nevertheless, even under these circumstances there would be distinct compensations.

'I remember at the première of Euripides' *Andromache* . . .' Or, 'When Cimon made his great speech against Ephialtes, I turned to Callias, who was sitting next to me, and said . . .'

There would be a certain authority about a remark of this kind calculated to impress even revolutionary youngsters like Alcibiades. Likewise, the days of the poets were not yet so distant that one might not entertain a hope — faint, perhaps, but still valid — of encountering a nymph or two on the way to Piraeus, if one strayed sufficiently from the beaten path. Phryne's vindication, at a somewhat later period, justified the expectation that divagations of this nature would not entail extreme penalties.

Altogether, the Periclean Age seems not to be unfavorable for an essay in retroactive reincarnation, although a little closer study of the period might be advisable before reaching a final decision.

I realize, however, that there may exist a certain excusable prejudice in the minds of strict churchmen against pagan countries and periods as the scene of a second venture into existence. It may be well, therefore, to turn to later ages in the search for the ideal era. If left to the decision of the more learned and liturgical of the churchmen in question, the choice would, pre-

sumably, be nearly unanimous in favor of the thirteenth century, the century of Saint Francis and Dante, of the revival of faith and learning without the turmoil of the Reformation, and of the praiseworthy activity in cathedral construction. Undoubtedly there is much to be said in favor of the thirteenth century, although it is hard to forget that the first half of it was darkened by the so-called 'crusade' against the Albigenses and the second half by the Sicilian Vespers. Indeed, I have often wondered, in listening to the benevolent ecclesiastical panegyrists of the period, how much at home, how comfortable they would feel as a suddenly converted contemporary of the redoubtable Thomas Aquinas. Heretical as it may sound, I am inclined to think they might find themselves more in sympathy with the broad tolerance of a Zeno or an Epictetus, or even of an Epicurus.

Personally, I should not select the thirteenth century for any rash chronologic-sociologic experiments. Certain rather liberal and heterodox opinions which I happen to entertain on capitalistic and ecclesiastical questions might, I fear, involve me in difficulties with both Guelf and Ghibelline, and even lead to premature termination of the venture.

I should elect, I think, a much later age in the world's history and a fresher soil — that, namely, of Virginia during the period pictured by Thackeray, or even of a later date. All things considered, my choice would fall, I think, on the early days of the Republic — say, the period immediately following Washington's death and extending down to the Civil War. There is a certain careless, regal prodigality about the age, especially as exemplified in the South, without the annoyances of royalty, that appeals to the imagination. The arrangement in

question would find me but twelve years of age at the outbreak of the second war against Great Britain and removed from the danger of being called to the colors during the conflict, while by the time of the Mexican disturbance I should be safely in the second or third line of reserves. Besides, with the influence which would be mine as a member of the state's aristocracy, to which of course I should make it a condition to belong before consenting to any chronologic readjustment, there would be little difficulty in avoiding military duties of an unpleasant nature. To be sure, the existence of slavery during the period of my election might be

urged as an unpleasant feature for one of even mild socialistic leanings; but this drawback, I feel convinced, would cease to be felt as such after initial adaptation to conditions. Indeed, the undeniable advantages of the institution might not unlikely recommend themselves with considerable force to the mind of one fresh from the scene of modern domestic and industrial labor troubles.

Decidedly, the more thought I give to the question, the more inclined I feel toward the Era of Good Feeling and the spacious days of Jackson and Harrison as the scene of personally conducted historical investigations.

#### TOO MANY AND NOT ENOUGH

*(Written on a Boston and Albany Local)*

THERE are too many people in the world . . .

Too many children whose ears need scrubbing,  
Too many drummers whose jokes need snubbing,  
Too many girls who touch up their lips,  
Too many porters gaping for tips,  
Too many fat men lolling and snoring,  
Too many old men, piteous and boring,  
Too many women with Main Street chins  
(A mouth leaves off where a neck begins) —  
There are too many people in the world.

But there are n't enough in all of the world . . .

Not enough thoroughbred colts all prancing,  
Not enough puppydogs dinky and dancing,  
Not enough woodchucks dozing and dreaming,  
Not enough daffodils glimmering and gleaming,  
Not enough birches, or brooks, or wings,  
Not enough sunrises, not enough Springs,  
Not enough time between living and dying  
To set our minds on one swallow's flying,  
Not enough time to dip our free  
Cupful of beauty from sky and sea —  
No, not enough in all of the world!

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WITH those admirable binoculars which brought everything that de Tocqueville noticed into such perfect focus, André Siegfried has traversed the United States from end to end. His first visit was in 1898. Renewing his impressions every four or five years, M. Siegfried observed that the very basis of American civilization was changing, and that by 1925 a new society, whose foundation rests upon entirely different principles and methods, had come to life. This he sets forth in his book, *America Comes of Age*. M. Siegfried is a professor at l'Ecole des Sciences Politiques, Paris, but at present working in England under appointment as an Honorary Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. ¶A reporter at large in New York City, Morris Markey—who is, by the way, a Southerner—has brought to light facts and situations unnoticed by the police, the citizen, or the censor. The Reverend Lloyd C. Douglas is minister of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles. ¶In Harvard a very few years ago Walter D. Edmonds was giving promise of his rich and varied narratives with stories that, as now, centre about the old Erie Canal, which he has known from boyhood. ¶A minister of the Kirk, Dr. J. M. Witherow contributes to us from his parish on the Scotch border.

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William Feather has solved the author's problem. As he says, 'The truth is, publishers can do little for me I can't do for myself.' He writes his books and the articles for his little monthly, and then, since he is head of a Cleveland printing house that bears his name—he prints them all at a profit! It is only fair to add that they have an excellent circulation. Roderick Morison is a seafaring poet. As the editor in charge of the wireless edition of the *Daily Mail*, he crosses the Atlantic at least twice a month on Cunard liners. The Reverend Edmund A. Walsh is Vice President of Georgetown University and

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Regent of the School of Foreign Service. Following the war, he spent several years in Russia in charge of the Catholic Relief Fund, and then it was that he gathered those tragic clues and testimonies which enable us to penetrate the mystery of the Romanovs' death. ¶A Welshman and one of a family who have all found distinction in English, written and spoken, Llewelyn Powys makes his first and welcomed appearance in the *Atlantic*. Of late months he has been 'The Visiting Critic' of the New York *Herald-Tribune*. Carl E. Seashore, Dean of the Graduate College of the State University of Iowa, writes us, by way of introduction, that his present paper 'is an attempt to bring into a constructive summary the findings from our experimental studies in the measurement of musical talent during the last twenty-five years.'

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Joseph Wood Krutch, formerly of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University, is an editor of the *Nation*, and the author of a critical study of Poe. ¶As a rule, Captain Thierry Mallet, president of Revillon Frères, New York, spends four months of each year inspecting the fur-trading stations of the company in Hudson Bay and the West. 'I knew Kakarmik well,' he tells us, 'and his end was exactly as I write it.' ¶For several years Joseph Auslander has been able to make himself heard above the hubbub of New York City—a test of skill for any poet. Michael Williams is a Catholic journalist of established reputation, who since its foundation has been editor of the *Commonweal*.

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George W. Alger, a well-known member of the New York bar, is an *Atlantic* author of the standing of a quarter century. ¶A manufacturer of drop-forged tools, and president of the Buffalo company bearing his name, James Harvey Williams is intimately concerned with the effect the

Sherman Act must have upon small manufacturers the country over. Up to four years ago Mr. Williams was a resident of Greater New York, where he had served his term as President of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce.

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The following correspondence is in our experience unique. On reading the manuscript of 'Hang the Dog,' the legal ethics involved seemed to us open to question, but, as laymen continually surprised by what the lawyer's code will and will not permit, we accepted Mr. Hedrick's revelations (which are quite incidental to his argument) as interesting evidence on a confused subject. We remembered, too, something of the character of Chicago newspapers and of Chicago politics. We are glad to publish the following letters as evidence that the ethics of the Chicago bar is in a different category.

THE CHICAGO BAR ASSOCIATION  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
January 5, 1928

*Editor of the Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR SIR:—

Enclosed please find a letter addressed to you from Edwin Hedrick. Mr. Hedrick sent this letter to the Board of Managers of the Chicago Bar Association to be sent to you and to be given such further publicity as the Board of Managers thought proper.

You will also find enclosed a statement approved by the Board of Managers setting forth the fact that Mr. Hedrick's article, 'Hang the Dog,' had been called to their attention, and also the action taken by the Board of Managers after receipt of Mr. Hedrick's letter.

I accordingly request that you publish in the *Atlantic Monthly* as soon as possible both Mr. Hedrick's letter and the enclosed statement approved by the Board of Managers of the Chicago Bar Association.

Very sincerely yours,

CARL R. LATHAM  
President

#### A STATEMENT

There appeared in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* an article entitled 'Hang the Dog,' which was written by Edwin Hedrick, a member of the Chicago Bar. This article aroused instant and general resentment on the part of members of the legal profession through-

out the country and was peculiarly brought home to the Chicago Bar by the reference by the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* to Mr. Hedrick as a noted trial lawyer of this city.

The article was called to the attention of the Board of Managers of the Chicago Bar Association, which referred the matter to its Committee on Professional Ethics. That Committee, after a full investigation, reached the conclusion, in which the Board of Managers concurred, that Mr. Hedrick had laid himself open to criticism upon two grounds: First, by the article itself he showed that he was guilty of unethical and unprofessional conduct in the trial of several of the cases to which he had referred. Second, by the general tone of his article and several times in express words he had indicated that the conduct to which he resorted was the proper procedure to follow and not at all opposed to due professional methods.

Mr. Hedrick appeared before the Committee and later prepared and submitted for the Board's consideration a letter addressed to the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, with the request that it be published. Upon due consideration the Board of Managers concluded to accept Mr. Hedrick's own characterization of his conduct in lieu of other censure, and to cause his letter to be published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *American Bar Association Journal*, the *Illinois State Bar Association Quarterly*, and the *Chicago Bar Association Record*.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Editor of the Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR SIR:—

I beg to advise you that I have been severely criticized by fellow members of the bar because of the article, 'Hang the Dog,' written by me and published in the September *Atlantic*.

The criticism is that in the narration of incidents in trials in which I had participated and in the discussion contained in the article I have subjected myself to the charge of lacking proper professional ethical standards, and that in so far as the article might be taken as indicative of similar views and practices on the part of the legal profession generally it constitutes an unjust reflection on the bar.

I now realize that I fully deserve this criticism. I owe it to myself and to the profession to submit the following explanation and to request its publication in the *Atlantic*.

The article was written with the intention of expressing my views on the subject of capital punishment, and in my enthusiasm to make it more readable and interesting I injected several anecdotal reminiscences. In narrating these reminiscences I freely mingled fiction with the facts. In order to make a good story I referred

to incidents in trials of cases in which I had participated, some of which were purely imaginary, and others of which were magnified out of all proportion to their importance and effect in the cases in which they had occurred and were colored and embellished. Thus my story did not conform with the facts.

This method of treating these incidents has resulted in conveying an erroneous impression of my conduct in trying cases and my conception of the ethics of the profession and of proper trial practice, and if regarded as typical of the methods of lawyers generally is a wholly unwarranted reflection on the legal profession.

This result I did not anticipate and certainly did not intend. I sincerely regret having written an article which has given such an erroneous impression of myself and which has been interpreted as a reproach to the bar.

Yours truly,  
EDWIN HEDRICK

\* \* \*

Wanted: a pair of seven-league boots.

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS  
December 24, 1927

GENTLEMEN:—

I am planning to walk from my home town, Salem, to Paris, France, by way of the Bering Straits. Starting from Salem, I plan to go to Montreal, there following the transcontinental railroad to Winnipeg, to Edmonton, Alberta, to Dawson City, British Columbia, and to Ioligloie, Alaska, then to across the Bering Sea, into Siberia, to Moscow, Russia, to Poland, by way of Warsaw, on to Berlin, through Belgium, and on direct to Paris, France.

The trip will take me only one year and six months and will cost me one thousand dollars. It will be the first of its kind in hikes that has ever been done in the history of the world, and it won't be a pleasure trip by a long shot. And as far as getting rides on the way, that will be next to impossible, as there is no road open to autos in the winter on account of the snow. It will have to be walking all the way over.

It ought to be a good trip for some one to get interested in as it has never been done before and there will be all kinds of experiences in it and excitement to it. I have already engaged in several cross-country hikes from Salem to San Francisco, Cal. The last one took me just 14 months to complete it for a round trip.

If you are interested in this trip, please answer as soon as possible so that I may start without delay on my part.

Very Truly Yours,  
OWEN C. EASTMAN

The possibilities for optimism.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's 'Paradox of Humanism,' in the December *Atlantic*, is less a paradox than a dilemma. It may be paraphrased as follows: If one lives according to nature, all human values are destroyed, because 'perfected society is utterly devoid of human values and its perfection is made possible by that very fact'; and if one lives to achieve human ends one upsets the relentless mechanism upon which humanism parasitically feeds. But one must live either naturally or humanistically. Hence, one must in either case fail to attain satisfaction. Hence pessimism.

Among ways of dealing with dilemmas the two best known are picturesquely called 'taking it by the horns' and 'escaping between the horns.' Let us take this one by the horns.

To the second hypothetical of the disjunction one may speak as follows. No human society is quite destitute of humanism. Yet human society, taken generically, is not being undone by subhuman species. On the contrary, the existence of subhuman species is increasingly subject to human tolerance. Old men and sentimental women hunt lions and tigers with impunity. Bugs of one sort or another succumb to antitoxin or even to an atomizer. And of human species those survive which are farthest from the mechanical, the habitual, and the merely biological. The American Indian is now either dead or no longer a natural savage. Where is the defeat of thought?

And with what justice is humanism identified with Don Juanism, or, indeed, with static indulgence of any sort? It is an enormous assumption that thought terminates in eroticism or in contemplative finalities, and that art and philosophy contribute nothing to the task of survival. On the contrary, they have played major parts in the creation of social cohesion. It is certainly true that any attempt to make the moment eternal, to repose in its joys and arrest its dissolution, ends in suffering and in practical biological disaster. But to identify such maudlin intoxication with humanism or with thought is quite gratuitous.

Nor is it obvious that individualism is the alternative to a regimented naturalism. It is likely that the individual emerged from the early homogeneity of the group partly because he could meet an eventuality for which no mechanical practice was adequate. In fact, mechanically organized groups usually fail. Sparta finally suffered a worse fate than Athens. Sparta was not at all biologically successful.

The fact that admirably cultured societies have

fallen before the barbarians does not prove the softness of humanism, nor its practical futility. An African village may be wiped out by a herd of elephants, but Greece and Rome required worthier antagonists. The human barbarians capable of destroying America would not be so very close to nature.

Nature, in short, has no penalty for an active humanism, nor for an intelligent individualism. But the penalty for all merely biological activity is eventual annihilation.

Finally, it is not thought for its own sake that interferes with practical action, but rather it is among conflicting acts or conflicting programmes of action that disaster lurks. Certainly humanism means thought for its own sake, but such enjoyment of individual self-consciousness comes from a perception of the significance of the practical process, and not from immersion in a transcendent and biologically irrelevant egotism. At least these are possibilities.

J. W. MILLER

\* \* \*

An epitaph for the Unknown.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Neither the author of the 'Unknown Soldier' article nor the correspondents who wrote about it stated the real truth.

A young Englishwoman, who wrote the enclosed lines when the English Unknown was buried, told the whole story: —

*Miles Ignotus!* I am he  
For whom these ceremonies be!  
The concentrate epitome  
Of all who died by land or sea.  
Son of each mute, mourning mother,  
Husband of every widowed wife,  
Of all sisters their dead brother,  
For all who live gave I my life  
Freely, contentedly, proud to be  
*Miles Ignotus.*

Yours truly,

A. W. STEPHENS

\* \* \*

For those who follow Reason's path.

NEW HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Agnes Repplier's unusually informative and well-written article, 'Collective Unreason,' in December's *Atlantic* appealed to me as finely and fairly written, save at one spot. I wondered why she had to write, speaking of college suicides, 'Nothing is less likely than that the youths who committed suicide could ever have grown into intelligent and useful manhood.'

It is a difficult speculation, at best, and those of us who are still trying to scrape through may not be much helped. For, if she be correct, it is not so much of a tragedy after all. Perhaps it is merciful if the useless dispense with themselves — merciful to all. But the conclusion is difficult. It is a long distance from 'Not a sparrow falleth . . .'

I am a relatively young man, the son of a rigorous iconoclast who knew some of the reasons why old religious thought lost its moorings. I have seen stoical agnosticism lived, not under bad conditions. My education has included some of the 'best' in modern psychology, philosophy, economics, and science. Because all that left such vast voids, I have hunted out old theology, and have spent time in one of the older theological seminaries. My youth was as free of theology and the church as anyone's youth possibly could be. It has seemed somewhat as though I had run a good deal of the gamut of 'modern' thought before pushing backward. I am doing my best to fit into the present scheme of things without uproar. But it is not easy going.

Very sincerely yours,

A STUDENT

\* \* \*

Green thoughts in a hospital.

DENVER, COLORADO  
December 23, 1927

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Thanks for Flora McIntyre's 'Green Thoughts in a Green Shade.' It has reassured, as well as instructed, me. For almost a year now I have been confined to bed here in the National Jewish Hospital. Not having the good fortune of a tent in a summer environment, I've had to find and manufacture my diversion. I planted sweet peas and nasturtiums in flowerpots. These grew and flowered. Of the orange and lemon and apple and grape and grapefruit and plum and peach and pear seeds that I planted, and that did not grow or flower, it is too sad to write. The day I found a worm — a real live worm — in one of my flowerpots is memorable. Once I had a number of grasshoppers in my room for pets. (They did not ruin my nasturtiums or sweet peas.) Once the barber spilled some of his hair tonic on the bedclothes and everybody that came in told me how nice my sweet peas smelled! At present I am growing narcissus and hyacinths in flowerpots, fruit jars, and an Indian pottery bowl. There is only one small disadvantage in all this 'extra-curricular' activity, and that is that my fellow patients think that, though I may not be entirely, I am at least a little bit crazy. It is good to find another such.

J. R. L.

Optimism in the air.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is somewhat astonishing that Neon, writing in the January *Atlantic*, with his evident knowledge of aeronautics, should confine himself to destructive criticism based largely on the failure of the transoceanic flights. I write 'failure' advisedly, because even the wonderful flight of Colonel Lindbergh proved nothing as to the commercial exploitation of transoceanic flight. What it proved was, as Neon writes, 'that an airplane required so much weight in fuel that no further weight, except the passenger, could be carried,' but to reason from this that all aeronautical vehicles are similarly handicapped is all wrong. Neon surely must know, as the world does, of the astonishing flights of the rigid dirigibles. Two of them have crossed the Atlantic, one even making the return voyage. What is significant about these flights is that not only was the fuel carried, plus a numerous crew, but there was carried what we engineers call a fair-sized pay load. The rigid dirigible is the proper economic vehicle for transoceanic flights and for long nonstop flights.

Great Britain is building the R.100 super-dirigible for the purpose of connecting the mother country with Australia. Spain is planning an organization of dirigibles to link up with her South American interests. I myself firmly believe that dirigible transportation, under the proper organization, between the United States and Europe, the United States and Japan, and the United States and South America would do much to promote harmony and increase export trade. This particular branch of aeronautics, which Neon so strangely ignores, should be developed and encouraged.

Now let us turn to the constructive side of aviation — to the heavier-than-air airplanes.

One of the most interesting Bulletins coming from our Bureau of Commerce is entitled *Foreign Aeronautical News*. In a very recent number we read of the network of air lines that is spanning the world, shortening distances and increasing understanding. The vast territories of South America are being covered by such a network of plane lines. In the Belgian Congo in Africa an air line is in operation transporting the gold from the mines to Khartum.

The longest air line in the world — about 8000 miles — is about ready for use, connecting Paris, France, with Buenos Aires, South America. Part of the distance — about three days in time — will be by boat; the balance by land or sea planes.

Throughout the world, air clubs are being formed; the world is unquestionably becoming air-minded, just as it has become automobile-

minded. Do not forget that it took the automobile some seventeen years — from 1893 to 1910 — to overcome the convention of the people. Yet the automobile had hundreds of years of wheeled-carriage tradition behind it, plus nearly a century of mechanical railroad transportation.

It is twenty-four years since Wilbur Wright first flew, and we have thousands of years of tradition before that to prove that we could not fly. We are expecting too much of the airplane to have it justify itself in this short space of time. And yet a perusal of the records shows that it is so justifying itself. Just to take one or two examples. The British Air Transport services during the last seven years flew 5,000,000 miles with only four accidents. In 1926 the Lufthansa in Germany flew 3,800,000 miles, carrying over 55,000 passengers, with only one fatal accident. Innumerable such records could be quoted here to illustrate the fact that the aeronautic industry — heavier-than-air vehicles and lighter-than-air — can solve, and is solving in an economical manner, the world's transportation needs.

JOHN YOUNGER

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It all depends on the point of view.

WEDGEFIELD, S. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When I went to the station a few afternoons ago to see a friend of mine off on the train, both of us bought a magazine, I an *Atlantic*, and she one which she kept with the back turned outward. I almost stood on my head until I finally saw that it was a *True Story Magazine*. My face must have given my feelings away, for she hastened to justify her purchase by explaining to me that 'it was nothing but true-to-life stories.' I expressed the opinion that the *Atlantic* was a great deal more 'true-to-life.' Upon thinking it over, I don't wonder that she thought her choice realistic, for briefly her story is this: —

She is a year younger than I, only twenty-two years old, and she has been married twice to the same man — the marriage was annulled the first time, and she divorced him the second time. He had deserted her after a scene which made my blood run cold when she told me about it. She and her two children are now dependent on her father, who is fortunately a wealthy man, but she is engaged to a young man who is himself getting a divorce. That is a bare outline of the facts — the whole story is melodrama, pure and simple.

Now I want to know if she is not justified in thinking that the Hon. Prof. Bernarr Macfadden's popular magazine is 'true-to-life.' What right have I, a mere teacher of Freshman Composition in a small denominational college, to say what is realistic and what is not?

(Miss) MARY CELESTIA PARLER

